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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

VIII.—TO LAKE NAIVASHA.

FROM this camp we turned north toward Lake Naivasha.

The Sotik country through which we had hunted was sorely stricken by drought. The grass was short and withered and most of the waterholes were drying up, while both the game and the flocks and herds of the nomad Masai gathered round the watercourses in which there were still occasional muddy pools, and grazed their neighborhood bare of pasturage. It was an unceasing pleasure to watch the ways of the game and to study their varying habits. Where there was a river from which to drink or where there were many pools, the different kinds of buck, and the zebra, showed comparatively little timidity about drinking, and came boldly down to the water's edge, sometimes in broad daylight, sometimes in darkness. But where the pools were few they never approached one without feeling panic dread of their great enemy the lion, who, they knew well, liked to lurk around their drinking places. At such a pool I once saw a herd of zebras come to water at nightfall. They stood motionless some distance off; then they slowly approached, and twice on false alarms wheeled and fled at speed; at last the leaders ventured to the brink of the pool and at once the whole herd came jostling and crowding in behind them, the water gurgling down their thirsty throats; and immediately afterward off they went at a gallop, stopping to graze some hundreds of yards away. The ceaseless dread of the lion felt by all but the heaviest game is amply justified by his ravages among them. A lion will eat a zebra (beginning at the hind quarters, by the way, and sometimes having, and sometimes not having, previously disembowelled the animal), or one of the bigger buck at least once a week—perhaps once every five days. The dozen lions we had killed would probably, if left alive, have accounted for seven or eight hundred buck, pig, and zebra within the next year. Our hunting was a net advantage to the harmless game.

The zebras were the noisiest of the game. After them came the wildebeeste, which often uttered their queer grunt; sometimes a herd would stand and grunt at me for some minutes as I passed, a few hundred yards distant. The topi uttered only a kind of sneeze, and the hartebeeste a somewhat similar sound. The so-called Roberts' gazelle was merely the Grant's gazelle

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The rhino stood looking at us with his big ears cocked forward.—Page 519.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

of the Athi, with the lyrate shape of the horns tending to be carried to an extreme of spread and backward bend. The tommy bucks carried good horns; the horns of the does were usually aborted, and were never more than four or five inches long. The most notable feature about the tommies was the incessant switching of their tails, as if jerked by electricity. In the Sotik the topis all seemed to have calves of about the same age, as if born from four to six months earlier; the young of the other game were of every age. The males of all the antelope fought much among themselves. The gazelle bucks of both species would face one another, their heads between the forelegs and the horns level with the ground, and each would punch his opponent until the hair flew.

Watching the game, one was struck by the intensity and the evanescence of their emotions. Civilized man now usually passes his life under conditions which eliminate the intensity of terror felt by his ancestors when death by violence was their normal end, and threatened them during every hour of the day and night. It is only in nightmares that the average dweller in civilized countries now undergoes the hideous horror which was the regular and frequent portion of his ages-vanished forefathers, and which is still an everyday incident in the lives of most wild creatures. But the dread is short-lived, and its horror vanishes with instantaneous rapidity. In these wilds the game dreaded the lion and the other flesh-eating beasts rather than man. We saw innumerable kills of all the buck, and of zebra, the neck being usually dislocated, and it being evident that none of the lion's victims, not even the truculent wildebeeste or huge eland, had been able to make any fight against him. The game is ever on the alert against this greatest of foes, and every herd, almost every individual, is in imminent and deadly peril every few days or nights, and of course suffers in addition from countless false alarms. But no sooner is the danger over than the animals resume their feeding, or love making, or their fighting among themselves. Two bucks will do battle the minute the herd has stopped running from the foe that has seized one of its number, and a buck resumes his love making with ardor, in the brief interval between the first

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and the second alarm, from hunter or lion. Zebra will make much noise when one of their number has been killed; but their fright has vanished when once they begin their barking calls

Death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation—these are the normal end-

The waterhole we struck after having made a dry camp on our trek to Lake Naivasha.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ings of the stately and beautiful creatures of the wilderness. The sentimentalists who prattle about the peaceful life of nature do not realize its utter mercilessness; although all they would have to do would be to look at the birds in the winter woods, or even at the insects on a cold morning or cold evening. Life is hard and cruel for all the lower creatures, and for man also in what the sentimentalists call a "state of nature." The savage of to-day shows us what the fancied age of gold of our ancestors was really like; it was an age when hunger, cold, violence, and iron cruelty were the ordinary accompaniments of life. If Matthew Arnold, when he expressed the wish to know the thoughts of Earth's "vigorous, primitive" tribes of the past, had really desired an answer to his question, he would have done well to visit the homes of the existing representatives of his "vigorous, primitive" ancestors, and to watch them feasting on blood and guts; while as for the "pellucid and pure" feelings of his imaginary primitive maiden, they were those of any meek, cowlike creature who accepted marriage by purchase or of convenience, as a matter of course.

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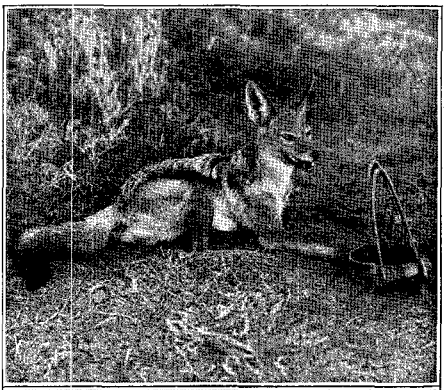
Loring with an elephant shrew.

Loring is called Wanna Panya (the Mouse Wanna) by the blacks.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



A blac
backed

A tree

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It was to me a perpetual source of wonderment to notice the difference in the behavior of different individuals of the same species, and in the behavior of the same individual at different times; as, for example, in the matter of wariness, of the times for going to water, of the times for resting, and, as regards dangerous game, in the matter of ferocity. Their very looks changed. At one moment the sun would turn the zebras of a mixed herd white, and the hartebeeste straw colored, so that the former could be seen much farther off than the latter; and again the conditions would be reversed when under the light the zebras would show up gray, and the hartebeeste as red as foxes.

I had now killed almost all the specimens of the common game that the Museum needed. However, we kept the skin or skeleton of whatever we shot for meat. Now and then, after a good stalk, I would get a boar with unusually fine tusks, a big gazelle with unusually long and graceful horns, or a fine old wildebeeste bull, its horns thick and battered, its knees bare and

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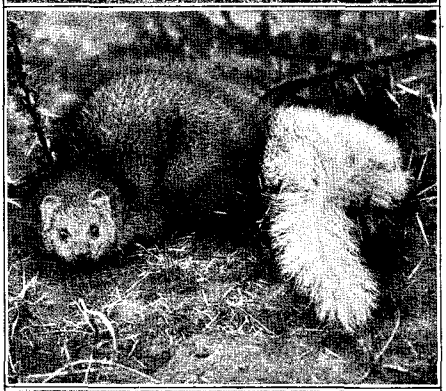
calloused from its habit of going down on them when fighting or threatening fight.

Our march was northward, a long day's journey to what was called a salt marsh. An hour or two after starting we had a characteristic experience with a rhino. It was a bull, with poor horns, standing in a plain which was dotted by a few straggling thorn trees and wild olives. The safari's course would have taken it to windward of the rhino, which then might have charged in sheer irritable bewilderment; so we turned off at right angles. The long line of porters passed him two hundred yards away, while we gun men stood between with our rifles ready; except Kermit, who was busy taking photos. The rhino saw us, but apparently indistinctly. He made little dashes to and fro, and finally stood looking at us, with his big ears cocked forward; but he did nothing more, and we left him standing, plunged in meditation—probably it would be more accurate to say, thinking of absolutely nothing, as if he had been a huge turtle. After leaving him we also passed by files of zebra and topi who gazed at us, intent and curious, within two hundred yards, until we had gone by and the danger was over; whereupon they fled in fright.

The so-called salt marsh consisted of a dry watercourse, with here and there a deep muddy pool. The ground was impregnated with some saline substance, and the game licked it, as well as coming to water. Our camp was near two reedy pools, in which there were big yellow-billed ducks, while queer brown heron, the hammerhead, had built big nests of sticks in the tall acacias. Bush cuckoos gurgled in the underbrush by night and day. Brilliant rollers flitted through the trees. There was much sweet bird music in the morning. Funny little elephant shrews with long snouts, and pretty zebra mice, evidently of diurnal habit, scampered among the bushes or scuttled into their burrows. Tiny dikdiks, antelopes no bigger than hares, with swollen muzzles, and their little horns half hidden by tufts of hair, ran like rabbits through the grass; the females were at least as large as the males. Another seven-foot cobra was killed. There were brilliant masses of the red aloe flowers, and of yellow-blossomed vines. Around the pools the ground was bare, and the game trails

A spotted genet.



A white-tailed mongoose.

A porcupine.

A baboon.

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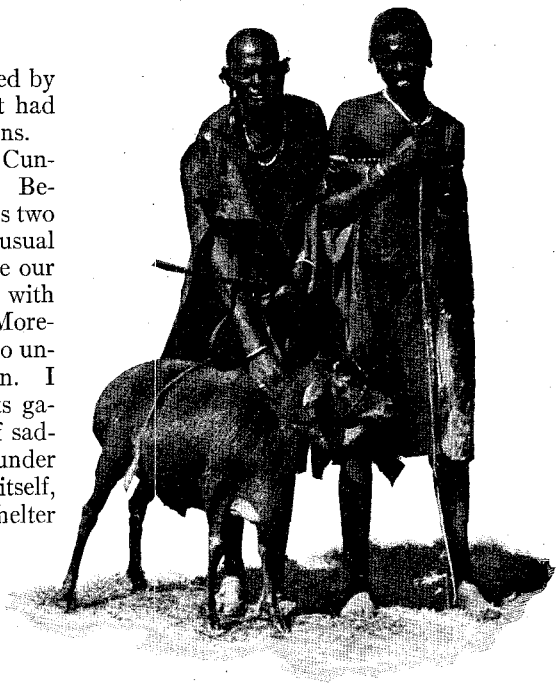
Masai guides on Sotik trip.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

leading to the water were deeply rutted by the hooves of the wild creatures that had travelled them for countless generations.

The day after reaching this camp, Cuninghame and I hunted on the plains. Before noon we made out with our glasses two rhino lying down, a mile off. As usual with these sluggish creatures we made our preparations in leisurely style, and with scant regard to the animal itself. Moreover we did not intend to kill any rhino unless its horns were out of the common. I first stalked and shot a buck Roberts gazelle with a good head. Then we off saddled the horses and sat down to lunch under a huge thorn tree, which stood by itself, lonely and beautiful, and offered a shelter from the blazing sun. The game was grazing on every side; and I kept thinking of all the life of the wilderness, and of its many tragedies, which the great tree must have witnessed during the centuries since it was a seedling.

Lunch over, I looked to the loading of the heavy rifle, and we started toward the rhinos, well to leeward. But the wind shifted every which way; and suddenly my gun bearers called my attention to the rhinos, a quarter of a mile off, saying, "He charging, he charging." Sure enough, they had caught our wind, and were rushing toward us. I jumped off the horse and studied the oncoming beasts through my field-glass; but head on it was hard to tell about the horns. However, the wind shifted again, and when two hundred yards off they lost our scent, and turned to one side, tails in the air, heads tossing, evidently much wrought up. They were a large cow and a young heifer, nearly two-thirds grown. As they trotted sideways I could see the cow's horns, and her doom was sealed; for they were of good length, and the hind one (it proved to be two feet long) was slightly longer than the stouter front one; it was a specimen which the Museum needed.

So after them we trudged over the brown plain. But they were uneasy, and kept trotting and walking. They never saw us with their dull eyes; but a herd of wildebeeste galloping by renewed their alarm; it



A sick Masai boy and his father.
The sheep is a present to Dr. Mearns for services.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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was curious to see them sweeping the ground with their long, ugly heads, endeavoring to catch the scent. A mile's rapid walk brought us within two hundred yards, and we dared not risk the effort for a closer approach lest they should break and run. The cow turned broadside to, and I hit her behind the shoulder; but I was not familiar with the heavy Holland rifle at that range, and my bullet went rather too low. I think the wound would eventually have proved fatal; but both beasts went off at a gallop, the cow now and then turning from side to side in high dudgeon, trying to catch the wind of her foe. We mounted our horses, and after a couple of miles' canter overhauled our quarry. Cuninghame took me well to leeward, and ahead, of the rhinos, which never saw us; and then we walked to within a hundred yards, and I killed the cow. But we were now much puzzled by the young one, which refused to leave; we did not wish to kill it, for it was big enough to shift for itself; but it was also big enough to kill either of us. We drew back, hoping it would go away; but it did not. So when the gun bearers arrived we advanced and tried to frighten it; but this plan also failed. It threatened to charge, but could not quite make up its mind. Watching my chance I then creased its stern with a bullet from the little Springfield, and after some wild circular galloping it finally decided to leave.

Kermit, about this time, killed a heavy boar from horseback after a three-miles run. The boar charged twice, causing the horse to buck and shy. Finally, just as he was going into his burrow backward, Kermit raced by and shot him, firing his rifle from the saddle after the manner of the old-time Western buffalo runners.

We now rejoined Mearns and Loring on the banks of the Guaso Nyero. They had collected hundreds of birds and small mammals, among them several new species. We had already heard that a Mr. Williams, whom we had met at McMillan's ranch, had been rather badly mauled by a lion, which he had mortally wounded, but which managed to charge home. Now we found that Dr. Mearns had been quite busily engaged in attending to cases of men who were hurt by lions. Loring nearly got in the category. He killed his lioness with a light automatic rifle, utterly unfit for use against African game. Though he actually put a bullet right through the beast's heart, the shock from the blow was so slight that she was not stopped even for a second; he hit her four times in all, each shot being mortal—for he was an excellent marksman,—and she died nearly at his feet, her charge carrying her several yards by him. Mearns had galloped into a herd of wildebeest and killed the big bull of the herd, after first running clean through a mob of zebras, which, as he passed, skinned their long yellow teeth threateningly at him, but made no attempt actually to attack him.

Masai man and wife.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

A settler had come down to trade with

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Masai woman in a "mynyata" (village of huts) we passed on return to Lake Naivasha.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the Masai during our absence. He ran into a large party of lions, killed two, and wounded a lioness which escaped after mauling one of his gun bearers. The gun bearer rode into camp, and the Doctor treated his wounds. Next day Mearns was summoned to a Masai kraal sixteen miles off to treat the wounds of two of the Masai; it appeared that a body of them had followed and killed the wounded lioness, but that two of their number had been much maltreated in the fight. One, especially, had been fearfully bitten, the lioness having pulled the flesh loose from the bones with her fixed teeth. The Doctor attended to all three cases. The gun bearer recovered; both the Masai died, although the Doctor did all in his power for the two gallant fellows. Their deaths did not hinder the Masai from sending to him all kinds of cases in which men or boys had met with accidents. He attended to them all, and gained a high reputation with the tribe; when the case was serious the patient's kinsfolk would usually present him with a sheep or war-spear, or something else of value. He took a great fancy to the Masai, as indeed all of us did. They are a fine, manly set of savages, bold and independent in their bearing. They never eat vegetables, subsisting exclusively on milk, blood, and flesh; and are remarkably hardy and enduring.

Kermit found a cave which had recently been the abode of a party of 'Ndorobo, the wild hunter-savages of the wilderness, who are more primitive in their ways of life than any other tribes of this region. They live on honey and the flesh of the wild beasts they kill; they are naked, with few and rude arms and utensils; and, in short, carry on existence as our own ancestors did at a very early period of palæolithic time. Around this cave were many bones. Within it were beds of grass, and a small roofed enclosure of thorn bushes for the dogs. Fire sticks had been left on the walls, to be ready when the owners' wanderings again brought them back to the cave; and also very curious soup sticks, each a rod with one of the vertebra of some animal stuck on the end,

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and designed for use in stirring their boiled meat.

From our camp on the Guaso Nyero we trekked in a little over four days to a point on Lake Naivasha where we intended to spend some time. The first two days were easy travelling, the porters not being pressed and there being plenty of time in the afternoons to pitch camp comfortably; here the wagons left us with their loads of hides and horns and spare baggage. The third day we rose long before dawn, breakfasted, broke camp, and were off just at sunrise. There was no path; at one time we followed game trails, at another the trails made by the Masai sheep and cattle, and again we might make our own trail. We had two Masai guides, tireless runners, as graceful

Mr. Roosevelt and Cuninghame discussing the next few days' march, over a wildebeest shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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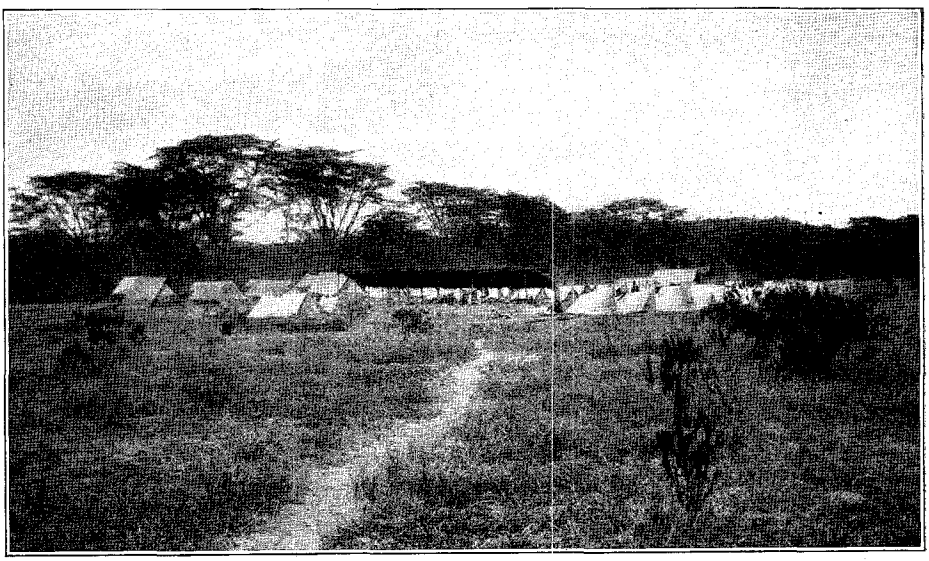
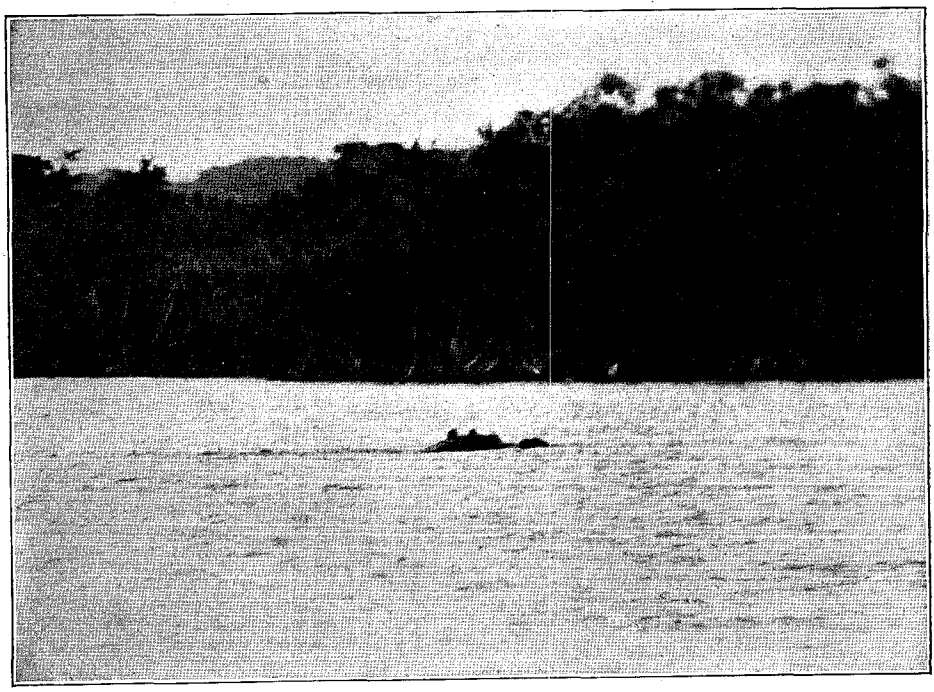


Camp at Lake Naivasha.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and sinewy as panthers; they helped us; but Cuninghame had to do most of the pathfinding himself. It was a difficult country, passable only at certain points, which it was hard to place with exactness. We had seen that each porter had his water bottle full before starting; but, though willing, good-humored fellows, strong as bulls,



What one has to shoot at when after hippo on water.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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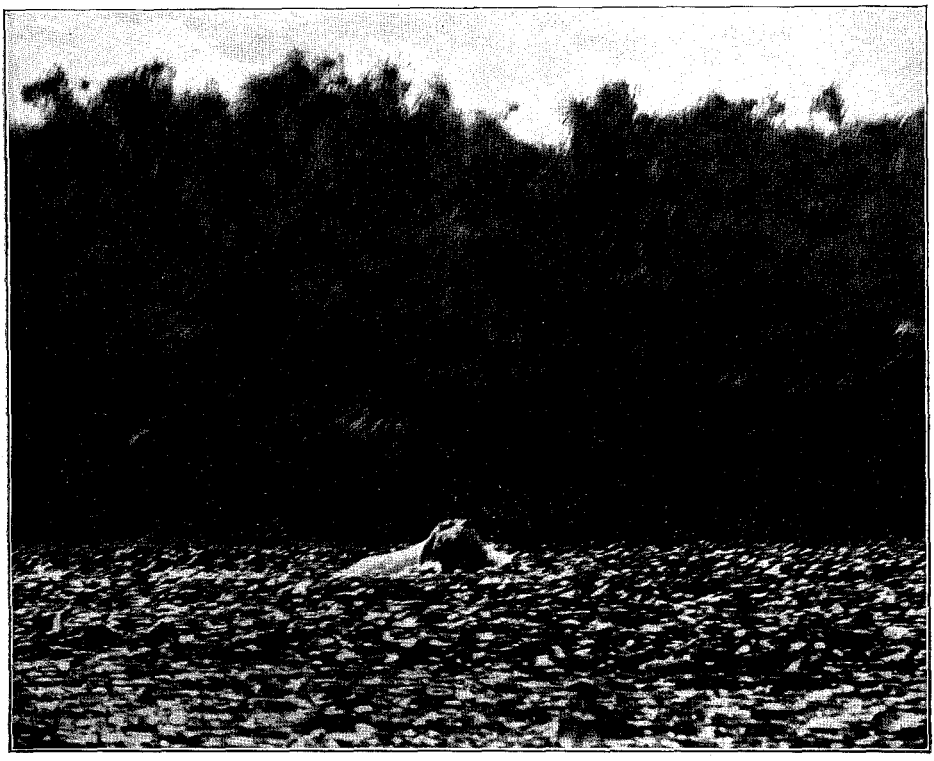
in forethought they are of the grasshopper type; and all but a few exhausted their supply by mid-afternoon. At this time we were among bold mountain ridges, and here we struck the kraal of some Masai, who watered their cattle at some spring pools, three miles to one side, up a valley. It was too far for the heavily laden porters; but we cantered our horses thither and let them drink their fill; and then cantered along the trail left by the safari until we overtook the rear men just as they were going over the brink of the Mau escarpment. The scenery was wild and beautiful; in the open places the ground was starred with flowers of many colors; we rode under vine-tangled archways through forests of strange trees.

Down the steep mountain side went the safari, and at its foot struck off nearly parallel to the high ridge. On our left the tree-clad mountain side hung above us; ravines, with mimosas clustering in them, sundered the foot-hills, and wound until they joined into what looked like rivers; the thick grass grew waist high. It looked like a well-watered country; but it was of porous, volcanic nature, and the soil was a sieve. After nightfall we came to where we hoped to find water; but there was not a drop in the dried pools; and we had to make a waterless camp. A drizzling rain had set in, enough to wet everything, but not enough to give any water for drinking. It was eight o'clock before the last of the weary, thirsty burden-carriers stumbled through the black, bowlder-strewn ravine on whose farther side we were camped, and threw down his load among his fellows, who were already clustered around the little fires they had started in the tall grass. We slept as we were, and comfortably enough; indeed, there was no hardship for us white men, with our heavy overcoats, and our food and water—which we shared with our personal attendants; but I was uneasy for the porters, as there was another long and exhausting day's march ahead. Before sunrise we



Mr. Roosevelt's hippo charging open-mouthed.—Page 531.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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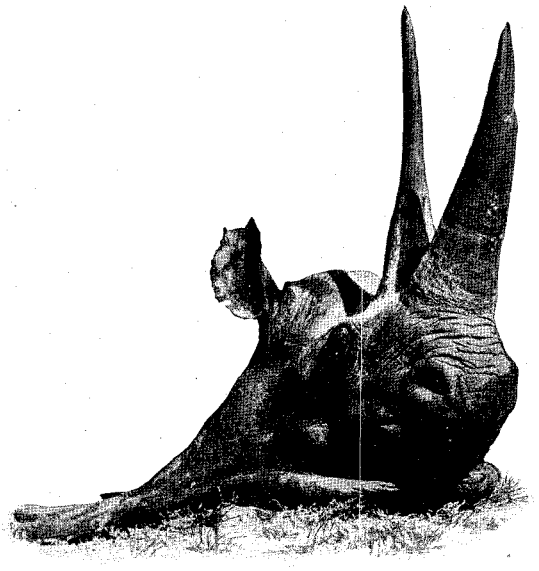
started; and four hours later, in the bottom of a deep ravine, Cuninghame found a pool of green water in a scooped-out cavity in the rock. It was a pleasant sight to see the thirsty porters drink. Then they sat down, built fires and boiled their food; and went on in good heart.

Two or three times we crossed singularly beautiful ravines, the trail winding through narrow clefts that were almost tunnels, and along the brinks of sheer cliffs, while the green mat of trees and vines was spangled with many colored flowers. Then we came to barren ridges and bare, dusty plains; and at nightfall pitched camp near the shores of Lake Naivasha. It is a lovely sheet of water, surrounded by hills and mountains, the shores broken by rocky promontories, and indented by papyrus-fringed bays. Next morning we shifted camp four miles to a place on the farm, and near the house, of the Messrs. Attenborough, settlers on the shores of the lake, who treated us with the most generous courtesy and hospitality—as, indeed, did all the settlers we met. They were two brothers; one had lived twenty years on the Pacific Coast, mining in the Sierras, and the other had just retired from the British navy, with the rank of commander; they were able to turn their hands to anything, and were just the men for work in a new country—for a new country is a poor place for the weak and incompetent, whether of body or mind. They had a steam launch and a big heavy row-boat, and they most kindly and generously put both at our disposal for hippo hunting.

At this camp I presented the porters with twenty-five sheep, as a recognition of their good conduct and hard work; whereupon they improvised long chants in my honor, and feasted royally.

We spent one entire day with the row-boat in a series of lagoons near camp, which marked an inlet of the lake. We did not get any hippo, but it was a most interesting day. A broad belt of papyrus fringed the lagoons and jutted out between them. The straight green stalks with their feathery heads rose high and close, forming a mass so dense that it was practically impenetrable save where the huge bulk of the hippos had made tunnels. Indeed, even for the hippos it was not readily penetrable. The green monotony of a papyrus swamp becomes wearisome after a while; yet it is very beautiful, for each reed is tall, slender, graceful, with its pale flowering crown; and they are typical of the tropics, and their mere sight suggests a vertical sun and hot, steaming swamps, where great marsh beasts feed and wallow and bellow, amidst a teeming reptilian life. A fringe of papyrus here and there adds much to the beauty of a lake, and also to the beauty of the river pools, where clumps of them grow under the shade of the vine-tangled tropical trees.



Rhino shot from Salt-marsh camp, of the "Keitloa" type with rear horn longer than front horn.—Page 520.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The open waters of the lagoons were covered with water-lilies, bearing purple or sometimes pink flowers. Across the broad lily pads ran the curious "lily trotters," or jacanas, richly colored birds, with toes so long and slender that the lily pads would support them without sinking. They were not shy, and their varied coloring—a bright chestnut being the most conspicuous hue—and singular habits made them very conspicuous. There was a wealth of bird life in the lagoons. Small gulls, somewhat

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Bringing the big bull hippo to shore.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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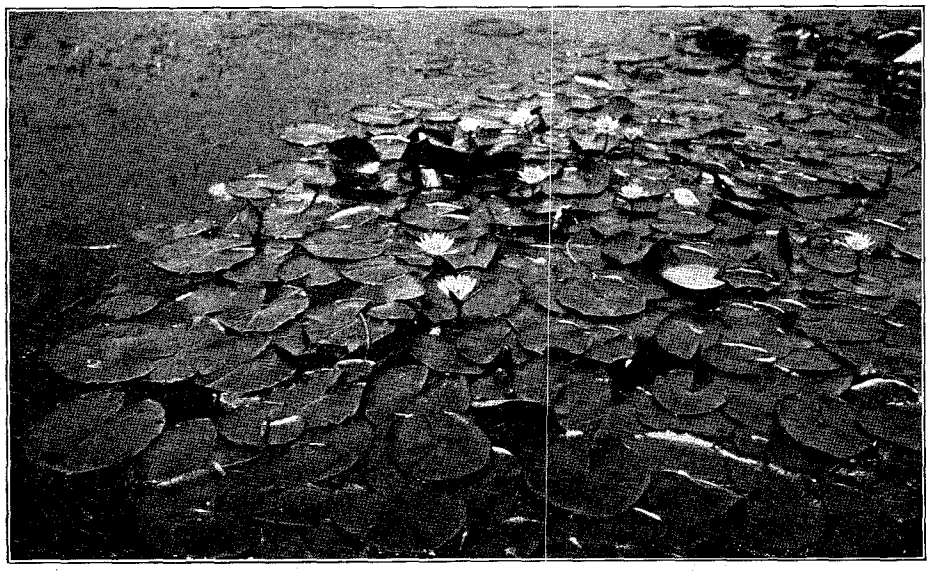
like our black-headed gull, but with their hoods gray, flew screaming around us. Black and white kingfishers, tiny red-billed kingfishers, with colors so brilliant that they flashed like jewels in the sun, and brilliant green bee-eaters with chestnut breasts perched among the reeds. Spur-winged plover clamored as they circled overhead near the edges of the water. Little rails and red-legged water hens threaded the edges of the papyrus, and grebes dived in the open water. A giant heron, the Goliath, flew up at our approach; and there were many smaller herons and egrets, white or particolored. There were small, dark cormorants, and larger ones with white throats; and African ruddy ducks, and teal and big yellow-billed ducks, somewhat like mallards. Among the many kinds of ducks was one which made a whistling noise with its wings as it flew. Most plentiful of all were the coots, much resembling our common bald-pate coot, but with a pair of horns or papillæ at the hinder end of the bare frontal space.



Water-lilies, Lake Naivasha.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

There were a number of hippo in these lagoons. One afternoon after four o'clock I saw two standing half out of water in a shallow, eating the water-lilies. They seemed to spend the fore part of the day sleeping or resting in the papyrus or near its edge; toward evening they splashed and waded among the water-lilies, tearing them up with their huge jaws; and during the night they came ashore to feed on the grass and land plants. In consequence those killed during the day, until the late afternoon, had their stomachs filled, not with water plants, but with grasses which they must have obtained in their night journeys on dry land. At night I heard the bulls bellowing and roaring. They fight savagely among themselves, and where they are not molested, and the natives are timid, they not only do great damage to the gardens and crops, trampling them down and shovelling basketfuls into their huge mouths, but also become dangerous to human beings, attacking boats or canoes in a spirit of wanton and ferocious mischief. At this place, a few weeks before our arrival, a young bull, badly scarred, and evidently having been mishandled by some bigger bull, came ashore in the daytime and actually attacked the cattle, and was promptly shot in consequence. They are astonishingly quick in their movements for such shapeless-looking, short-legged things. Of course they cannot swim in deep water with anything like the speed of the real swimming mammals, nor move on shore with the agility and speed of the true denizens of

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Towing in bull hippo, Lake Naivasha.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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the land; nevertheless, by sheer muscular power and in spite of their shape, they move at an unexpected rate of speed both on dry land and in deep water; and in shallow water, their true home, they gallop very fast on the bottom, under water. Ordinarily only their heads can be seen, and they must be shot in the brain. If they are found in a pool with little cover, and if the

Cuninghame coming ashore on boy's back, Lake Naivasha.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

shots can be taken close up, from firm ground, there is no sport whatever in killing them. But the brain is small and the skull huge, and if they are any distance off, and especially if the shot has to be taken from an unsteady boat, there is ample opportunity to miss.

On the day we spent with the big rowboat in the lagoons both Kermit and I had shots; each of us hit, but neither of us got his game. My shot was at the head of a hippo facing me in a bay about a hundred yards off, so that I had to try to shoot very low between the eyes; the water was smooth, and I braced my legs well and fired offhand. I hit him, but was confident that I had missed the brain, for he lifted slightly, and then went under, nose last; and when a hippo is shot in the brain the head usually goes under nose first. An exasperating feature of hippo shooting is that, save in exceptional circumstances, where the water is very shallow, the animal sinks at once when killed outright, and does not float for one or two or three hours; so that one has to wait that length of time before finding out whether the game has or has not been bagged. On this occasion we never saw a sign of the animal after I fired, and as it seemed impossible that in that situation the hippo could get off unobserved, my companions thought I had killed him; I thought not, and unfortunately my judgment proved to be correct.

Another day, in the launch, I did much the same thing. Again the hippo was a long distance off, only his head appearing, but unfortunately not in profile, much the best position for a shot; again I hit him; again he sank and, look as hard as we could, not a sign of him appeared, so that every one was sure he was dead; and again no body ever floated. But on this day Kermit got his hippo. He hit it first in the head, merely a flesh wound; but the startled creature then rose high in the water and he shot it in the lungs. It now found difficulty in staying under, and continually rose to the surface with a plunge like a porpoise, going as fast as it could toward the papyrus. After it we went, full speed, for once in the papyrus we could not have followed it; and Kermit finally killed it, just before it reached the edge of the swamp, and, luckily, where the water was so shallow that we did not have to wait for it to float, but fastened a rope to two of its turtle-like legs, and towed it back forthwith.

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Mr. Roosevelt's big bull hippo.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

There were others in the lake. One day we saw two playing together near the shore; and at first we were all of us certain that it was some big water snake. It was not until we were very close that we made out the supposed one big snake to be two others; it was rather interesting, as giving one of the explanations of the stories that always appear about large water snakes, or similar monsters, existing in almost every lake of any size in a wild country. On another day I shot another near shore; he turned over and over, splashing and tumbling; but just as we were about to grasp him, he partially recovered and dived to safety in the reeds.

On the second day we went out in the launch I got my hippo. We steamed down the lake, not far from the shore, for over ten miles, dragging the big, clumsy row-boat, in which Cuninghame had put three of our porters who knew how to row. Then we spied a big hippo walking entirely out of water on the edge of the papyrus, at the farther end of a little bay which was filled with water-lilies. Thither we steamed, and when a few rods from the bay, Cuninghame, Kermit, and I got into the row-boat; Cuninghame steered, Kermit carried his camera, and I steadied myself in the bow with the little Springfield rifle. The hippo was a self-confident, truculent beast; it went under water once or twice, but again came out to the papyrus and waded along the edge, its body out of water. We headed toward it, and thrust the boat in among the water-lilies, finding that the bay was shallow, from three to six feet deep. While still over a hundred yards from the hippo, I saw it turn as if to break into the papyrus, and at once fired into its shoulder, the tiny pointed bullet smashing the big bones. Round spun the great beast, plunged into the water, and with its huge jaws open came straight for the boat, floundering and splashing through the thick-growing water-lilies. I think that its chief object was to get to deep water; but we were between it and the deep water, and instead of trying to pass to one side it charged straight for the boat, with open jaws, bent on mischief. But I hit it again and again with the little sharp-pointed bullet. Once

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I struck it between neck and shoulder; once, as it rushed forward with its huge jaws stretched to their threatening utmost, I fired right between them, whereat it closed them with the clash of a sprung bear trap; and then, when under the punishment it swerved for a moment, I hit it at the base of the ear, a brain shot which dropped it in its tracks. Meanwhile Kermit was busily taking photos of it as it charged, and, as he mentioned afterward, until it was dead he never saw it except in the "finder" of his camera. The water was so shallow where I had killed the hippo that its body projected slightly above the surface. It was the hardest kind of work getting it out from among the water-lilies; then we towed it to camp behind the launch.

The engineer of the launch was an Indian Moslem. The fireman and the steersman were two half-naked and much-ornamented Kikins. The fireman wore a blue bead chain on one ankle, a brass armlet on the opposite arm, a belt of short steel chains, a dingy blanket (no loin cloth), and a skull cap surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers. The two Kikins were unconsciously entertaining companions. Without any warning they would suddenly start a song or chant, usually an impromptu recitative of whatever at the moment interested them. They chanted for half an hour over the feat of the "B'wana Makuba" (great master, or chief—my name) in killing the hippo; laying especial stress upon the quantity of excellent meat it would furnish, and how very good the eating would be. Usually one would improvise the chant, and the other join in the chorus. Sometimes they would solemnly sing complimentary songs to one another, each in turn chanting the manifold good qualities of his companion.

Giant aloes, Salt-marsh,
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Around this camp were many birds. The most noteworthy was a handsome gray eagle owl, bigger than our great horned owl, to which it is closely akin. It did not hoot or scream, its voice being a kind of grunt, followed in a second or two by a succession of similar sounds, uttered more quickly and in a lower tone. These big owls frequently came round camp after dark, and at first their notes completely

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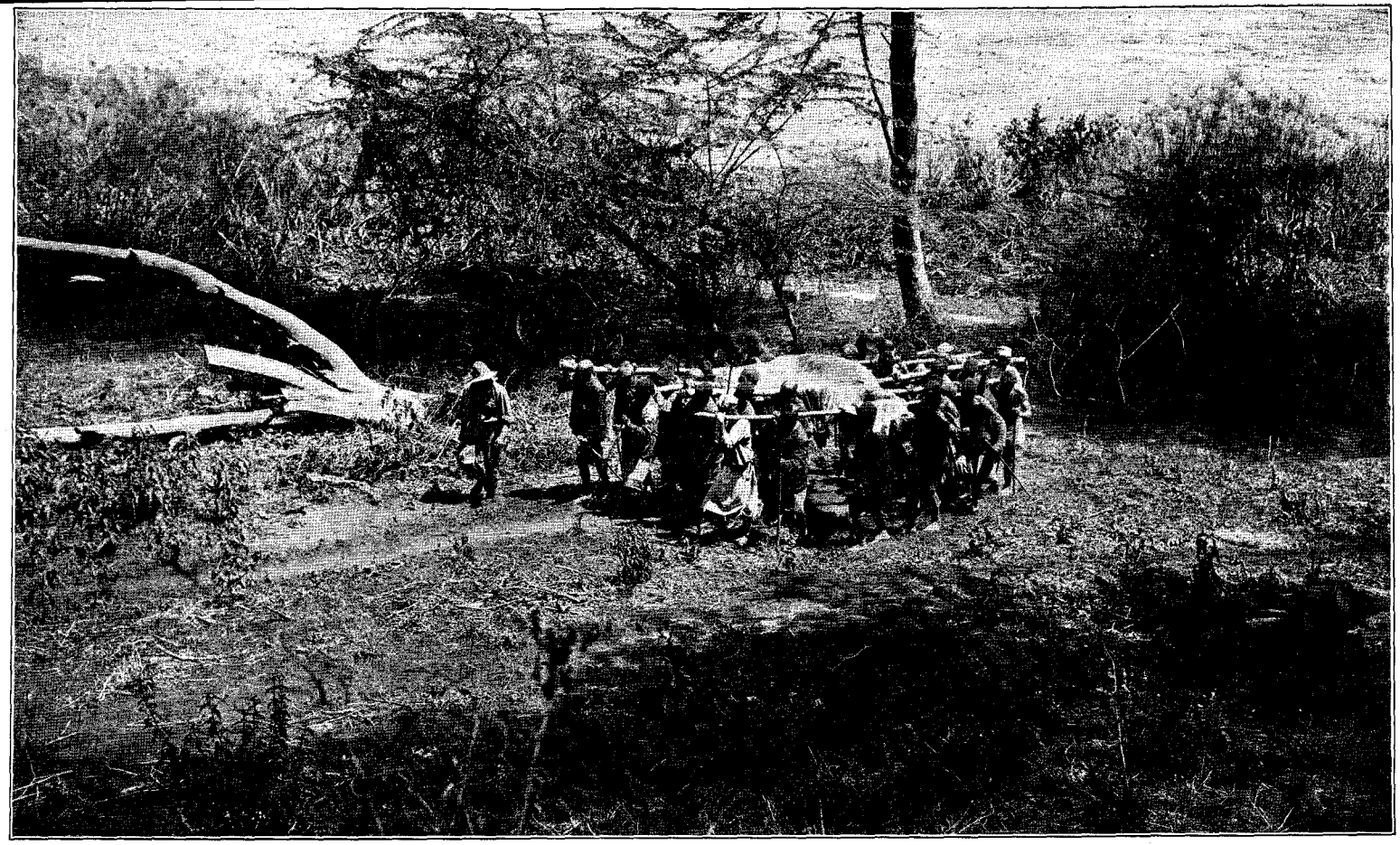

Bringing the skin of the large hippo to camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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puzzled me, as I thought they must be made by some beast. The bulbuls sang well. Most of the birds were in no way like our home birds.

Loring trapped quantities of mice and rats, and it was curious to see how many of them had acquired characters which caused them superficially to resemble American animals with which they had no real kinship. The sand rats that burrowed in the dry plains were in shape, in color, eyes, tail, and paws strikingly like our pocket gophers, which have similar habits. So the long-tailed gerbilles, or gerbille-like rats, resembled our kangaroo rats; and there was a blunt-nosed, stubby-tailed little rat superficially hardly to be told from our rice rat. But the most characteristic rodent, the big long-tailed, jumping springhaas, resembled nothing of ours; and there were tree rats and spiny mice. There were gray monkeys in the trees around camp, which the naturalists shot.

Heller trapped various beasts; beautifully marked genets and a big white-tailed mongoose which was very savage. But his most remarkable catch was a leopard. He had set a steel trap, fastened to a loose thorn branch, for mongoose, civets, or jackals; it was a number two Blake, such as in America we use for coons, skunks, foxes, and perhaps bobcats and coyotes. In the morning he found it gone, and followed the trail of the thorn branch until it led into a dense thicket, from which issued an ominous growl. His native boy shouted "simba"; but it was a leopard, not a lion. He could not see into the thicket; so he sent back to camp for his rifle, and when it came he climbed a tree and endeavored to catch a glimpse of the animal. He could see nothing, however; and finally fired into the thicket rather at random. The answer was a furious growl, and the leopard charged out to the foot of the tree, much hampered by the big thorn branch. He put a bullet

Johari and marabou stork.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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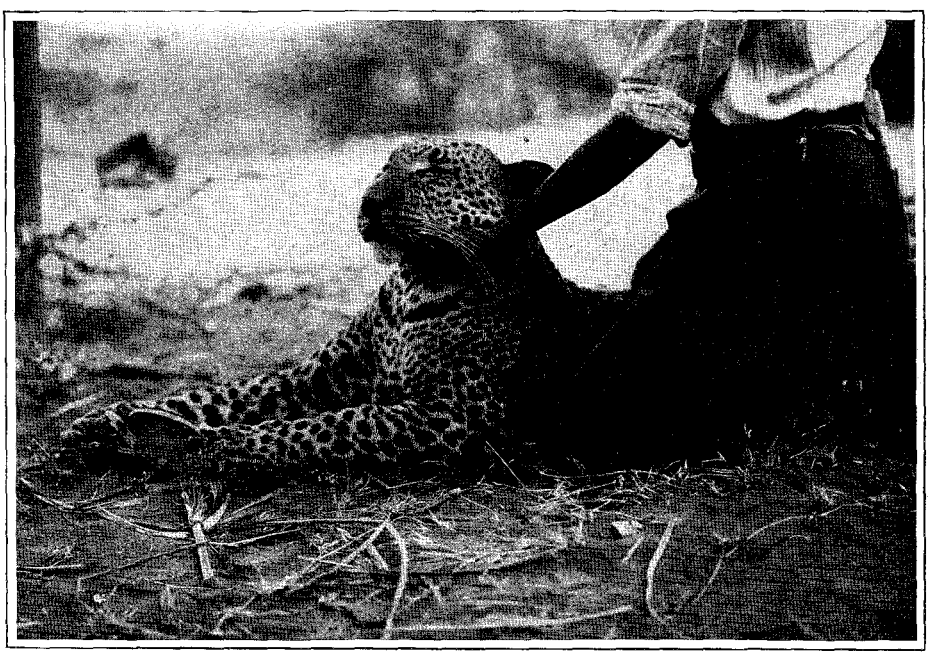
into it, and back it went, only again to come out and to receive another bullet; and he killed it. It was an old male, in good condition, weighing one hundred and twenty-six pounds. The trap was not big enough to contain his whole paw, and he had been caught firmly by one toe. The thorn bush acted as a drag, which prevented him from going far, and yet always yielded somewhat when he pulled. A bear thus caught would have chewed up the trap or else pulled his foot loose, even at the cost of sacrificing the toe; but the cats are more sensitive to pain. This leopard was smaller than any full-grown male cougar I have ever killed, and yet cougars often kill game rather heavier than leopards usually venture upon; yet very few cougars indeed would show anything like the pluck and ferocity shown by this leopard, and characteristic of its kind.

Kermit killed a waterbuck of a kind new to us, the sing-sing. He also killed two porcupines and two baboons. The porcupines are terrestrial animals, living in burrows to which they keep during the daytime. They are much heavier than, and in all their ways totally different from, our sluggish tree porcupines. The baboons were numerous around this camp, living both among the rocks and in the tree tops. They are hideous creatures. They ravage the crops and tear open new-born lambs to get at the milk inside them; and where the natives are timid and unable to harm them, they become wantonly savage and aggressive and attack and even kill women and children. In Uganda, Cuninghame had once been asked by a native chief to come to his village and shoot the baboons, as they had just killed two women, badly bitten several children, and caused such a reign of terror that the village would be abandoned if they were not killed or intimidated. He himself saw the torn and mutilated bodies of the dead women; and he stayed in the village a week, shooting so many baboons that the remainder were thoroughly cowed. Baboons and boars are the most formidable of all foes to the dogs that hunt them—just as leopards are of all wild animals those most apt to prey on dogs. A baboon's teeth and hands are far more formidable weapons than those of any dog, and only a very few wholly exceptional dogs of huge size, and great courage and intelligence, can single-handed contend with an old male. But we saw a settler whose three big terriers could themselves kill a full-grown



Heller's leopard.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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African yew-trees.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

warthog boar; an almost unheard-of feat. They backed one another up with equal courage and adroitness, their aim being for two to seize the hind legs; then the third, watching his chance, would get one foreleg, when the boar was speedily thrown, and when weakened, killed by bites in his stomach.

Hitherto we had not obtained a bull hippo, and I made up my mind to devote myself to getting one, as otherwise the group for the Museum would be incomplete. Save in exceptional cases I do not think hippo hunting, after the first one has been obtained, a very attractive sport, because usually one has to wait an hour before it is possible to tell whether or not a shot has been successful, and also because, a portion of the head being all that is usually visible, it is exceedingly difficult to say whether the animal seen is a bull or a cow. As the time allowed for a shot is very short, and any hesitation probably insures the animal's escape, this means that two or three hippo may be killed, quite unavoidably, before the right specimen is secured. Still there may be interesting and exciting incidents in a hippo hunt. Cuninghame, the two Attenboroughs, and I started early in the launch, towing the big, clumsy row-boat, with as crew three of our porters who could row. We steamed down the lake some fifteen miles to a wide bay, indented by smaller bays, lagoons, and inlets, all fringed by a broad belt of impenetrable papyrus, while the beautiful purple lilies, with their leathery-tough stems and broad surface-floating leaves, filled the shallows. At the mouth of the main bay we passed a floating island, a mass of papyrus perhaps a hundred and fifty acres in extent, which had been broken off from the shore somewhere, and was floating over the lake as the winds happened to drive it.

In an opening in the dense papyrus masses we left the launch moored, and Cuninghame and I started in the row-boat to coast the green wall of tall, thick-growing, feather-topped reeds. Under the bright sunshine the shallow flats were alive with bird life. Gulls, both the gray-hooded and the black-backed, screamed harshly overhead. The chestnut-colored lily trot-

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ters tripped daintily over the lily pads, and when they flew, held their long legs straight behind them, so that they looked as if they had tails like pheasants. Sacred ibis, white with naked black head and neck, stalked along the edge of the water, and on the bent papyrus small cormorants and herons perched. Everywhere there were coots and ducks, and crested grebes, big and little. Huge white pelicans floated on the water. Once we saw a string of flamingoes fly by, their plumage a wonderful red.

Immediately after leaving the launch we heard a hippo, hidden in the green fastness on our right, uttering a meditative soliloquy, consisting of a succession of squealing grunts. Then we turned a point, and in a little bay saw six or eight hippo, floating with their heads above water. There were two much bigger than the others, and Cuninghame, while of course unable to be certain, thought these were probably males. The smaller ones, including a cow and her calf, were not much alarmed, and floated quietly, looking at us, as we cautiously paddled and drifted nearer; but the bigger ones dove and began to work their way past us toward deep water. We could trace their course by the twisting of the lily pads. Motionless the rowers lay on their oars; the line of moving lily pads showed that one of the big hippo was about to pass the boat; suddenly the waters opened close at hand and a monstrous head appeared. "Shoot," said Cuninghame; and I fired into the back of the head just as it disappeared. It sank out of sight without a splash, almost without a ripple; the lily pads ceased twisting; a few bubbles of air rose to the surface; evidently the hippo lay dead underneath. Poling to the spot, we at once felt the huge body with our oar blades. But, alas, when the launch came round, and we raised the body, it proved to be that of a big cow.

So I left Cuninghame to cut off the head for the Museum, and started off by myself in the boat with two rowers, neither of whom spoke a word of English. For an hour we saw only the teeming bird life. Then, in a broad, shallow lagoon, we made out a dozen hippo, two or three very big. Cautiously we approached them, and when seventy yards off I fired at the base of the ear of one of the largest. Down went every head, and utter calm succeeded. I had marked the spot where the one at which I shot had disappeared, and thither we rowed. When we reached the place, I told one of the rowers to thrust a pole down and see if he could touch the dead body. He thrust according, and at once shouted that he had found the hippo; in another moment his face altered, and he shouted much more loudly that the hippo was alive. Sure enough, bump went the hippo against the bottom of the boat, the jar causing us all to sit suddenly down—for we were standing. Another bump showed that we had again been struck; and the shallow, muddy water boiled, as the huge beasts, above and below the surface, scattered every which way. Their eyes starting, the two rowers began to back water out of the dangerous neighborhood, while I shot at an animal whose head appeared to my left, as it made off with frantic haste; for I took it for granted that the hippo at which I had first fired (and which was really dead) had escaped. This one disappeared as usual, and I had not the slightest idea whether or not I had killed it. I had small opportunity to ponder the subject, for twenty feet away the water bubbled and a huge head shot out facing me, the jaws wide open. There was no time to guess at its intentions, and I fired on the instant. Down went the head, and I felt the boat quiver as the hippo passed underneath. Just here the lily pads were thick; so I marked its course, fired as it rose, and down it went. But on the other quarter of the boat a beast, evidently of great size—it proved to be a big bull—now appeared, well above water; and I put a bullet into its brain.

I did not wish to shoot again unless I had to, and stood motionless, with the little Springfield at the ready. A head burst up twenty yards off, with a lily pad plastered over one eye, giving the hippo an absurd resemblance to a discomfited prize-fighter, and then disappeared with great agitation. Two half-grown beasts stupid from fright appeared, and stayed up for a minute or two at a time, not knowing what to do. Other heads popped up, getting farther and farther away. By degrees everything vanished, the water grew calm, and we rowed over to the papyrus, moored ourselves by catching hold of a couple of stems, and awaited events. Within an hour four dead hippos appeared: a very big bull and three big cows. Of course, I would not have

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shot the latter if it could have been avoided; but under the circumstances I do not see how it was possible to help it. The meat was not wasted; on the contrary it was a god-send, not only to our own porters, but to the natives round about, many of whom were on short commons on account of the drought.

Bringing over the launch we worked until after dark to get the bull out of the difficult position in which he lay. It was nearly seven o'clock before we had him fixed for towing on one quarter, the row-boat towing on the other, by which time two hippos were snorting and blowing within a few yards of us, their curiosity much excited as to what was going on. The night was overcast; there were drenching rain squalls, and a rather heavy sea was running, and I did not get back to camp until after three. Next day the launch fetched in the rest of the hippo meat.

From this camp we went into Naivasha, on the line of the railway. In many places the road was beautiful, leading among the huge yellow trunks of giant thorn trees, the ground rising sheer on our left as we cantered along the edge of the lake. We passed impalla, tommies, zebra, and wart-hog; and in one place saw three waterbuck cows feeding just outside the papyrus at high noon. They belonged to a herd that lived in the papyrus and fed on the grassy flats outside; and their feeding in the open exactly at noon was another proof of the fact that the custom of feeding in the early morning and late evening is with most game entirely artificial and the result of fear of man. Birds abounded. Parties of the dark-colored ant-eating wheatear sang sweetly from trees and bushes, and even from the roofs of the settlers' houses. The tri-colored starlings—black, white, and chestnut—sang in the air, as well as when perched on twigs. Stopping at the government farm (which is most interesting; the results obtained in improving the native sheep, goats, and cattle by the use of imported thoroughbred bulls and rams have been astonishingly successful) we saw the little long-tailed, red-billed, black and white whydahs flitting around the out-buildings as familiarly as sparrows. Water birds of all kinds thronged the meadows bordering the papyrus, and swam and waded among the water-lilies; sacred ibis, herons, beautiful white spoonbills, darters, cormorants, Egyptian geese, ducks, coots, and water hens. I got up within rifle range of a flock of the queer ibis stork, black and white birds with curved yellow bills, naked red faces, and wonderful purple tints on the edges and the insides of the wings; with the little Springfield I shot one on the ground and another on the wing, after the flock had risen.

That night Kermit and Dr. Mearns went out with lanterns and shot-guns, and each killed one of the springhaas, the jumping hares, which abounded in the neighborhood. These big, burrowing animals, which progress by jumping like kangaroos, are strictly nocturnal, and their eyes shine in the glare of the lanterns.

Next day I took the Fox gun, which had already on ducks, guinea-fowl, and francolin, shown itself an exceptionally hard-hitting and close-shooting weapon, and collected various water birds for the naturalists; among others, a couple of Egyptian geese. I also shot a white pelican with the Springfield rifle; there was a beautiful rosy flush on the breast.

Here we again got news of the outside world. While on safari the only newspaper which any of us ever saw was the *Owego Times*, which Loring, in a fine spirit of neighborhood loyalty, always had sent to him in his mail. To the Doctor, by the way, I had become knit in a bond of close intellectual sympathy ever since a chance allusion to "William Henry's Letters to His Grandmother" had disclosed the fact that each of us, ever since the days of his youth, had preserved the bound volumes of "Our Young Folks," and moreover firmly believed that there never had been its equal as a magazine, whether for old or young; even though the Plancus of our golden consulship was the not wholly happy Andrew Johnson.

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THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I

THE price of any article is a statement of its relation to some standard like gold. Therefore, prices may vary for causes affecting either gold or the articles compared with gold. The whole price problem has thus two distinct sides: (1) a study of the influences directly touching the demand and supply of gold itself, and (2) the influences directly touching the demand and supply of goods, and their expenses of production. It would be one-sided and inadequate to reason that prices have risen solely from the new supply of gold, without taking into account the new demand for gold; and it would be still more inadequate to reason solely from influences affecting gold, and disregard the many potent influences working directly on the conditions under which goods are produced and marketed. It will be our purpose, then, to study the causes affecting the recent rise in prices, by first presenting the forces working directly on gold, and by later unfolding the forces operating on the goods themselves.

II

WHEN Orpheus was leading Eurydice back to earth, although forbidden he looked back at her, and she was lost to him forever. In order to shield the tariff, politicians and men high in office have already determined to assign the cause of our high prices to the abundance of gold. If, however, they dare to look back to the period from 1873 to 1890, they will find their favorite theory ruthlessly snatched away from them. Inexorable logic and the facts are against them, as well as against those theorists who have not studied all of the case. To get light on our problem, let us contrast the period of 1875–1890 with the later period of 1890–1908, the facts of which in regard to prices and the production of gold are presented in Diagram I.

Before doing so, attention should be called to the fact that some writers carelessly reason directly from the recent large annual production of gold to the recent contemporary rise of prices. This is an old fallacy. The new supply should be compared with the total stock of gold in existence. The total available stock is not—as it is, for instance, in the case of wheat—the annual supply, but the total product in all past years, less the amount lost by accident, abrasion, or destruction in the arts. Owing to its durability the total stock is constantly increasing, and as we approach the present time the annual production, even though large, bears a constantly smaller ratio to the total supply. Then, to change the value of the whole stock, the new supply must be large—not absolutely, but—in relation to the total world's supply. A great rainfall in France may disastrously raise the level of the Seine; but it will not perceptibly raise the level of the Atlantic Ocean. It takes a long time, moreover, for an increasing supply of gold to make its influence felt on the value of the total stock. It may be months after heavy rains in Abyssinia before the water rises in the lower Nile in Egypt. That is, changes in prices due to changes in the value of the total stock of gold in the world, under the influence of new production, must necessarily be slow and gradual. Serious and rapid changes of prices, therefore, must be due to other causes than gold—that is, to causes directly affecting the commodities themselves. Keeping this point in mind, we may now proceed to contrast the two periods.

(1) To 1850, the total production of gold was $3,158,000,000, from which we should deduct for destruction in the arts and in other ways enough to reduce the total supply to not more than $2,500,000,000. In the years 1851–1875 the supply of gold was more than doubled; but the demands for it

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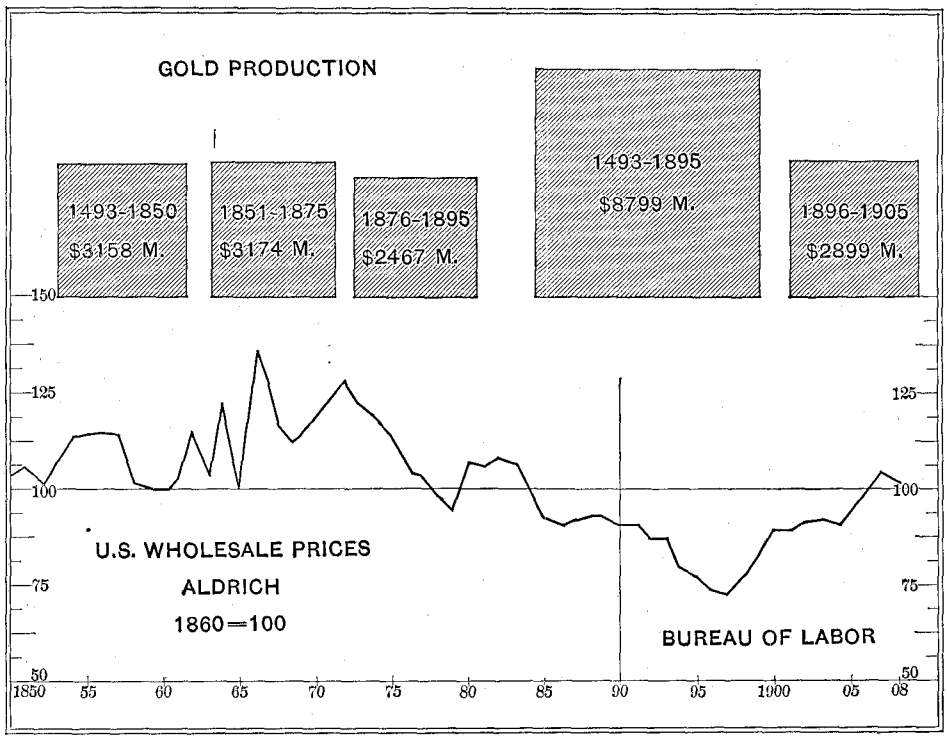
also increased. Yet it is probable that the new gold, being very large relatively to the total stock, may have helped in the rise of prices to 1873. But, if to the total stock of $5,674,000,000 in 1875 ($2,500,000,000 +$3,174,000,000) be added the new product from 1876 to 1895, or $2,467,000,000, it will be seen from Diagram I that this addition of 43 per cent. to the total supply was attended by steadily falling prices. Gold prices fell from 138.28 in 1873 (in Soetbeer's table) to 108.13 in 1890; or from 122.0 in 1873 (in the Aldrich table for the United States) to 92.3 in 1890; or, if we make comparison with the prices of 1895, the fall was still greater. In this period, when the new production was greater relatively to the total stock than in recent years, we heard nothing about the great new supply, but everything about the great new demand for gold. In this period a new production greater than that of to-day relatively to the total stock has been attended by a prolonged fall of prices. It is obvious, then, that other things than the supply of gold have a dominating influence on the prices of goods.

(2) In the later period, 1890–1908, we have also had a great new production of gold. In the ten years 1895–1905 it was $2,899,000,000. But the total stock in 1895 (assuming a stock of $2,500,000,000 in 1850 and no losses whatever since 1850) was within $8,141,000,000. Thus the new gold in this period was 35 per cent. of the existing stock; while in 1876–1895 it was 43 per cent. Yet in this later period prices rose from 112.9 in 1890, or from 93.6 in 1895, to 115.9 in 1905, or to 122.8 in 1908 (in the Bureau of Labor tables). With a greater relative supply of gold in the earlier than in the later period, we had falling prices in the former, and rising prices in the latter. In this later period we hear everything about the new supply, but nothing about the new demands (so much emphasized before). To reason from the abundance of gold in recent years directly to the rise of prices is unscientific and one-sided: it fails to take into account the new de-

DIAGRAM I



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mands for gold—as well as the factors in the problem touching the goods themselves independently of gold.

In these days of increasing wealth and great extravagance the consumption of gold in the arts, for decoration, and for jewelry, is no less than when Soetbeer estimated it at $60,000,000 or more annually. Although this figure is only a guess, we may use it as a rough means of computing the world's consumption of gold in the arts for 1895–1905 at about $600,000,000. Moreover, in the years 1895–1907, according to the reports of our Mint,* about $700,000,000 of silver have been displaced in the currencies of the world and supplanted by gold. That is, just as in the earlier period, 1873–1890, so in the later one, about in proportion to the new supply of gold various countries found it possible to change or to improve their monetary systems by taking on gold. Besides Japan, there are most of the South American countries, the developing populations of Africa, and especially silver-producing Mexico that have adopted the gold standard. From all the available data at hand, it seems probable that the new production of gold since 1895 has not been much more than enough to equal the new demands in the arts and in the currencies of the world. If so, the forces working on gold alone have probably equalized each other, and its value—for causes affecting itself—cannot be said to have been materially changed. In other words, the recent rise of prices cannot be accounted for by causes originating with gold.

These, moreover, are not the only objections to ascribing the rise of prices to the abundance of new gold. No doubt many persons have been led to assign the chief rôle to gold under the impression that the rise of prices has been general throughout the world, that all commodities have been affected, and that this must have been due to a single universal cause like gold. First, let us look at the facts in England. Strangely enough, two inadequate tables of English prices have been recently quoted as if they were decisive—the main reason being that, though deficient, they were accessible to date. The index numbers of the London *Economist* (for only 22 series) show a figure of 2,236 in 1890, of 2,136 in 1905, and of 2,197 in 1909. On this showing there has been no rise at all. In Sauerbeck's table (chiefly extractive products) the index number for 1890 and 1891 was 72, for 1905, 72, and for 1908 only 73. And yet Sauerbeck's figures have been quoted by high officials in Washington as evidence that gold has fallen in value. Obviously these facts do not prove that the rise of prices has been general in all countries.

Even in the United States the rise in wholesale prices is not as great as is generally supposed. *Bradstreet's* index number for January 1, 1892, is 8.1382; for January 1, 1905, 8.0827; and for January 1, 1909, 8.2631. The table of the United States Bureau of Labor (Bulletin 81) shows a number for 1890 of 112.9; for 1905 of 115.9; and for 1908 of 122.8. That is, an average rise of 9 per cent. between 1890 and 1908 for 203 articles.

But neither has the rise of prices been uniform—a point used to prove a single common cause like gold. The Bureau of Labor uses as a base number of 100 the average prices of the years 1890–1899 with which the prices of other years are compared. A study of these tables discloses the remarkable fact that out of 203 commodities, 36 actually fell in price by 1908, and 2 remained unchanged. These 36 were: hops, sugar (granulated), mutton (dressed), soda crackers, apples (evaporated), pepper, prunes (California), tea (Formosa), mackerel, Rio coffee, soda (bicarbonate), covert cloth, ginghams, sheetings, chinchilla overcoatings, candles, matches, lead-pipe, shovels, nails (wire), wood screws, silver, putty, quinine, alcohol (wood), white granite cups and saucers, nappies (glass), tumblers (glass), carving knives, knives and forks, manila rope, manila wrapping paper, and wood paper for newspapers.

Then, too, while the average rise of all the 203 commodities from 1890 to 1908 was only 9 per cent., there was no uniformity of movement in the various groups within the whole list. For instance, farm products rose from 110.0 to 133.1; fuel and lighting from 104.7 to 130.8; while drugs and chemicals show little or no rise at all. Moreover, there are wide variations in the prices of the same goods within any one year, which show how important other causes than gold must be; for these great changes

* Report of the Director of the Mint, 1896, pp. 46–7; 1908, pp. 68–9.

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cannot possibly be assigned to gold. A few instances of changes of wholesale prices entirely within the year 1908 will suffice:

Cattle	110.3–142.0
Fresh beef	117.0–142.3
Hides	100.7–170.8
Milk	88.2–156.9
Butter	102.5–141.8
Bacon	106.4–161.2
Hams	97.2–131.8
Lard	115.4–159.0
Mutton	87.5–150.0
Cotton	118.7–150.4
Calico	90.6–133.7
Cotton flannels	109.6–128.9
Ginghams	90.6–115.3
Print cloths	105.7–145.3

Those who believe that the rise of prices is due to an abundance of new gold find a difficulty in showing by what direct economic processes the new gold affects prices. Theoretically, it is assumed that the increased gold must be offered against goods and thus declines in value. Such a theory, however, is too detached from the facts to receive credence, quite apart from the fact that, in the United States, even though gold is our standard of prices, we practically do not use gold as a medium of exchange. With the better thinkers, however, it is urged that the new gold flows into the bank reserves, makes possible larger loans, increases the credit offered against goods, and consequently raises general prices. Now, let us appeal to banking practice. Because there is more gold in the world, do banks in the United States expand their loans? Certainly not. First a bank decides whether the loan is safe or not; then, if the loan is made, and a credit in a deposit account is given, the bank may need more reserves. An increasing number of those who have goods, in warehouse or in transit, may wish loans. Speaking generally, the more goods produced and exchanged, the more loans are wanted. Then, first having the demand for legitimate loans, the bank as a consequence arranges to supply the reserves required by law or experience. In banking common-sense, the increase of loans is the cause of increased reserves; it is not the presence of gold in the country which is the cause of increased loans. If increased loans are wanted, the ease in getting gold makes the process easier; but, no matter how plentiful gold may be, if the bank has not the means to offer for the gold, how can it increase its reserves? No matter how abundant gold is, a bank can meet the demand for increased loans only by the capital or deposits in its possession. Is it not an absurd theory that an abundance of new gold would allow a bank of $100,000 capital to lend indefinitely, say, to $100,000,000? A large bank carries a large sum of loans, not because gold is abundant, but because its funds are large; it uses out of its large funds only that sum which is necessary to get the gold or money reserves which experience shows are necessary for its discounting business. To say that the presence of abundant gold is the cause of increased loans is to put the cart before the horse. It would be like saying that the cause of the excavation of dirt in the Panama Canal was the existence of steam shovels. The shovels make the excavation easier, but the cause is the hundreds of millions of dollars voted by the United States. The banks lend capital, not money; and cash reserves are only a tool, or a part of the banking machinery necessary in banking operations. Indeed millions of loans may be made and repaid by checks without the use of a cent of money. And, no matter how abundant gold is, a bank supplies not a dollar more of inert, non-earning reserves than is necessary for carrying the sum of loans consistent with its present resources.

It may be said, however, that if much new gold has gone into the currencies of the world in the past ten years, that is precisely the way by which it can be offered against goods, and thus increase prices. But in precisely the same way one might say that the new crops of the United States, new wealth created in one season from the soil to the amount of $6,000,000,000, is new purchasing power to its owners, as well as the new gold; that it is offered for other goods, and ought to raise prices. But, more than this, if the new gold has increased prices by entering the currencies of the world, how does it happen that prices have risen most in the United States in which gold, although the standard of prices, is almost never used in the actual purchase of goods? It will certainly be startling to those who have declared themselves without going into the facts to discover—as shown in Diagram I—that, although the stock of gold has been quadrupled since 1850 (being in 1905 about $11,000,000,000),

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prices in gold on the average are no higher in 1908 than they were in 1860, and less than they were in 1850.

III

On the other hand, no one in this country doubts that there has been a rise of prices greatly increasing the cost of living. In proceeding to the second general division of our field, it will be found that the causes of this upward movement are to be found in the forces affecting—not the value of gold, but—the expenses of producing and distributing the goods themselves. That is, if the gold standard in which the prices are expressed has not varied much for causes affecting itself, the prices of goods may have varied greatly for causes directly affecting the value of goods relatively to gold. It is as if a mountain peak had not changed its elevation above the sea; yet men may have gone up or down its side and thus have changed their position relatively to the top. If, then, we can explain these forces which have been increasing the expenses of living, the reader can see for himself whether they are permanent or not, and whether they are capable of control or abolition.

The moment we pass from considerations touching gold, or the standard of prices, to those touching the expenses of production, or the demand and supply of goods, we find at once a large group of commodities which have risen in price for reasons which can in no possible sense be ascribed to the cheapened gold. Farm and food products have changed in price for obvious causes peculiar to these articles themselves. Moreover, it is in connection with these products—especially meat—that we have heard most in the recent discussion about the high cost of living. Averages of many commodities have little practical significance to the mass of people. The social importance in changes of prices resides in those which affect the articles entering into the budgets of the plain people. When food rises in price it is serious; but when furs and silks rise it is not serious.

First, what are the facts as to the rise of prices? Taking the basis of 1896–1900 as 100, according to the Secretary of Agriculture, the 14 farm products (hay, cotton, hogs, flaxseed, cattle, barley, wheat, rye, corn, hides, oats, etc.) have risen most. As compared with an average of 126.4 for all the groups combined, the farm products have risen in 1908 to 141.9, as compared with 128.7 for food products (47 articles); 132.8 for lumber; 121.9 for clothing; 125.3 for fuel and lighting; 124.9 for metals; 119.5 for house furnishings; and 106 for drugs.

But averages of wholesale prices for groups of articles have very little interest for the housekeeper. Food products as a group have risen to 128.7 in 1908; but how as to specific articles? Taking 1896–1900 as a base of 100, the following table will show how much such articles of every-day consumption have risen: *

Milk (N. Y.)	129.8
Eggs	205.1
Creamery butter	151.7
Factory cheese	145.3
Mackerel	108.2
Codfish	153.1
Beans	163.4
Peas	146.8
Potatoes	152.2
Apples	190.8
Wool (Ohio)	137.3
Hides (native)	167.9
Burley tobacco	177.5

Here is an increase of from 30 to 100 per cent. in articles of food; while other groups, such as clothing and house furnishings, have risen some 20 per cent.

Such being the facts, what are the causes of the increase in the prices of farm and food products? As regards those articles consumed in every family, rich or poor—such as milk, eggs, butter, cheese, beans, peas, potatoes, apples, and the like—the answer is not far to seek. In the main it is an increase of demand out of proportion to the available supply. The movement of population from the farm to the city has been going on for decades, as every one knows. The less enterprising, the less active, the less educated have been left on the farms; the bad roads, the remoteness of farm-houses, have made social life less attractive in the country. The great prizes of success in the professions and in industry, the eager, busy life of the towns and the cities, the glamour and lure of the varied excitements in the town, and the desire to escape physical exertion and hardship, have drawn the

* Report of the Secretary of Agriculture, No. 91, 1909, p. 20.

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youth away from the land, and made agricultural labor scarce and inefficient. The labor-economy of agricultural machinery cannot fill the gap; for the operations of agriculture are not continuous and uniform, as in the factory. Therefore, the actual practices of dairy-farming, crop-growing, and treatment of the soil have deteriorated, with the loss of brains and labor—only to be checked (but not yet by any means reversed) by the splendid teaching of experiment stations and the Department of Agriculture. To-day, much of our land does not begin to yield what it is capable of. Our methods are bad and wasteful—and the supply of food for the urban demand is not coming forward in the proportion of the new demand.

Moreover, in the older States farm land has enormously increased in value. The farmers who have accumulated a competence and retired to the towns, for instance in Illinois, have not grown rich primarily by the sale of their crops, but chiefly by the rising value of the land. The farmer who now buys land at $80 to $150 an acre, and who pays wages high enough to draw labor away from the city, must get higher prices for his products than in the past, in order to cover his higher expenses of production. Including the greater cost of the land, the higher prices of labor, the phenomenal rise in the prices of lumber and building materials, it is but natural that the expenses of producing foodstuffs should have gone up, and should stay up permanently, unless there is to be a great national reaction in favor of country life. From this time on we must expect to see the effects of an increasing pressure on the land. Dry farming and irrigation are taking up lands hitherto unoccupied; but, in truth, our only real recourse is in improved methods of cultivating the land now under tillage.

How much, in particular, has meat risen? Unfed beef at the farm is not much higher than it was nine to fourteen years ago. The price of beef, however, is affected by four processes before it gets to the consumer: (1) feeding; (2) slaughtering; (3) wholesaling; and (4) retailing. As against 100 in 1896–1900, steers at Chicago have risen in 1909 to 126–136; dressed carcasses to 123.7–129.7; retail prices of roasts to 132.3; and of steaks to 133.7. That is, beef has risen by about one-third of its price as compared with the average of 1896–1900.

Hogs have risen in price at the farm in about the proportional rise in price of other things. Hogs have risen to 147.3 in 1909; wholesale carcasses to 180.5; the retail prices of fresh pork to about 142 (1907); and bacon to about 164 (1907).

But how as to live-stock? Live-stock and farm crops have shown a special increase in price, at the farm, as follows:

(100=average of 1896–1900.)

Live-Stock, 1909		Farm Crops, 1909	
Horses	264.4	Corn	218.6
Mules	235.1	Oats	209.6
Swine	147.3	Potatoes	192.4
Sheep	147.1	Wheat	166.2
Milch cows	120.4	Rye	162.1
		Buckwheat	161.9
		Tobacco	161.4
		Barley	147.3
		Cotton	138.4
		Hay	122.9
Live-stock average	193.1	Crops average	180.9
Average of live-stock and crops			186.9

There is not much difficulty in finding the special causes of the high prices of beef. The free range has disappeared; government lands can no longer be fenced by cattle rangers; the old ranges have been taken up and cultivated as farms; and the future supply of cattle must come from the stock produced in connection with general farming. The old sources of supply of cattle can no longer be counted on. Moreover, in 1906 there was a rush to market cattle, and a general decrease in the existing supply in that year is still felt. In addition, the doubling of the price of corn and oats, the high prices of alfalfa and hay, have very greatly raised the cost of feeding cattle before they are sent to slaughter. To-day, the price of fed cattle is the highest on record. If so, the wholesale and retail prices must rise in proportion. The recent somewhat hysterical boycott of meat cannot change the underlying cause of the high prices of farm products, including meat. By refraining from eating high-priced meats a consumer can lower his expenses, but not the general level of meat prices. It is possible, however, for him to buy cheaper cuts, and learn how to prepare nutritious food by more skilful cooking. In the choice of our

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dietary there is certainly a wide margin for saving without loss—or even with a gain—in nutriment.

IV

One universal element in the expense of producing goods of any kind, manufacturing or agricultural, is the wages of labor. In the United States money wages per hour, expressed in gold, have risen between 1890 and 1907 by about 28 per cent. These facts may be seen in the following table:

Year	Wages per hour	Year	Wages per hour
1890	100.3	1899	102.0
1891	100.3	1900	105.5
1892	100.8	1901	108.0
1893	100.9	1902	112.2
1894	97.9	1903	116.3
1895	98.3	1904	117.0
1896	99.7	1905	118.9
1897	99.6	1906	124.2
1898	100.2	1907	128.8

Nor is the higher range of wages confined to the United States; it is that part of an increased expense of production which is undoubtedly common to many countries, and which, by making the phenomena of higher prices widespread, probably gives occasion for the belief that the higher prices, being world-wide, must be due to some one general cause like gold. But it certainly is true in other lands that there is little complaint of higher prices where wages have not risen. In England, for instance, cost of living has not increased as much as with us—even as regards dairy products and meat. But English wages are much less than ours, as a few examples will show: *

	England and Wales per 48 hours week	United States
Bricklayers	$9.12–$9.85	$28.80–$33.60
Carpenters	8.80– 9.57	14.40– 28.80
Plumbers	8.60– 9.67	19.20– 28.80
Plasterers	8.88–10.14	24.00– 33.60

Certainly, cost of living also in France has not yet risen as much as it has with us. Since 1905 wages have risen about 5½ per cent., or about the same as food.

It is important to remember, also, that a rise of wages once made is not easy to reduce; and that it is likely to remain as a permanent cause of higher prices in the future. Moreover, in so far as the rise of wages is general, it will work for a general rise of prices.

* Computed from data in Bureau of Labor Bulletin, 77.

V

Another cause of the higher cost of living—one which is especially operative in the United States and the Continental countries of Europe—is the increasing rates of customs tariffs, and of taxation due to militarism. It is impossible to attribute the generally higher prices due to the heavy load of taxation laid upon the consumer to a general cause like the cheapening of gold. In the United States the enormous sums spent by our national government on harbors and rivers, on pensions, on the army, and especially on the new navy, must be paid for by somebody; and that somebody is the consumer of the taxed goods. On an average imported dutiable goods are increased in price to the American consumer by over 40 per cent. But, to the extent that importations are impeded, not all of this tax of over 40 per cent. goes to the government, but much of it goes to the protected interests. The duties are so high as not to be revenue duties, and our treasury gets only about $300,000,000 of this tax, or less than half of its annual expenditure. The truth is just coming home to the mass of people that our extremely high protective duties have raised the expenses of producing many goods, raised prices, and raised the cost of living to every family throughout the length and breadth of the land. This is one reason why industrial activity to-day spells "hard times" for the unorganized consumer.

Some of our public men are not dealing fairly with the people when they direct attention solely to the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909, and assert that it has in some respects lowered duties. Suppose that it had done so, as compared with the Dingley Act of 1897. Then, that only transfers the cause of offending to the duties fixed by the Dingley Act, which were, on the whole, the highest in our list of high-tariff enactments. It is no comfort to a drowning man in forty feet of water to be told that just back of him the water was forty-one feet deep. It is no comfort to the consumer submerged by import duties of forty, or a hundred, or several hundred per cent., to be told that a microscope will discover a fractional change of a per cent. here and there—when in fact hosiery, gloves, and clothing bear increased duties. It is not ingenuous to harp on the

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insignificant changes in the act of 1909, when the real burden was made heavy in 1897, and only continued in 1909.

It is not fair, of course, to charge the increase in the prices of all goods to the tariff. The most pernicious and the most direct effect of our high protective tariff is to be found in the duties upon raw materials, where the taxes on materials unduly raise the prices of finished goods. For instance, if foreign wools (required in various mixtures of clothing fabrics) be taxed 40 per cent., then, if the woollen manufacturers were to receive an additional protection of 40 per cent. on their finished goods, it would be 40 per cent. on an outlay increased by the tax on their materials. Thus by complicated compensatory duties, the consumer pays 60 or 80 per cent. more, in cases where he should pay on woollen goods only 40 per cent., provided raw materials were free. An illustration of the heavy burden thus laid upon all of us by the tariff may be found in the case of wool and woollen goods. Wool was made free in the Wilson Act of 1894; and taking the average prices of 1890–1898 as 100, the comparison between the prices of wool and woollen goods in 1896, before the Dingley Act, and 1908 may be seen in the following table:

PRICES, 1896–1908 1890–98 = 100

Articles	1896	1908
Wool	70.6	118.3
Blankets (wool)	89.3	113.1
Broadcloths	79.7	115.6
Carpets	90.2	118.9
Flannels	85.4	122.4
Horse blankets	90.8	126.5
Overcoatings (wool)	86.7	122.6
Shawls	89.1	*107.0
Suitings	87.8	127.6
Underwear (wool)	92.7	115.8
Women's dress goods (wool)	67.5	127.1
Worsted yarn	72.9	117.6
Two-bushel bags	91.6	134.3
Cotton flannels	93.9	119.2
Cotton thread	99.6	131.7
Drillings	100.2	130.6
Sheetings	97.4	120.0
Shirtings	97.9	120.0
Hides	86.6	142.6
Leather (harness)	98.6	121.1
Currants	87.2	162.4
Molasses (1897)	83.1	112.7
(All) Metals and implements	93.0	125.4

* 1907.

In order to show the actual rise of prices fairly chargeable to the protection of the extremely high tariffs since 1897, besides wool and woollens, a few other articles have been added to this table, especially under the cotton schedules (where the increase cannot be charged to the duty on raw cotton). An increase of 25 to 35 per cent. is not infrequent. And in the metals schedule (where we also have our own raw materials) the rise is also affected by the duties on the finished goods.

The unprejudiced student will certainly be struck by the precipitous climb of prices of articles affected by the tariff after the passage of the Dingley Act in 1897, as shown in Diagram II. These lines disclose the movement of wholesale prices from 1890–1908, by groups of commodities. Of course, the changes in individual articles are still more striking, since their extremes are not hidden in the general group average. For my personal enlightenment I have had over a hundred of these prices charted, and their connection with the act of 1897 is often unmistakable. This more detailed presentation of prices from 1890 to 1908 in Diagram II should be studied in connection with the movement of the average of prices from 1850 to 1890, in Diagram I.

It may be said that as far back as 1898 no one grumbled about the high cost of living, since we had as high a tariff then as now; hence, it may be said, the present high prices could not be ascribed to the tariff. The true comparison, however, should be made between the period from 1894–1897, and the period from 1897 to the present. The former was a time of low prices, aggravated to be sure by the panic of 1893; while the latter was a period of rapidly rising prices throughout. The panic of 1893, however, was due ultimately to over-expansion, and immediately to the fear of a silver standard; but not at all to the absurd reason sometimes set forth—that it was caused by the Wilson Act, or the fear of its passage—an act passed after the panic, in 1894.

Moreover, although it is said that the act of 1909 made inconsiderable changes in duties, it is very significant that, in anticipation of, and following, the act of August, 1909, *Bradstreet's* index number should

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have shown such a marked upward tendency, as follows:

January 1, 1909	8.2631
February 1	8.3022
March 1	8.2167
April 1	8.3157
May 1	8.3016
June 1	8.3960
July 1	8.4573
August 1	8.5039
September 1	8.5906
October 1	8.7478
November 1	8.9635
December 1	9.1262
January 1, 1910	9.2310

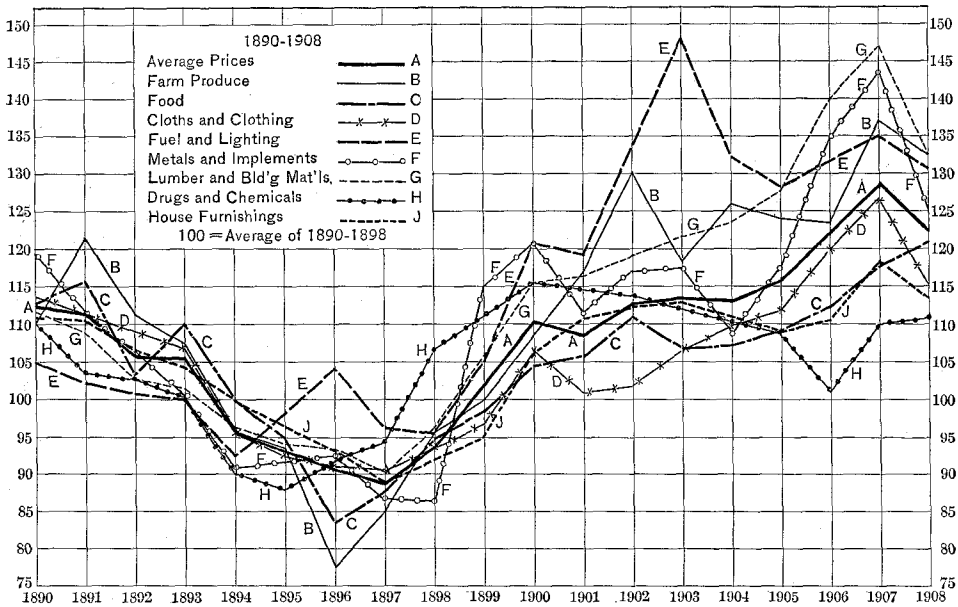
The rise of prices due to heavy taxation has certainly not been confined to the United States; and the tendency to higher protective duties in Europe, and the phenomenally heavy taxes required by military and naval establishments, all help to explain whatever there may be of a general cause behind the movement of prices to a higher level in all countries. The extravagance of States and municipalities in public works, the waste of city funds in official corruption in our land, is all being paid for by the individual consumer; and in many cases it appears in a higher expense of production, and consequently in a higher level of prices.

VI

THERE is another special cause tending to raise the cost of living, which is quite independent of the value of gold. In examining the forces affecting the market price to the consumer, it is obvious to every one that the seller is constantly trying to get "all that the traffic will bear." The buyers are a loose, unorganized mass, while the producers and sellers are better organized than we realize. But more than mere compact organization—if the producers and sellers can continue to control the supply of the article, and create even a quasi-monopoly, then the unorganized consumers are at their mercy. Here we have a cause which can directly raise the prices of goods whose expenses of production have not been increased. That is, combinations, which are the characteristic industrial phenomena of to-day, can raise prices by a greater or less control of the market. And in cutting off competition from foreign countries the protective tariffs materially assist the combinations in controlling the home market, to the serious disadvantage of the consumer.

In the discussion of protectionism, it has been argued that tariffs do not raise the prices of protected goods to the home con-

DIAGRAM II



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sumer, because competition between the home producers will always prevent more than ordinary gains, and keep prices at a normal level. But when combinations succeed in controlling the price this is no longer true. Thus, the maintenance of monopoly prices becomes possible to the full extent of protecting duties, provided imports are prevented from competing with the monopolized products at home. An illustration in point appears in the duty on wood pulp and paper, which has allowed the combination to control the price of printing paper to the American newspapers. And there are many similar cases.

The influence of the tariffs and of combinations in recent years is closely connected. The passage of the Dingley Act in 1897 was followed directly by the remarkable creation of combinations, beginning in 1898–1900—such as those in tin-plate, wire, steel, copper, and a long list of others.

Tariffs and combinations affecting raw materials have a pervasive and sinuous influence upon the prices of related and finished goods. Combinations, or understandings, to control the supply price of coal, tar, hides, zinc, lead, copper, and other metals; tin-plate, turpentine, cotton, dyes —and a great number of other commodities used in further manufacture—tend to increase the expenses of production of a wide range of articles. In some cases, of course, the larger the scale of production, the cheaper each unit of product can be marketed; but the economics are sometimes offset by the higher cost of raw materials, the higher range of wages, and other items entering into expenses of production.

As every one knows, combination is the order of the day, and it has affected nearly every article of general consumption, among which may be mentioned anthracite coal, turpentine, jute, augers, axes, planes, files, hammers, door-knobs, mortise-locks, chisels, building materials, linseed oil, furniture, tobacco, wire nails, petroleum, cottonseed oil, lard, tallow, codfish, herring, crackers, glucose, barbed wire, molasses, salt, and pig-iron. The rise in the prices of these articles after the Dingley Act of 1897, and during the period of the greatest activity in the formation of trusts, is certainly very significant.

VII

FINALLY, we must remember that the above conclusions have been based on an examination of wholesale prices. Yet the family buys at retail; and the forces bearing on the level of retail prices have in effect much to do with the actual cost of living. If the truth must be told, there are no reliable retail prices. They vary with the buyer's social position, the quarter of the city, the season, very often with the understandings and agreements between the wholesale and retail dealers, and those between the retail dealers themselves. In fact, the strongest hold the so-called trusts have upon prices is to be found in the agreements with the retailers to sell at a fixed price. Even the evolution of the cold-storage warehouses—like the use of certificates for wheat in elevators—has come to allow of speculation, agreements, and the control of the supply of eggs, poultry, fish, apples, and the like.

There can be little doubt that the retail organization by which goods go from the wholesaler to the consumer is unnecessarily wasteful and expensive. There are twenty butcher-shops and groceries in every neighborhood where only one is needed. Each must spend much in advertising, in show-windows, in rents, in costly fixtures, in telephones, in wages, in horses and delivery wagons, which are not essential to the total result. Five or six wagons, with salaried drivers, distribute trifling quantities of goods to houses in the same street. The consumer pays for this waste in the margin of retail over wholesale prices. From 1890 to 1908, on an average, wholesale prices have increased 9 per cent., while retail prices have increased 18 per cent. The difference between wholesale and retail prices, in particular cases, varies from 10–25 per cent. to 100–150 per cent.

If one stops to analyze the process of retail buying, it will be realized that it is the seller only who practically sets the price. There is no true retail market price. Busy or ignorant people pay what is charged them without the patience or the power to select. In these days we pay for the additional costs of dainty and attractive packages for cereals, crackers, figs, and the like. Indeed, under the cover of special tins, an amount of an article is sold at a price which

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makes a pound cost two or three times as much as formerly. The psychology of the retail market is itself a study of no mean interest. Habit, fancy, caprice, rumor, emulation, gregarious action of a set, may play a part. Once a man gets established with a clientele, he puts up his prices. He charges all he can get; and the confiding customer goes on paying the bills—until there rises a general cry of high cost of living, like that of the present day. There are different retail prices for each half-mile as one passes from the centre of a city to its outskirts. Yet some persons think it demeaning to bargain or seek for lower prices. To spend recklessly is an evidence of what some regard as belonging to social position.

VIII

In the margin of the retail over the wholesale price, in a community not well shaken down into form, there is an opportunity for serious changes in the cost of living. Out of this margin, the catalogue houses, the wholesale grocery houses, the tea and coffee houses, have accumulated great fortunes—at the expense of the helpless consumer. Then, what is the remedy? Obviously, the creation in every neighborhood of co-operative societies for the distribution of goods directly from the producer to the consumer at actual cost—obviating the waste of advertising, high rents, and useless duplication of service. It calls for social organization: a thing, of course, which is always slow of development because the Almighty made every man an individualist, who wishes each thing done to suit his individual tastes, and at the time and place to suit his pleasure. If co-operation succeeds, however, it will remove the wide margin of differential gains, which, lying above the actual expenses of production, afford an opportunity for combination and for manipulation to control prices. It may be said that the manufacturers and producers will refuse to sell to the co-operative societies under threats from the present large body of retailers; but in the long run producers will arise wherever there is a sustained demand. And the success of distributive co-operation in England, where the societies buy largely from outside producers, is one of the reasons for the lower expenses of living in England than in America—apart from the fact that good, warm woollen clothing is there no more than one-half what it is here.

IX

In conclusion, we may summarize our results. The great recent production of gold—great as it is—is not as large in proportion to the total stock in 1895, as was the new gold from 1875–1895 to the total stock in 1875. Yet in the earlier period there were falling prices, and in the later rising prices. It is said, of course, that new gold increased bank reserves, made possible enlarged credits, and so worked for higher prices; but this influence must have been as active in the earlier as in the later period. Therefore, even if we should admit that the flood of new gold has finally begun to lift somewhat the level of prices, it could not be the cause of the changes which have to-day so thoroughly aroused public attention. The rise of prices now most discussed, such as those of farm and food products, is due to special causes, and not to gold. Part of the sudden rise of prices since 1896 is obviously due to the reaction from a time of depression; but the period since 1897 is one in which business organization has in the main taken on new form, and in which prices have been under powerful control. Moreover, special causes, such as high tariffs, agricultural readjustment, higher wages, and increasing expenditures of the rich have operated to raise prices. The resultant seems to be the outcome of special forces on the goods side of the price-ratio working to raise the prices of goods, more than inventions and progress in the arts have been able to depress them. In this respect the later differs from the earlier period.

Lastly, it must be admitted that, aside from the higher prices of many staple articles, our standard of living has changed with the growing wealth of the country. Each family now wishes more expensive food, better clothes, more costly millinery, more pictures and books and those of a higher price, more bicycles and automobiles, more horseback riding, more travelling, stays at higher-priced hotels, passage on more expensive steamers, than formerly—all to keep up in the procession with the successful rich, who are increasing enormously in numbers. Every one ex-

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pects, as a matter of course, to buy fruits and vegetables out of season—such as a very short time ago were considered within the reach of only the largest purses. Our kitchen economy is quite too wasteful; we throw away fats and buy lard to take their place. May it not be the psychological hour to call for the creation of a new aristocracy of the simple life, of those who care for the reality and not for the shadow, for the true inward pleasures of the mind rather than for the external, evanescent show? May it not be high time to create a free-masonry of those who do not ask how much one has, nor how much one knows, but what one is? Gold, in the sense of riches, may be the root of all evil; but gold, in the sense of a standard of prices, cannot be the sole root of the evil in our increased cost of living.

THE ANACHRONISM

By Donal Hamilton Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MALONEY, second lieutenant of the Tenth Cavalry, sat cross-legged at the feet of his patient horse, while a battle passed over his head almost unnoticed. His naked sabre lay across the knees of his olive-green uniform, and a blade of grass moved back and forth between his firm teeth. Now and then he cast glances of approval at the troopers and horses scattered behind him—six companies of the Tenth, dismounted and idle in a wide glade which sheltered them as completely from the sweep of the hostile fire as though they had been a dozen miles away.

A corporal, scarcely younger or less grizzled than Maloney, caught the lieutenant's eye and read its expression with accuracy.

"Kind o' slow, ain't it?" he inquired with a cheerful grin.

Maloney nodded several times vigorously, and the corporal, thus emboldened, crept closer, keeping hold of his horse's bridle.

"An' I suppose we'll have to lay here all day, too," he continued.

"I suppose so," agreed Maloney, to whom speech came slowly.

The corporal looked at Maloney keenly. He knew his story like every other man in B company, for Maloney had become a fixture, an institution, a personality, so thoroughly at one with the thought of second lieutenants that the terms had grown to be almost synonymous. It was known in B company that Maloney had come from West Point just in time to witness the last thin edge of Indian-fighting, that he was probably the best second lieutenant in the cavalry—but that he would never be anything else. He had witnessed whole batches of younger officers sent above him, and if the situation rankled him, he never showed it. "Maloney's way behind the times!" his superiors were wont to say of him, but they were equally ready to admit that he could handle a company better than most captains, and even colonels were very ready in answering Maloney's careful salute.

"Well, anyhow," persisted the corporal with obvious intent, "this is better'n guardin' wagon-trains."

"I don't know that it is," returned the lieutenant slowly. "There's a chance for action with the commissariat; there doesn't seem to be any here."

"Oh, well," argued the corporal, "what can ye do with cavalry in a country that's set on end?"

Maloney glanced at the sheer, bare hill that rose in front of them, and then at the legs of his horse.

"I've sent Billy up worse things than that, and you've followed me, Hogan," he said.

"I know, I know," admitted Hogan readily, a glint of pride in his eyes, "but them days are gone. They couldn't shoot three miles then, an' we didn't have a fightin' front twenty-five miles long."

Maloney gave no sign of having heard. He chewed almost savagely on the blade of

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grass, and the tanned hand which grasped the worn hilt of the sabre tightened until the cords stood out sharply. Hogan watched him and kept silence; he knew Maloney's hobby, and knew that he would ride it in time.

"You're right, corporal," he said finally. "They don't win battles with charges any more; they win them with higher mathematics. When I put on straps for the first time, we had an army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Now we have one of infantry and artillery, with a few mounted men who make a good appearance on parade. That's all we're good for, Hogan."

A shell, fired at high angle by the enemy, dropped a hundred yards to the rear of the horsemen and exploded with a roar. Hogan and the lieutenant cast disapproving glances toward it, and turned away their heads.

"It's been so long," Maloney went on, "since there was any use for cavalry, that there aren't many field officers would know what to do with us. The colleges are teaching that good infantry is worth more than any sort of cavalry, and there you are."

"Maloney, you ought not to be preaching your heresies to your men," said a voice behind them.

Hogan and Maloney scrambled to their feet and saluted, Maloney rather red but unabashed. Colonel Hunt regarded them critically.

"Can't you let Hogan be modern?" he asked.

"Why, no, sir, not if he starts me talking," confessed Maloney.

Hunt laughed with much good nature, for he knew the worth of the two before him.

"I'm going up this hill," he said, "and work a little farther forward to try and make out just what's going on on the other side. You come with me, Maloney, and I'll teach you why we're lying here idle."

Maloney saluted and walked away behind the tall, lank figure of the colonel. Above their heads as they walked droned an occasional bullet, while now and then a puff of smoke, high in the air above the crest of a hill, or farther away on some distant slope, marked the bursting of a shell. In their ears, so deadened now to it that their hearing of it was almost subconscious, was the roar of a great battle—a steady thunder of gun-fire which had pulsed for hours.

Silently they trudged up the slope, dotted here and there with small clumps of bushes, but for the most part clear and covered only with sere, brown grass. With a smile, Hunt noticed that Maloney carried the naked sabre in his hand.

"If you were a staff officer, Maloney," he panted as they neared the crest, "I wouldn't have to explain anything. You'd know what is going on."

"I do," answered Maloney shortly.

"Well, then," continued Hunt, "you'll have a chance to see how it looks."

Above them they could see three guns, carefully screened from sight by brush, and snugly set down in gun-pits, around which the artillerymen were busy. Twenty-five feet in front of the guns, whose shells ripped through the air a few feet above their heads, a supporting company of infantry lay in the bottom of a curving trench, as perfect in construction as a railroad embankment. Hunt turned aside slightly, and led the way to a point twenty feet or so above the level of the battery. Behind the crest, daring the chances of battle in its exposed position, was a little cluster of men about one of the poles from which were strung the wires of the field telephone. Hunt threw himself onto the ground and pulled out his binoculars. Maloney followed suit.

"Now," said Hunt, "look your fill!"

Maloney looked off across an endless series of hills, some larger, some smaller than that on which he lay, their many-shaped peaks rising in every direction, outlined against the background of a chain of mountains, misty along the horizon. In front of him was a treeless valley, and yet in the scant cover beneath, his glass picked out the men of half a dozen infantry companies, and other companies showed against the brown of the treeless slope beyond. On a far-off crest, fully four miles distant, he saw the shells from the battery at his side bursting, and soon made out the puffs of smoke which marked the position of the hostile guns. Of moving troops he could see almost nothing; of the enemy nothing at all save the hazy puffs of smoke which marked the far-off battery positions.

"Well," said the colonel, "where would you take your cavalry, lieutenant?"

Maloney turned a stiff, unconvinced countenance toward his superior.

"I'd find a place to use them," he said stubbornly.

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"You're loyal to the horse," said Hunt, not displeased with Maloney's stubbornness.

The remark was enough to give Maloney his tongue.

"Colonel," he asked, "can I help it? It's thirty years now since I went into the army and not a day of those thirty years that I haven't put leg over a saddle. That old gray of mine down there is fifteen years old; and he's the son of a horse that pulled me out of many a tight place. I've fought on horseback until I'd be helpless as a babe on foot. I know that doesn't look like cavalry ground"—and he swept his hand over the barren, seemingly unpeopled landscape—"but I'm too old to learn the new ways. Yes, sir, I'd find use for them."

Behind them they could hear the voice of one of the men at the field telephone, conversing with a staff officer half a dozen miles to the right, and then relaying his information toward a hill a dozen miles in the other direction, where head-quarters lay.

"I know how you feel," admitted Hunt. "It was hard for me to make way for the new order. I love the cavalry as much as you do; I'd give a good deal to be able to lead the Tenth, boot to boot, against anything in the world—but that's all past and gone, Maloney. Why, look——"

He swept his hand about the horizon.

"Here are two armies, three hundred thousand men altogether, scattered over thirty miles of territory. We've been beaten once, and now they're hammering at us again, both wings and the centre. And yet you can't see it from here; you wouldn't dream there was such an engagement but for the noise. Where would you drop half a dozen companies of horse in such a wilderness?"

Again Maloney shook his head and answered, without taking his eye from his binoculars:

"I'd find a place."

Hunt shook his head in despair. A staff officer came up from the telephone and dropped onto the ground at Hunt's side. Maloney listened and watched them with interest.

"I wish something would happen," the staff officer confessed. "They've been hammering away at us now for eight hours, and we've hammered back, and nothing's happened. Why don't they develop their attack and be done with it?"

Hunt shrugged his shoulders.

"They're not pressing us here," he said. "That one battery keeps hammering away, and there seem to be infantry moving forward in front of it, but they come slowly."

"The main attack," said the staff officer's superior knowledge, "is coming 'way off to the left. They've been pushing up troops and guns in that direction all the morning."

Both paused and studied the throbbing, roaring pulse of battle. A company of infantry, plodding with long steps under the weight of full equipment, deployed behind the crest and moved down the slope.

"There's something queer about this lull in front of us," said the staff officer with a note of nervousness in his voice, "we can't have checked them here—it hasn't been hot enough."

Both officers swung their field-glasses across the hill-tops in silence. A perspiring officer from the battery climbed the slope to their side and levelled his own glass.

"Those chaps over there seem to be quitting," he said, pointing toward the slope on which the distant guns had been thumping. "We must have been pinking 'em pretty steady!"

"I can't get used to it," Hunt admitted to the staff officer, "this knowing things are going on all right and not being able to see them."

There was a buzz of excitement around the field telephone behind them. The little group turned around. The battery had almost entirely ceased firing, the gunners standing easily by their pieces, the officers using their glasses. Steady driblets of infantry poured through gaps in the ridges, and wriggled their way down into the next valley.

A tall man, wearing shiny riding-boots instead of the usual puttees, suddenly appeared near the telephone. The group parted, saluting. Maloney watched this new-comer, his practised eye quickly noting the stars on the shoulder-straps. An instant later the group seemed to fly apart, and the general came striding up the slope; a diminutive staff officer almost trotted at his side.

"They wouldn't dare do it—it's not safe," he expostulated breathlessly.

"Dare, sir!" sniffed the general, "that's just what they have done."

He glared back over his shoulder at an aide who had turned from the telephone.

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"Well?" he demanded, "what did you find out?"

"Some of the enemy's troops have made their appearance on the extreme left," the aide reported, saluting. "Sounds of artillery firing have been heard well toward the rear of General Warren's position."

Maloney was on his feet in an instant, his lips open to speak, the bare blade swinging from his wrist, but discipline held him, and he looked at Hunt.

"There are six companies of the Tenth in the dip behind this ridge, General," Hunt said quietly.

"Kind o' slow, ain't it?" he inquired with a cheerful grin.—Page 550.

The general slapped his leg with his gauntlets.

"Gentlemen," he said to the group about him, "this inactivity before us is explained. The enemy has deliberately thrown a wing into the air, left his flank unprotected, and already is threatening our own extreme flank. The thing has been done before our very eyes."

The group stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I would give all my batteries," said the general fiercely, "for a few regiments of cavalry!"

The general wheeled and stared at him fixedly.

"It's sheer madness," he said, more to himself than to Hunt. "This isn't 1850."

Hunt was silent, but Maloney broke over the bounds of discipline. He strode forward, stopped at the regulation distance, and saluted. The general eyed his sturdy figure and grizzled face in surprise.

"Well?" he demanded.

"It isn't 1850, General," Maloney said hoarsely, "and it isn't scientific, but we can do it!"

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The group stared at him in astonishment, too surprised to silence him.

"For God's sake let us go, sir," Maloney went on, tumbling the words out in his eagerness. "There's six hundred horses down there that would make nothing of these hills, and six hundred men that haven't seen real service since the war began. Aren't we good for something besides convoying baggage trains?"

"That will do, Maloney," snapped Hunt, and Maloney fell back, his face red. The general gnawed his mustache.

Suddenly he turned to Hunt, his eye having caught something of Maloney's fire.

"Colonel Hunt," he said in cool, even tones, "you will take your six companies of cavalry, pass through the gap and into the main Thornville road. You will proceed as far along that road as you deem necessary to take you well into the enemy's lines, then wheel to the left and parallel the line of the enemy's front, attacking any bodies of troops you may encounter."

For an instant Hunt looked at him almost uncomprehendingly, then there sprang to his cheeks an answering flush, he saluted and went down the hill with Maloney at his heels. The general sat down on the ground and lighted a cigar. His staff and the artillery officers looked at him as one demented.

"When those cavalry are out of sight," he snapped to the aide, "you needn't bother with that instrument. I don't want to hear about it!"

In the hollow behind the ridge there rang out the sudden clamor of cavalry trumpets, and the clatter of mounting men.

"Maloney," said Hunt, as the lieutenant started for his own company, "you ride at my side!"

Around the base of the ridge on which the general sat puffing at his cigar like a wild man, six companies of cavalry moved at the trot. A company of blacks, two of sorrels, and three of bays, and at their head, a horse's length behind his colonel, rode Second Lieutenant Maloney, his drawn sabre gripped in his hand, his hat off, and the wind snapping through his whitening hair.

"Gentlemen," said the general gravely, "there rides a splendid anachronism!"

Past plodding columns of infantry, past sweating batteries, streamed the cavalry. Gunners halted with the shells half raised to the smoking breeches of their guns, looked, and then stopped to shout. Infantry moved to one side, and yelled themselves hoarse as the roaring column went past. Straight into the broad road, for whose possession a month's campaigning had been spent, went the drumming hoofs. A few bullets commenced to whistle overhead.

"It's true," Hunt yelled back to the white-haired man behind him, "they've jerked an army out from in front of us, and thrown it at our flank!"

Maloney nodded grimly, and looked back once at the big horses behind him. Then he smiled.

From a ridge far off to the right, a battery began reaching for this long, flying column with shrapnel, and the wicked charges commenced humming and screaming over the tops of the trees. A little knot of infantry, clad in the bluish fatigue uniforms of the enemy, halted in the road before them, fired a few harmless shots, and melted into the underbrush. A moment later a whole company commenced deploying before them. With hardly a pause, the first company of the flying column uncoiled into a long line. The fire of magazine rifles spit at them, but they rode through. On the other side of the wreck of the infantry, Hunt caught sight of Maloney, still riding a dozen lengths in front of the foremost trooper. The old man was sitting his horse like a rock, and the bright blade of his sabre was red.

A belated battery of the enemy's artillery, trotting securely along under cover of a wooded road, tried frantically to wheel into position, only to be ridden down by two companies of the cavalry without firing a shot. Through the tangled mass of men and guns, the six companies streamed without pause. Hunt raised himself in the stirrups at the end of the long line, waving his sabre, and the orderly bugler at his side blew himself black in the face. The six companies wheeled to the left and left the road.

From hill-tops far back in the heart of the enemy's lines heliographs commenced to flicker, and strange tidings clicked over the wires of the field telegraph. The six companies had ridden eight miles, and their path could be traced by other than their own dead.

For an hour the general sat silent on the top of his crest, watching without interest the progress of the long-range fight before him, then he whirled on his aide.

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Drawn by George Wright.

Maloney sabred the gunner who had struck Hunt down.—Page 556.

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"Heat those wires red-hot," he shouted, "until you find out if anybody's seen anything of a wild, white-haired Irishman and what's left of six companies of horse!"

One of the enemy's batteries, far from the ridge on which the tall general was lighting his third cigar, had been planted in the shelter of a corn-field. Onto its unprotected flank, brushing aside a fringe of riflemen like a morning mist, swept a mad, wild-eyed crowd of hatless, howling cavalry. The battery crumpled up, but one of the gunners found time and chance to send his short sword through the tunic of a tall officer riding at the head of the cloud of troopers.

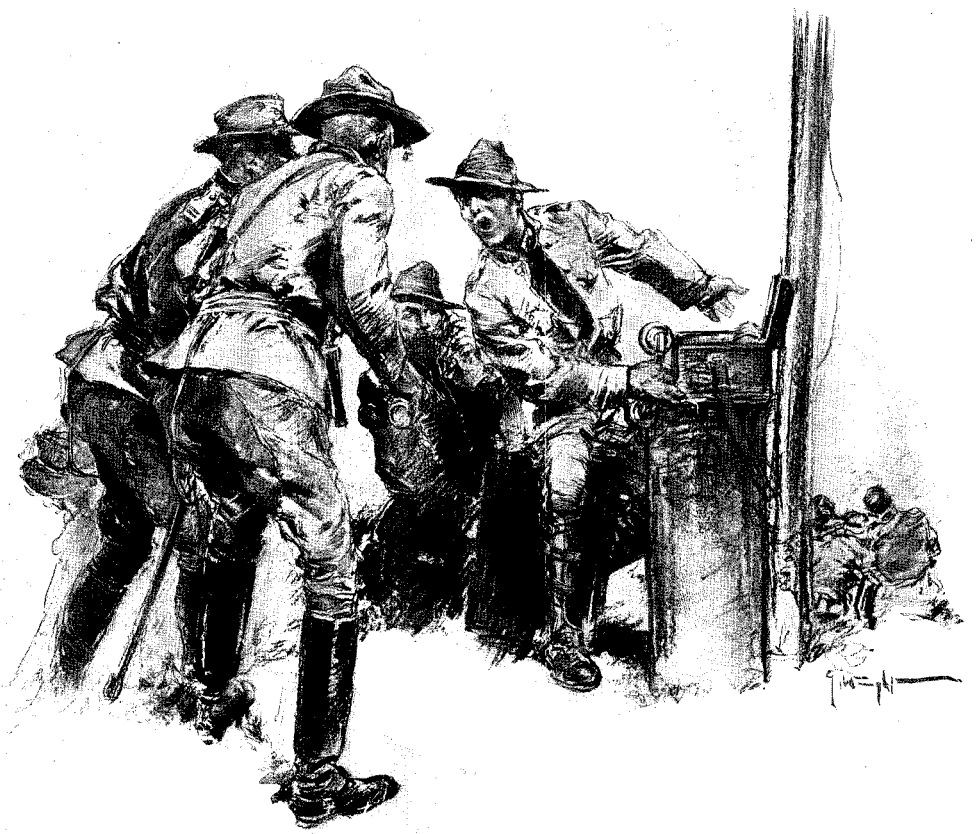
Maloney sabred the gunner who had struck Hunt down, and looked back for the lieutenant-colonel. There was not an officer in sight, and Maloney's long-delayed promotions fell upon his shoulders at once.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, whirling about in his saddle. "We're going clean through and out the other side!"

There came a check in the enemy's brilliant flanking movement. For three hours the great, five-mile gap in the centre of his lines had gone unnoticed, and his daring flanking manœuvre had progressed with oily smoothness. But now, strangely persistent rumors of something gone wrong in the great hole shot from tip to tip of the great host. A thin wedge had been thrust through the opening, and the army paused, even though the greater part of it had not felt the shock.

The general stood over the aide, watching him like a cat. The youth's ear was fast to the receiver of the instrument, and he waved the impatient general aside with unconscious temerity.

"The fire's slackening on the left," shouted the aide, suddenly dropping the receiver,



"The fire's slackening on the left," shouted the aide.

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"Don't," he muttered thickly. "Let me alone."—Page 558.

"they're limbering up their batteries along the Whalebone ridge, and our troops have retaken Wolfsburg!"

"By the eternal," said the general slowly, "the impossible has happened. They've stumbled over those six companies! We've stopped an army with half a regiment! We've won a battle with half a thousand horses!"

Then he whirled on his staff, and his orders crackled out like the reports of a whip. On the tracks of the cavalry, dense columns of infantry spread out fanlike and moved forward. Gun-teams struggled up every incline, and the air was thick with shrapnel bursts.

"We're bombarding the air!" the general chuckled to an officer at his side, "but it makes no difference. We'll break 'em in three pieces!"

Maloney put his gasping horse over a hedge and looked behind him as he landed. The remnants of six companies were scattered across the landscape in a whirling crowd, black, brown, and sorrel horses mingled together. But he could see officers driving the flying mass into lines. He had no conception of how far he had ridden, how many men had fallen, or how many lines of scared, madly firing infantry he had passed through. His empty revolver he had thrown away, and the empty cartridge-pouch flapped noisily at his side. Three inches of his sabre was missing; he had broken the blade when a savage slash missed a gunner's head and struck the shining barrel of a three-inch field-gun.

He pushed his staggering horse through a corn-field, and rode out into the very muzzles of a field battery. Back of them he could see long lines of infantry, wheeled about into line to meet the charge of the cavalry.

"It's the end," he panted, "but what an end, my God, what an end!"

He heard the crash of the troopers behind him as the horses thundered into the corn, and then the battery before him swept the charging horsemen with shrapnel. Maloney felt the horse stagger, and something weighing a thousand pounds struck him in the shoulder. Once more, however, he whirled about in his saddle, and his hoarse, cracked voice roared out:

"Come on, boys, there's a few of 'em left!"

The general mounted his horse and looked toward the west, where the setting sun glinted on the white ribbon of the Thornville road.

"This has been a day of impossibilities,"

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he muttered. "We meet a deliberate advance in military tactics by a charge which would have been folly a quarter of a century ago—and we check an army in the midst of victory. I don't know, I don't know—" and the general lighted another cigar.

Maloney became sleepily conscious that some one was trying to pull his leg out from under his fallen horse. Dimly he resented the act. He was perfectly comfortable as he was; there was no feeling in the leg anyway.

"Don't," he muttered thickly. "Let me alone."

"Careful of him, men," said a voice; "the poor chap's alive yet!"

Maloney rolled over and opened his eyes. A lantern flared at him in the darkness, and an infantryman let go of his shoulders suddenly.

"Alive!" he snorted. "Course I'm alive!"

Very carefully they moved the horse and laid Maloney on a stretcher. An officer with a note-book stood beside the stretcher solicitously.

"Will you give me your name?" he asked, his pencil poised. "I don't need to ask the regiment"—and he smiled cordially.

"Maloney—second lieutenant, B company," Maloney said sleepily.

"Then you're—" commenced the officer, then paused and took off his cap. "Do you know what you've done?" he finished.

Maloney shook his head rather weakly.

"You've led six companies of cavalry half-way through the rear of an army, and turned the tide of battle in half an hour! You've——"

Maloney rolled over and closed his eyes.

"Oh, hell," he said drowsily, "that's nothing. You can do anything with good cavalry."

And Maloney dozed off with a satisfied grin visible beneath his gray mustache.

MALBONE AND HIS MINIATURES

By R. T. H. Halsey

EDWARD GREENE MALBONE, America's greatest painter of portraits on ivory, was born at Newport, R. I., in August, 1777, and died at Savannah, Ga., May 7, 1807.

Malbone was peculiarly fortunate in living his short professional life at the very inception of the nineteenth century. The country had fully recovered from the disastrous effects of the War of the Revolution. The adoption of the constitution, and the subsidence of the mutual jealousies long existing between the separate colonies had developed a strong national spirit and an enthusiasm for things American, with its encouragement for native craftsmen sadly lacking to-day. Pride in past achievements walked hand in hand with the stern realization of the duty of building for the future. A desire for education and the finer things of life was springing up. The patronage given to home manufacturers was extended to those working in science, literature, and art; an encouragement which made possible the achievements notably of Fulton in science, of Cooper, Irving, Paulding, and later Poe and Hawthorne in literature, and Stuart, Morse, Vanderlyn, and others in art.

Social conditions in the early history of the colonies tended in no way to the building up of a school of American painting. The intensity of the struggle for existence, the simplicity of life and thought attendant thereto, and the absence of sentiment left little place in the social structure for the enjoyment of things merely beautiful in themselves and purely decorative in conception. Evidence, however, that the artistic sense was here existent in a highly developed state along useful lines is demonstrated by a study of the splendid work of our numerous native born silversmiths, early communion vessels, beakers and tankards, beautiful in design and workmanship, and reminders of the days when no business transaction was consummated, marriage ceremony performed, or funeral service held without a copious pouring of liquor.

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The attitude of the Puritan mind toward portrait painting as a profession was concisely expressed in the following extract from the "Records of the Selectmen of the Town of Boston" under date of August 25, 1701, wherein it is stated that "Lawrence Brown, a Limner, asks admittance to be an inhabitant of this Towne wh^ch^ is granted On condition that he gives Security to Save the Town harmless."

As the eighteenth century progressed the magnificent trade which the colonies had developed with the West Indies and Spanish America brought wealth, and with it a gradual increase in the luxury of living. Certain foreign painters, notably Smibert, were able to eke out a meagre existence in vagrant portrait painting. Their austere and painfully labored portraits, however, cannot be accepted as satisfactory representations of the mentality of the men who were laying the foundations of our republic.

"The Birth of Shakespeare."

The second half of the century brought Copley, native born and almost self-taught. In his early portraits we find the beginnings of the school in which the distinctly American type of face and character are delineated as by one possessing a thorough understanding of the character of American men and women. Much of his portraiture is accessoried by a wealth of color and gorgeousness of surroundings suggestive of the colonial aristocracy among whom Copley lived and worked.

The spirit of political unrest and the hardships of the War of the Revolution effectually stifled the budding interest in things æsthetic, and it was not until the return of Gilbert Stuart in 1792 that art in America obtained its needed stimulus. The carefully drawn canvases of Peale and Trumbull must be accepted as interesting records of the personages living at the beginning of the new nation, rather than as works of men whose art was highly developed.

Malbone's ancestry was thoroughly American. His great grandfather, Peter Malbone, was born February 10, 1667, and died at Norfolk, Va., May 26, 1738, in the vicinity of which his son Godfrey was born January 18, 1695. Godfrey Malbone, as was the case with his distinguished grandson, matured early in life and settled in Newport, R. I., where, in 1718, in the deed in which he took title to a piece of land on Thames Street for his "Mansion House," he is styled "Capt. Godfrey Malbone, Mariner." He was one of New England's princely merchant navigators, and early acquired a fortune in the then eminently respectable trade of importing rum from the West Indies and slaves from Africa, and later turned many an honest and patriotic dollar in fitting out his ships to act as privateersmen during the wars with France. His house on Miantonomoh Hill was notable among the finest dwellings in the colonies for its sumptuous furnishings and lavish use of mahogany in its door and circular stairway leading to the cupola. Its dimensions were sixty-four by fifty-two feet, and it was topped by a double pitched roof with dormer windows and surrounded by elaborate gardens.

In 1719 Godfrey Malbone married Catharine Scott, by whom he had ten children, the eighth of whom, John, born August 21, 1735, was the father of Edward Greene Malbone, the subject of this sketch.

For a proper understanding of the disadvantages under which Malbone labored and eventually won his position in society and in the art world, it must be stated that he was an illegitimate son, and in early life bore the name of Edward Greene, given him by his mother. The five children of the alliance, however, were legitimatized and allowed to take the name of Malbone by Act of Legislature, after Malbone's personality and brush had won recognition among his fellow-townsmen.

All that we know of Malbone's childhood is obtained from the long letter written by his sister, Mrs. Whitehorne, published in

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Dunlap's "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States." (1834.) This period of his life must be dismissed with the bare statement that from early childhood Malbone evidenced great interest in the study of prints. The family were living in seclusion. Malbone spent much of his playtime alone in his room, drawing and painting in colors of his own manufacture. His devotion to art and its kindred subjects was discouraged at

"The Little Scotch Girl."

home as his father believed it would interfere with success in the profession chosen for him. At the age of fifteen his drawings of heads gave him a local reputation, which two years later was added to by the voluntary painting of scenes for the local theatre—a field far removed from that in which he made his reputation. It was at this period that he began his lifelong friendship with Washington Allston, then at school at Newport.

In 1794 Malbone disappeared from his home and went to Providence, R. I., where he established himself as a miniature painter, which fact some weeks later he announced to his father in the following letter:

"Providence, *Oct.* 11th, 1794.

"Honored Sire:—

"Pardon me for leaving Newport so abruptly without informing you of my intention to stay at Providence, nor would I have you think me so bigoted to ingratitude as not to wish to repay with future services the many favours I have received from you, as I thought it was highly necessary for me to do something I chuse this for my first attempt which is like to prove successful as I have hitherto been fortunate enough to give general satisfaction and have met with publick approbation. I hope I may never be guilty of an action that may merit your displeasure & sincerely wish that I may soon be able to render the family those services which cannot yet be expected; it shall be my fervent prayer that I may be qualified to succeed you (in that respect) before you make your exit. I must conclude with making use of that name which I shall study never to dishonour.

"Your dutiful son,

"Edward G. Malbone."

"John Malbone, Esq."

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Miss Poinsett.

Joel R. Poinsett.

Mrs. William Blacklock.

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In this letter we see that the seventeen-year-old Malbone showed a stern realization of the step which he had taken, and a sense of responsibility to sisters and beloved mother, a sense of responsibility that repeatedly obliged him to forego opportunities for study abroad offered him by friends who recognized his talent. It foreshadowed also his devotion to the material needs of his family and the resulting overwork which laid his system open to the pulmonary trouble which caused his early death. In adopting the name of his father he merely added it to the name of Edward Greene, given him by his mother.

While at Providence Malbone painted in sepia the miniature reproduced on page 559, which remained in his possession until his death. This has been long thought to have been an original composition until search in the print department of the British Museum revealed it to be a copy of an engraving by Bartolozzi after a painting by Angelica Kauffman, entitled "The Birth of Shakespeare," and published in London in 1782.

The composition of the original is perfectly preserved and the drawing is strong. With the aid of a magnifying glass minuteness of detail is disclosed undiscoverable by the naked eye. The card which backed the ivory bears Malbone's signature and date, 1795. On the back of the gold case are scratched in Malbone's boyish hand the following lines from "The Enthusiast," by Wharton Dodsley, which accompanied the original engraving:

Shakspear
Whom on the winding Avon's | willowed banks
fair Fancy found |,
And bore the Smiling babe to a | close cavern
Here as with honey | gathered from the rock
She fed the | little prattler and with songs oft |
soothed his wondering ears— | With deep delight
on her soft lap | he sat and caught the sounds—

In 1796 Malbone moved to Boston, where he was successful in obtaining many sitters, and while there was able to renew his friendship with Washington Allston, then a student at Harvard.

The miniature reproduced facing page 562 was painted at this time, and shows us the twenty-year-old Malbone's conception of himself. The drawing is as powerful as in his portrait work of later years. Strength and tenderness are strongly defined in the mouth, and the eyes show that fixedness of purpose which made Malbone's life a continued success. Another side of his character is emphasized by the treatment of the hair in the style worn only by the exquisites of the day, the artificiality of the coloring of which is shown by the powder fallen on the shoulders. The same characteristics are found in the self-portrait in oil which hangs on the walls of the Smithsonian at Washington. The larger portrait, however, was painted some years later and shows marked traces of the disease which ended his life. The background of the miniature is crude and allows the conjecture that it was done at odd hours and never completed, being laid aside when remunerative employment presented itself. The miniature bears the signature *E. G. M.* upon its face, and the card on the back in his own handwriting:

Edwd G. Malbone
Miniature painter
1797.

Few if any of Malbone's later portraits were signed. On some of his early work is found his initials, or *Malbone* firmly inscribed.

During the next three years Malbone was eagerly sought as a painter in New York, Philadelphia, and Newport. In the late summer of 1800 his failing health made it advisable that he avoid the vigor of the northern winters and he went to Charleston, where shortly he was joined by Washington Allston. Orders poured in to his studio and the peculiar hospitality for which this southern city has always been famed opened up to him the homes of its people. It was accentuated by the endearing qualities of the young northern painter. Much of his leisure time was spent in the company of Charles Fraser, then a law student, and later a miniaturist, whose work is second only to Malbone's in this country.

In May, 1801, the profits from his brush allowed Malbone to accompany Allston on a long looked-for trip abroad. His reception by Benjamin West is thus recorded by Charles Fraser, when writing of his friend: "When in England he was introduced to the president of the Royal Academy, who, conceiving a high opinion of his talents, gave him free access to his study, and showed him those marked and friendly at-

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tentions which were more flattering than empty praises to the mind of his young countryman. He even encouraged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition. But he preferred his own country, and returned to Charleston in the winter of 1801."

Malbone's own impressions of the work then being done in England are found in a letter to Charles Fraser:

"Mr. West is decidedly the greatest painter amongst them for history. Mr. Lawrence is the best portrait painter. Mr. Fuseli, from whom we expected so much, I was disappointed in. After Lawrence, I think Sir William Beechy the next in portrait painting, and then Mr. Hopner. Some of Mr. Copley's historical pieces I think very fine. So are Mr. Trumbull's, but I do not admire his portraits. Amongst miniature painters, I think Mr. Shelley and Mr. Cosway the best. Mr. West has complimented Mr. Allston and myself, and tells us we shall excel in the art. Yesterday was the first time he has seen a picture of my painting; to-day he condescended to walk a mile to pay me a visit, and told me that I must not look forward to anything short of the highest excellence. He was surprised to see how far I had advanced without instruction."

For a short time Malbone drew at the Royal Academy. The necessity of providing for those at home cut short his stay abroad, and obliged him to return to Charleston in December, 1801. During the next two years he filled many engagements in the cities along the seaboard. His charm and personality made him more than welcome everywhere. However, he allowed nothing to interfere with the eight hours a day set aside for his profession. The confinement to his studio wore on his constitution, and in 1805 he was obliged to give up work and seek to re-establish his health. The next year he went to Jamaica where he failed to secure the hoped-for benefit. In December he returned to the United States and landed at Savannah where he died on the 7th of May, 1807, at the home of his cousin Robert Mackay.*

* To Robert Mackay's great grand-daughters, Mrs. Clifford Carleton and Mrs. H. Snowden Marshall, I desire to express my obligation for the information as to Malbone's family history, and the permission to reproduce the miniature "The Birth of Shakespeare." Page 559.

Malbone's clientèle was largely among the aristocracy of the period, and almost all of his portraits have added interest on account of the personality of the subjects. None of his miniatures show more forcible handling than his portrait of Captain George Izard, reproduced facing page 562. The drawing is powerful and the technic faultless. It possesses the unusual combination of strong modelling without heavy shadows. The composition is well conceived. The dark blue of the coat is in striking contrast to the fleecy sky of the background and light brown hair and warm complexion of the subject. The brilliant scarlet neckerchief adds life to the portrait and is only kept subordinate to the features by the free use of vermilion in all the shadows of the face. The face has intensity and sincerity of feeling and lacks all forced and theatrical effects. The eyes are strong and commanding. The portrait possesses the quality of bigness so lacking in the work of other miniaturists of the period.

For a proper appreciation of Malbone's power of delineating character as here shown, a brief sketch of Izard's previous career is necessary. He had passed twenty-seven eventful and character-making years and had opportunities for acquiring an education and culture such as fall to the lot of few. He was of aristocratic lineage, being the son of Ralph Izard, of Westover, S. C., and Alice Delancey, of New York, both of Huguenot ancestry, and both from families long prominent in the social and political upbuilding of their respective colonies.

George Izard was born in Richmond, England, October 21, 1776, shortly after Copley had painted the portrait of his parents, now hanging on the walls of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. His early days were spent in Paris, where his father was in the diplomatic service of the United States. In 1780 the family returned to South Carolina.

In 1789 Ralph Izard took up his residence in New York and represented his State in the newly formed Senate of the United States; at the same time George entered Columbia College. The removal of the Federal Capital to Philadelphia caused the Izard family to follow it, and in 1791 George entered the Junior class of the University of Pennsylvania, and grad-

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Captain George Izard.

A portrait.

Edward Greene Malbone.

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uated the next year while still in his sixteenth year. A military career was chosen for him. In order to complete his education he was sent abroad in the care of Thomas Pinckney, the newly appointed American minister at the Court of St. James.

He entered the military school at Kensington from whence he went to Edinburgh where Angelo taught him riding and fencing. He then spent two years at the military school at Marburg, and an equal time at the French engineering school at Metz.

In 1794, while still abroad, he was appointed lieutenant of the United States Artillery. On his return to America in 1797 he was ordered to Charleston as engineer in charge of the fortification of Castle Pinckney. In 1799 he obtained his captaincy. The war with France seemed imminent, and he was ordered to New York as aid to General Alexander Hamilton. When the war clouds dispersed he went to Portugal as secretary to his brother-in-law, William L. Smith, our chargé there, which position he resigned in 1801 and leisurely visited England and Paris. On his return he was given the command of Fort Miffin, and later of the military post at West Point. In 1803, just before his marriage, he left the army and visited his former home, when undoubtedly the miniature was painted.*

In his miniature of Joel R. Poinsett (facing page 560) Malbone gives us the portrait in the flush of early manhood of another aristocratic young South Carolinian, whose later services to his country demand that his name, now almost forgotten, be ever preserved high on her roll of diplomats and statesmen. Poinsett, as we see him in the miniature, belonged to that interesting group of Americans sent abroad to secure the advantages in education which our own institutions were unable to supply. They were provided with leisure and abundant means for travel, and in their journeyings on the continent, for their personal charm and intellectuality were welcomed in royal and official circles on terms of intimacy unattainable by others of later years.

Joel R. Poinsett was born in Charleston, March 2, 1778. He received his early schooling in Charleston, and had spent two years at the School at Greenfield, Conn., under Dr. Timothy Dwight, when failing health obliged him to return home.

In 1796 he entered St. Paul's School, London, where he added to his knowledge of the classics. He was a natural linguist and soon acquired a good knowledge of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. He then went to Edinburgh and took up the study of medicine. Again his health broke down. A trip to Portugal was most beneficial; on his return to England he decided to fit himself for the army and placed himself under the care of Marquois, a former professor of the Military School at Woolwich. The decision was a happy one, for Poinsett acquired a thorough practical knowledge of military affairs, which later on equipped him for the position of Secretary of War, to which he was appointed by President Van Buren in 1837. Of greater value still was the building up of his health through the out-of-door life he was obliged to lead. He returned home, and, at the wish of his father, entered upon the study of law—an occupation which soon proved uncongenial and was abandoned for another trip to Europe. The winter of 1801–02 was spent in Paris, where he lived in a circle of interesting people attracted thither to watch Napoleon's efforts to efface the principles of the French Revolution from the minds of the people and bring order out of chaos. The study of political economy became a passion, and he made a visit to Italy for the purpose of viewing at short range the causes of political unrest there. Thence he travelled to Switzerland, then in the turmoils of her struggles for Cantonnal independence. He visited the camp of Aloys Reding, the insurgent leader, and by him was induced to enter his army. The campaign, which at first bid fair to be successful, was ended by the crushing defeat of the patriots. Through an introduction from Edward Livingston, our minister to France, Poinsett met Necker and his daughter, Madame de Staël, then living in exile in Coppet, on Lake Geneva. With them he passed several months of intimate companionship, and acquired from the veteran statesman and his talented daughter knowledge of much of the unwritten diplomatic history of Europe and America.

Poinsett then went to Vienna where he

*George Izard's tastes were largely intellectual and scientific. He became an active member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. His patriotism caused him to volunteer his services in the War of 1812, when he rose to the rank of Major-General. He died at Little Rock, in 1828, while acting as Governor of Arkansas Territory, under appointment from President Monroe.

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was fortunate enough to gain the interest of the Prince de Ligne, the foremost warrior of Southern Europe, and at whose salons he had the opportunity of meeting the élite of the gay Austrian capital. News of the death of his father and illness of his sister (portrait facing page 560) cut short his stay there and made necessary his return to Charleston.*

At this period the portrait was painted. In it we find a decidedly different treatment from that of the Izard, and a well-defined example of Malbone's sympathetic handling of his sitter's mood. The occasion allowed no use of the brilliant colors Malbone delighted in. The black mourning coat, clear brown complexion, grayish brown eyes, black hair, formed a combination difficult to handle artistically without the use of the heavy shadows, absent in all of Malbone's portraiture. The face is tinged with sadness and is less boldly painted than that of many of his other portraits, yet has the same sincereness of understanding so characteristic of Malbone's work. The gloom of the color scheme is largely dispelled by the use of a background suggestive of the sky after the breaking of an April shower.

The portrait of Miss Poinsett is a good example of Malbone's power of meeting a difficult situation. His subject had just recovered from a serious illness. However, by the ingenious use of a handkerchief as a head-band to conceal the shortened locks, a certain picturesqueness was given to the portrait. Artistic license undoubtedly was taken in the coloring of the face. The eyes, however, are those of a woman who had been through a long illness. The treatment of the dress left little to be desired.

The miniature of Mrs. William Blacklock† is one of the largest portraits Malbone executed on ivory, and shows the influence of Gainsborough in composition and background. The subject is of the Huguenot type still seen in Charleston to-day. Refinement and affection, not beauty of features, are the predominate notes. The face is tender with maternal love, and there is a strong characterization in the lips and corners of the eye. The hair is skilfully done, and the delicate flesh tones and modelling indicate aristocracy of breeding.

The face of the two-year-old boy might be described as oldish, a characteristic of the children's portraiture of the times. The feeling of affection shown in the mother's face is supplemented by the clinging position of the child, and the little arm clutching the lock of his mother's hair.

The background of brilliant crimson curtains and chair with its ormolu trimmings, and Gainsborough sky is in strong contrast, yet subordinate to the pearly gray satin and white of the dresses. The green and rose of the sashes are low in value, and complete the full color scheme (facing page 560).

Malbone was easily at his best in portraiture. His famous composition "The Hours," now owned by the Athenæum at Providence, is remarkable for its brilliancy and harmony of coloring and execution, yet lacks the vigor and closeness to nature so characteristic of his portrait work. It was painted in Malbone's short stay in the studios of London, and showed a desire to imitate the tendency of the English School, a desire which lack of technical training made impossible, and which, fortunately, Malbone soon put behind him.

Of this same period is the miniature long known in Savannah as "The Little Scotch Girl" (page 560), and which it is believed was also painted on this trip to London.

This miniature unmistakably shows the impression made upon Malbone by a study of the canvases of Hoppner, and along with "The Hours" must be considered a concession to a tradition which sacrifices truth to pictorial beauty. In the idealization of the features there is evidence of a lack of the sincerity so prominent in his portrait work. The head is too large for the body. The size of the eyes and smallness of the mouth are artificial. Strength and character, Malbone's best assets, are sacrificed for prettiness.

The dark blue eyes, rich chestnut hair, golden girdle, clear complexion, blue shadows in the white drapery, and blue landscape setting make the color scheme a rich one, and the lighting of the hair, face, and draperies is all that can be desired. The background, atmosphere, and perspective are worthy of Malbone's best efforts, and involuntarily cause regret that Malbone did

* Poinsett's subsequent career in the service of his country was even more interesting and is described at length in "The Life Services of Joel R. Poinsett" by Chas. S. Stille, Philadelphia, 1888, to which I wish to express my obligation.

†Mrs. Blacklock was the daughter of John Freer, Member of the House of Commons of South Carolina. She was born in 1774 and married in 1802 to William Blacklock, who built for her the fine old mansion on Bull Street, still known to old Charleston as "The Blacklock House."

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not leave behind him more evidences of his skill in landscape painting.

Malbone's reputation rests on the correct drawing and acute discernment of character, always present in his portraits, coupled with harmony and truth in coloring. His portraits show the absence of forced and theatrical effects. Practically all his work was done when relying upon inspiration derived from within. Occasionally, as in the case of the miniatures of "Mrs. Blacklock" and the "Little Scotch Girl," when his inspiration was gained from without, he failed to secure the frankness and honesty so predominant in the work done under the influence of his own intuition.

The English School of painters alone made any impression upon him. When viewing together with him in London the examples of Titian, Veronese, Rembrandt, and others on exhibition, Washington Allston recorded his horror at Malbone's pointing to a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence and saying that he would rather possess it than all the other pictures of the collection. Malbone's work showed great saneness and was not affected by mannerisms. He painted portraits, not types, in which he differed from his great English contemporaries, Cosway and Shelley. All his pictures show his ability to adapt himself to his sitter's moods. He was not self-centred; his work was even; and he never sacrificed character to prettiness.

It is unfortunate that our art museums afford almost no opportunity of studying the work of the American who ranks among the world's great miniaturists. The Boston Museum possesses his portrait of Washington Allston, and the Metropolitan his ivory, sadly faded, of Mrs. Greene. Fortunately, many examples of his work still exist, treasured heirlooms in the old mahogany families of the cities where Malbone painted over a century ago. Charleston, which took the young northern painter to her arms, where his happiest days were spent, and which claims him as her own, is a particularly rich field for the study of his portraiture.

It is difficult to close this sketch of Malbone, without giving expression to the hope that now that our art museums have awakened to an appreciation of American art, a complete loan exhibition of Malbone's work be held, and a catalogue *raisonné* be made therefrom. Its pages would preserve to future generations a long series of remarkable portraits of our eighteenth century men and women, painted by one of our own people, with an American's power to differentiate between American and English character.

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COMRADES

By G. E. Woodberry

WHERE are the friends that I knew in my Maying,
In the days of my youth, in the first of my roaming?
We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went straying;
Now never a heart to my heart comes homing!—
Where is he now, the dark boy slender
Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins?
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms;
Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear fighter,
And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,
Suppled my limbs to the horseman's war;
Where is he now, for whom my heart's biding,
Biding, biding—but he rides far?

O love that passes the love of woman!
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
When the breath of life with a throb turns human,
And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?
Ever, forever, lover and rover—
They shall cling, nor each from other shall part
Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be over,
And life is dust in each faithful heart!—

They are dead, the American grasses under;
There is no one now who presses my side;
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,
And with great joy ride I the last great ride.
I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying;
Thousands of miles there is no one near;
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music—them dark earth covers;
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they;
In the width of the world there were no such rovers—
Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours to stay;
And the highest on earth was the vow that we cherished,
To spur forth from the crowd and come back never more,
And to ride in the track of great souls perished
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,
Who hath joy of me, riding the Tartar glissade;
And one, far faring o'er orient islands
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's accolade;
North, west, east, I fling you my last hallooing,
Last love to the breasts where my own has bled;
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps pursuing
My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.

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PEACE MANŒUVRES

By Richard Harding Davis

THE scout stood where three roads cut three green tunnels in the pine woods, and met at his feet. Above his head an aged sign-post pointed impartially to East Carver, South Carver, and Carver Centre, and left the choice to him.

The scout scowled and bit nervously at his gauntlet. The choice was difficult, and there was no one with whom he could take counsel. The three sun-shot roads lay empty, and the other scouts, who, with him, had left the main column at sunrise, he had ordered back. They were to report that on the right flank, so far, at least, as Middleboro, there was no sign of the enemy. What lay beyond, it now was his duty to discover. The three empty roads spread before him like a picture puzzle, smiling at his predicament. Whichever one he followed left two unguarded. Should he creep upon for choice Carver Centre, the enemy, masked by a mile of fir trees, might advance from Carver or South Carver, and obviously he could not follow three roads at the same time. He considered the better strategy would be to wait where he was, where the three roads met, and allow the enemy himself to disclose his position. To the scout this course was most distasteful. He assured himself that this was so because, while it were the safer course, it wasted time and lacked initiative. But in his heart he knew that was not the reason, and to his heart his head answered that when one's country is at war, when fields and firesides are trampled by the iron heels of the invader, a scout should not act according to the dictates of his heart, but in the service of his native land. In the case of this particular patriot, the man and scout were at odds. As one of the Bicycle Squad of the Boston Corps of Cadets, the scout knew what, at this momentous crisis in her history, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts demanded of him. It was that he sit tight and wait for the hated foreigners from New York City, New Jersey, and Connecticut to show themselves. But the man knew, and had known for several years, that on the road to Carver Centre was the summer home of one Beatrice Farrar. As Private Lathrop it was no part of his duty to know that. As a man and a lover, and a rejected lover at that, he could not think of anything else. Struggling between love and duty, the scout basely decided to leave the momentous question to chance. In the front tire of his bicycle was a puncture, temporarily effaced by a plug. Laying the bicycle on the ground, Lathrop spun the front wheel swiftly.

"If," he decided, "the wheel stops with the puncture pointing at Carver Centre, I'll advance upon Carver Centre. Should it point to either of the two other villages, I'll stop here.

"It's a two to one shot against me, any way," he growled.

Kneeling in the road he spun the wheel, and as intently as at Monte Carlo and Palm Beach he had waited for other wheels to determine his fortune, he watched it come to rest. It stopped with the plug pointing back to Middleboro.

The scout told himself he was entitled to another trial. Again he spun the wheel. Again the spokes flashed in the sun. Again the puncture rested on the road to Middleboro.

"If it does that once more," thought the scout, "it's a warning that there is trouble ahead for me at Carver, and all the little Carvers."

For the third time the wheel flashed, but as he waited for the impetus to die, the sound of galloping hoofs broke sharply on the silence. The scout threw himself and his bicycle over the nearest stone wall, and, unlimbering his rifle, pointed it down the road.

He saw approaching a small boy, in a white apron, seated in a white wagon, on which was painted, "Pies and Pastry. East Wareham." The boy dragged his horse to an abrupt halt.

"Don't point that at me!" shouted the boy.

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"Where do you come from?" demanded the scout.

"Wareham," said the baker.

"Are you carrying any one concealed in that wagon?"

As though to make sure the baker's boy glanced apprehensively into the depths of his cart, and then answered that in the wagon he carried nothing but fresh-baked bread. To the trained nostrils of the scout this already was evident. Before sunrise he had breakfasted on hard tack and muddy coffee, and the odor of crullers and mince pie, still warm, assailed him cruelly. He assumed a fierce and terrible aspect.

"Where are you going?" he challenged.

"To Carver Centre," said the boy.

To chance Lathrop had left the decision. He believed the fates had answered.

Dragging his bicycle over the stone wall, he fell into the road.

"Go on," he commanded. "I'll use your cart for a screen. I'll creep behind the enemy before he sees me."

The baker's boy frowned unhappily.

"But supposing," he argued, "they see you first, will they shoot?"

The scout waved his hand carelessly.

"Of course," he cried.

"Then," said the baker, "my horse will run away!"

"What of it?" demanded the scout. "Are Middleboro, South Middleboro, Rock, Brockton, and Boston to fall? Are they to be captured because you're afraid of your own horse? They won't shoot *real* bullets! This is not a real war. Don't you know that?"

The baker's boy flushed with indignation.

"Sure, I know that," he protested; "but my horse—*he* don't know that!"

Lathrop slung his rifle over his shoulder and his leg over his bicycle.

"If the Reds catch you," he warned, in parting, "they'll take everything you've got."

"The Blues have took most of it already," wailed the boy. "And just as they were paying me the battle begun, and this horse run away, and I couldn't get him to come back for my money."

"War," exclaimed Lathrop morosely, "is always cruel to the innocent." He sped toward Carver Centre. In his motor car, he had travelled the road many times, and as always his goal had been the home of Miss Beatrice Farrar, he had covered it at a speed unrecognized by law. But now he advanced with stealth and caution. In every clump of bushes he saw an ambush. Behind each rock he beheld the enemy.

In a clearing was a group of Portuguese cranberry pickers, dressed as though for a holiday. When they saw the man in uniform, one of the women hailed him anxiously.

"Is the parade coming?" she called.

"Have you seen any of the Reds?" Lathrop returned.

"No," complained the woman. "And we been waiting all morning. When will the parade come?"

"It's not a parade," said Lathrop, severely. "It's a war!"

The summer home of Miss Farrar stood close to the road. It had been so placed by the farmer who built it, in order that the women folk might sit at the window and watch the passing of the stage-coach and the pedler. Great elms hung over it, and a white fence separated the road from the narrow lawn. At a distance of a hundred yards a turn brought the house into view, and at this turn, as had been his manœuvre at every other possible ambush, Lathrop dismounted and advanced on foot. Up to this moment the road had been empty, but now, in front of the Farrar cottage, it was blocked by a touring-car and a station wagon. In the occupants of the car he recognized all the members of the Farrar family, except Miss Farrar. In the station wagon were all of the Farrar servants. Miss Farrar herself was leaning upon the gate and waving them a farewell. The touring-car moved off down the road; the station wagon followed; Miss Farrar was alone. Lathrop scorched toward her, and when he was opposite the gate, dug his toes in the dust and halted. When he lifted his broad-brimmed campaign hat, Miss Farrar exclaimed both with surprise and displeasure. Drawing back from the gate she held herself erect. Her attitude was that of one prepared for instant retreat. When she spoke it was in tones of extreme disapproval.

"You promised," said the girl, "you would not come to see me."

Lathrop, straddling his bicycle, peered anxiously down the road.

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"This is not a social call," he said. "I'm on duty. Have you seen any of the Reds?"

His tone was brisk and alert, his manner preoccupied. The ungraciousness of his reception did not seem in the least to disconcert him.

But Miss Farrar was not deceived. She knew him, not only as a persistent and irrepressible lover, but as one full of guile, adroit in tricks, fertile in expedients. He was one who could not take "No" for an answer—at least not from her. When she repulsed him she seemed to grow in his eyes only the more attractive.

"It is not the lover who comes to woo," he was constantly explaining, "but the lover's *way* of wooing."

Miss Farrar had assured him she did not like his way. She objected to being regarded and treated as a castle that could be taken only by assault. Whether she wished time to consider, or whether he and his proposal were really obnoxious to her, he could not find out. His policy of campaign was that she, also, should not have time to find out. Again and again she had promised to see him only on the condition that he would not make love to her. He had promised again and again, and had failed to keep that promise. Only a week before he had been banished from her presence, to remain an exile until she gave him permission to see her at her home in New York. It was not her purpose to return there for two weeks, and yet here he was, a beggar at her gate. It might be that he was there, as he said, "on duty," but her knowledge of him and of the doctrine of chances caused her to doubt it.

"Mr. Lathrop!" she began, severely.

As though to see to whom she had spoken Lathrop glanced anxiously over his shoulder. Apparently pained and surprised to find that it was to him she had addressed herself, he regarded her with deep reproach. His eyes were very beautiful. It was a fact which had often caused Miss Farrar extreme annoyance.

He shook his head sadly.

"'Mr. Lathrop?'" he protested. 'You know that to you I am always 'Charles'—'Charles the Bold,' because I am bold to love you; but never 'Mr. Lathrop,' unless," he went on, briskly, "you are referring to a future state, when, as Mrs. Lathrop, you will make me——"

Miss Farrar had turned her back on him, and was walking rapidly up the path.

"Beatrice," he called. "I am coming after you!"

Miss Farrar instantly returned and placed both hands firmly upon the gate.

"I cannot understand you!" she said. "Don't you see that when you act as you do now, I can't even respect you? How do you think I could ever care, when you offend me so? You jest at what you pretend is the most serious thing in your life. You play with it—laugh at it!"

The young man interrupted her sharply.

"It's like this," he said. "When I am with you I am so happy I can't be serious. When I am *not* with you, it is *so* serious that I am utterly and completely wretched. You say my love offends you, bores you! I am sorry, but what, in Heaven's name, do you think you're *not* loving me is doing to *me?* I am a wreck! I am a skeleton! Look at me!"

He let his bicycle fall, and stood with his hands open at his sides, as though inviting her to gaze upon the ruin she had caused.

Four days of sun and rain, astride of a bicycle, without food or sleep, had drawn his face into fine, hard lines, had bronzed it with a healthy tan. His uniform, made by the same tailor that fitted him with polo breeches, clung to him like a jersey. The spectacle he presented was that of an extremely picturesque, handsome, manly youth, and of that fact no one was better aware than himself.

"Look at me," he begged, sadly.

Miss Farrar was entirely unimpressed.

"I am!" she returned, coldly. "I never saw you looking so well—and you know it." She gave a gasp of comprehension. "You came here because you knew your uniform was becoming!"

Lathrop regarded himself complacently.

"Yes, isn't it?" he assented. "I brought on this war in order to wear it. If you don't mind," he added, "I think I'll accept your invitation and come inside. I've had nothing to eat in four days."

Miss Farrar's eyes flashed indignantly.

"You're *not* coming inside," she declared; "but if you'll only promise to go away at once, I'll bring you everything in the house."

"In that house," exclaimed Lathrop, dramatically, "there's only one thing that

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I desire, and I want that so badly, that 'life holds no charm without you.'"

Miss Farrar regarded him steadily.

"Do you intend to drive me away from my own door, or will you go?"

Lathrop picked his wheel out of the dust.

"Good-by," he said. "I'll come back when you have made up your mind."

In vexation Miss Farrar stamped her foot upon the path.

"I *have* made up my mind!" she protested.

"Then," returned Lathrop, "I'll come back when you have changed it."

He made a movement as though to ride away, but much to Miss Farrar's dismay, hastily dismounted. "On second thoughts," he said, "it isn't right for me to leave you. The woods are full of tramps and hangers-on of the army. You're not safe. I can watch this road from here as well as from anywhere else, and at the same time I can guard you."

To the consternation of Miss Farrar he placed his bicycle against the fence, and, as though preparing for a visit, leaned his elbows upon it.

"I do not wish to be rude," said Miss Farrar, "but you are annoying me. I have spent fifteen summers in Massachusetts, and I have never seen a tramp. I need no one to guard me."

"If not you," said Lathrop, easily, "then the family silver. And think of your jewels, and your mother's jewels. Think of yourself in a house filled with jewels, and entirely surrounded by hostile armies! My duty is to remain with you."

Miss Farrar was so long in answering, that Lathrop lifted his head and turned to look. He found her frowning and gazing intently into the shadow of the woods, across the road. When she felt his eyes upon her she turned her own guiltily upon him. Her cheeks were flushed and her face glowed with some unusual excitement.

"I wish," she exclaimed, breathlessly—"I wish," she repeated, "the Reds would take you prisoner!"

"Take me where?" asked Lathrop.

"Take you anywhere!" cried Miss Farrar. "You should be ashamed to talk to me when you should be looking for the enemy!"

"I am *waiting* for him," explained Lathrop. "It's the same thing."

Miss Farrar smiled vindictively. Her eyes shone.

"You need not wait long," she said.

There was the crash of a falling stone wall, and of parting bushes, but not in time to give Lathrop warning. As though from the branches of the trees opposite two soldiers fell into the road; around his hat each wore the red band of the invader; each pointed his rifle at Lathrop.

"Hands up!" shouted one. "You're my prisoner!" cried the other.

Mechanically Lathrop raised his hands, but his eyes turned to Miss Farrar.

"Did you know?" he asked.

"I have been watching them," she said, "creeping up on you for the last ten minutes."

Lathrop turned to the two soldiers, and made an effort to smile.

"That was very clever," he said, "but I have twenty men up the road, and behind them a regiment. You had better get away while you can."

The two Reds laughed derisively. One, who wore the stripes of a sergeant, answered: "That won't do! We been a mile up the road, and you and us are the only soldiers on it. Gimme the gun!"

Lathrop knew he had no right to refuse. He had been fairly surprised, but he hesitated. When Miss Farrar was not in his mind his amateur soldiering was to him a most serious proposition. The war game was a serious proposition, and that, through his failure for ten minutes to regard it seriously, he had been made a prisoner, mortified him keenly. That his humiliation had taken place in the presence of Beatrice Farrar did not lessen his discomfort, nor did the explanation he must later make to his captain afford him any satisfaction. Already he saw himself playing the star part in a court-martial. He shrugged his shoulders and surrendered his gun.

As he did so he gloomily scrutinized the insignia of his captors.

"Who took me?" he asked.

"*We* took you," exclaimed the sergeant.

"What regiment?" demanded Lathrop, sharply. "I have to report who took me; and you probably don't know it, but your collar ornaments are upside down." With genuine exasperation he turned to Miss Farrar.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "isn't it bad

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enough to be taken prisoner, without being taken by raw recruits that can't put on their uniforms?"

The Reds flushed, and the younger, a sandy-haired, rat-faced youth, retorted angrily: "Mebbe we ain't strong on uniforms, beau," he snarled, "but you've got nothing on us yet, that I can see. You look pretty with your hands in the air, don't you?"

"Shut up," commanded the other Red. He was the older man, heavily built, with a strong, hard mouth and chin, on which latter sprouted a three days' iron-gray beard. "Don't you see he's an officer? Officers don't like being took by two-spot privates."

Lathrop gave a sudden start. "Why," he laughed, incredulously, "don't you know—" He stopped, and his eyes glanced quickly up and down the road.

"Don't we know what?" demanded the older Red, suspiciously.

"I forgot," said Lathrop. "I—I must not give information to the enemy——"

For an instant there was a pause, while the two Reds stood irresolute. Then the older nodded the other to the side of the road, and in whispers they consulted eagerly.

Miss Farrar laughed, and Lathrop moved toward her.

"I deserve worse than being laughed at," he said. "I made a strategic mistake. I should not have tried to capture you and an army corps at the same time."

"You," she taunted, "who were always so keen on soldiering, to be taken prisoner," she lowered her voice, "and by men like that! Aren't they funny?" she whispered, "and East Side and Tenderloin! It made me homesick to hear them! I think when not in uniform the little one drives a taxicab, and the big one is a guard on the Elevated."

"They certainly are very 'New York,'" assented Lathrop, "and very tough."

"I thought," whispered Miss Farrar, "those from New York with the Red Army were picked men."

"What does it matter?" exclaimed Lathrop? "It's just as humiliating to be captured by a hall-room boy as by a mere millionaire! I can't insist on the invading army being entirely recruited from Harvard graduates."

The two Reds either had reached a decision, or agreed that they could not agree, for they ceased whispering, and crossed to where Lathrop stood.

"We been talking over your case," explained the sergeant, "and we see we are in wrong. We see we made a mistake in taking you prisoner. We had ought to shot you dead. So now we're going to shoot you dead."

"You can't!" objected Lathrop. "It's too late. You should have thought of that sooner."

"I know," admitted the sergeant, "but a prisoner is a hell of a nuisance. If you got a prisoner to look after, you can't do your own work; you got to keep tabs on him. And there ain't nothing in it for the prisoner, neither. If we take you, you'll have to tramp all the way to our army, and all the way back. But, if you're dead, how different! You ain't no bother to anybody. You got a half holiday all to yourself, and you can loaf around the camp, so dead that they can't make you work, but not so dead you can't smoke or eat." The sergeant smiled ingratiatingly. In a tempting manner he exhibited his rifle. "Better be dead," he urged.

"I'd like to oblige you," said Lathrop, "but it's against the rules. You *can't* shoot a prisoner."

The rat-faced soldier uttered an angry exclamation. "To hell with the rules!" he cried. "We can't waste time on him. Turn him loose!"

The older man rounded on the little one savagely. The tone in which he addressed him was cold, menacing, sinister. His words were simple, but his eyes and face were heavy with warning.

"Who is running this?" he asked.

The little soldier muttered, and shuffled away. From under the brim of his campaign hat, his eyes cast furtive glances up and down the road. As though anxious to wipe out the effect of his comrade's words, the sergeant addressed Lathrop suavely and in a tone of conciliation.

"You see," he explained, "him and me are scouts. We're not supposed to waste time taking prisoners. So, we'll set you free." He waved his hand invitingly toward the bicycle. "You can go!" he said.

To Miss Farrar's indignation Lathrop, instead of accepting his freedom, remained motionless.

"I can't!" he said. "I'm on post. My

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captain ordered me to stay in front of this house until I was relieved."

Miss Farrar, amazed at such duplicity, exclaimed aloud.

"He is *not* on post!" she protested. "He's a scout! He wants to stop here, because —because—he's hungry. I wouldn't have let you make him prisoner, if I had not thought you would take him away with you." She appealed to the sergeant. "*Please* take him away," she begged.

The sergeant turned sharply upon his prisoner.

"Why don't you do what the lady wants?" he demanded.

"Because I've got to do what my captain wants," returned Lathrop, "and he put me on sentry-go, in front of this house."

With the back of his hand, the sergeant fretfully scraped the three days' growth on his chin. "There's nothing to it!" he exclaimed, "but for to take him with us. When we meet some more Reds we'll turn him over. Fall in!" he commanded.

"No!" protested Lathrop. "I don't want to be turned over. I've got a much better plan. *You* don't want to be bothered with a prisoner. *I* don't want to be a prisoner. As you say, I am better dead. You can't shoot a prisoner, but if he tries to escape, you can. I'll try to escape. You shoot me. Then I return to my own army, and report myself dead. That ends your difficulty and saves me from a court-martial. They can't court-martial a corpse."

The face of the sergeant flashed with relief and satisfaction. In his anxiety to rid himself of his prisoner, he lifted the bicycle into the road and held it in readiness.

"You're all right!" he said, heartily. "You can make your getaway as quick as you like."

But to the conspiracy Miss Farrar refused to lend herself.

"How do you know," she demanded, "that he will keep his promise? He may not go back to his own army. He can be just as dead on my lawn as anywhere else!"

Lathrop shook his head at her sadly.

"How you wrong me!" he protested. "How dare you doubt the promise of a dying man? These are really my last words, and I wish I could think of something to say suited to the occasion, but the presence of strangers prevents."

He mounted his bicycle. "'If I had a thousand lives to give,'" he quoted with fervor, "'I'd give them all to—'" he hesitated, and smiled mournfully on Miss Farrar. Seeing her flushed and indignant countenance, he added, with haste, "to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

As he started his wheel slowly down the path, he turned to the sergeant.

"I'm escaping," he explained. The Reds, with an enthusiasm undoubtedly genuine, raised their rifles, and the calm of the Indian summer was shattered by two sharp reports. Lathrop, looking back over his shoulder, waved one hand reassuringly.

"Death was instantaneous," he called. He bent his body over the handle-bar, and they watched him disappear rapidly around the turn in the road.

Miss Farrar sighed with relief.

"Thank you, very much," she said.

As though signifying that to oblige a woman he would shoot any number of prisoners, the sergeant raised his hat.

"Don't mention it, lady," he said. "I seen he was annoying you, and that's why I got rid of him. Some of them amateur soldiers, as soon as they get into uniform, are too fresh. He took advantage of you because your folks were away from home. But don't you worry about that. I'll guard this house until your folks get back."

Miss Farrar protested warmly.

"Really!" she exclaimed; "I need no one to guard me."

But the soldier was obdurate. He motioned his comrade down the road.

"Watch at the turn," he ordered; "he may come back or send some of the Blues to take us. I'll stay here and protect the lady."

Again Miss Farrar protested, but the sergeant in a benign and fatherly manner smiled reprovingly. Seating himself on the grass outside the fence, he leaned his back against the gate-post, apparently settling himself for conversation.

"Now, how long might it have been," he asked, "before we showed up, that you seen us?"

"I saw you," Miss Farrar said, "when Mr.—when that bicycle scout was talking to me. I saw the red bands on your hats among the bushes."

The sergeant appeared interested.

"But why didn't you let on to him?"

Miss Farrar laughed, evasively.

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"Maybe because I am from New York, too," she said. "Perhaps I wanted to see soldiers from my city take a prisoner."

They were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the smaller soldier. On his rat-like countenance was written deep concern.

"When I got to the turn," he began, breathlessly, "I couldn't see him. Where did he go? Did he double back through the woods, or did he have time to ride out of sight before I got there?"

The reappearance of his comrade affected the sergeant strangely. He sprang to his feet, his under jaw protruding truculently, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Get back," he snarled. "Do what I told you!"

Under his breath he muttered words that, to Miss Farrar, were unintelligible. The little rat-like man nodded, and ran from them down the road. The sergeant made an awkward gesture of apology.

"Excuse me, lady," he begged, "but it makes me hot when them rookies won't obey orders. You see," he ran on glibly, "I'm a reg'lar; served three years in the Philippines, and I can't get used to not having my men do what I say."

Miss Farrar nodded, and started toward the house. The sergeant sprang quickly across the road.

"Have you ever been in the Philippines, Miss?" he called. "It's a great country."

Miss Farrar halted, and shook her head. She was considering how far politeness required of her to entertain unshaven militiamen, who insisted on making sentries of themselves at her front gate.

The sergeant had plunged garrulously into a confusing description of the Far East. He was clasping the pickets of the fence with his hands, and his eyes were fastened on hers. He lacked neither confidence nor vocabulary, and not for an instant did his tongue hesitate or his eyes wander, and yet in his manner there was nothing at which she could take offence. He appeared only amiably vain that he had seen much of the world, and anxious to impress that fact upon another. Miss Farrar was bored, but the man gave her no opportunity to escape. In consequence she was relieved when the noisy approach of an automobile brought him to an abrupt pause. Coming rapidly down the road was a large touring-car, filled with men in khaki. The sergeant gave one glance at it, and leaped across the road, taking cover behind the stone wall. Instantly he raised his head above it and shook his fist at Miss Farrar.

"Don't tell," he commanded. "They're Blues in that car! Don't tell!" Again he sank from sight.

Miss Farrar now was more than bored, she was annoyed. Why grown men should play at war so seriously she could not understand. It was absurd! She no longer would remain a party to it; and, lest the men in the car might involve her still further, she retreated hastily toward the house. As she opened the door the car halted at the gate, and voices called to her, but she pretended not to hear them, and continued up the stairs. Behind her the car passed noisily on its way.

She mounted the stairs, and crossing a landing, moved down a long hall, at the further end of which was her bedroom. The hall was uncarpeted, but the tennis shoes she wore made no sound, nor did the door of her bedroom when she pushed it open.

On the threshold Miss Farrar stood quite still. A swift, sinking nausea held her in a vice. Her instinct was to scream and run, but her throat had tightened and gone dry, and her limbs trembled. Opposite the door was her dressing-table, and reflected in its mirror were the features and figure of the rat-like soldier. His back was toward her. With one hand he swept the dressing-table. The other, hanging at his side, held a revolver. In a moment the panic into which Miss Farrar had been thrown passed. Her breath and blood returned, and, intent only on flight, she softly turned. On the instant the rat-faced one raised his eyes, saw her reflected in the mirror, and with an oath, swung toward her. He drew the revolver close to his cheek, and looked at her down the barrel. "Don't move!" he whispered; "don't scream! Where are the jewels?"

Miss Farrar was not afraid of the revolver or of the man. She did not believe either would do her harm. The idea of both the presence of the man in her room, and that any one should dare to threaten her was what filled her with repugnance. As the warm blood flowed again through her body her spirit returned. She was no longer afraid. She was, instead, indignant, furious.

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With one step she was in the room, leaving the road to the door open.

"Get out of here," she commanded.

The little man snarled, and stamped the floor. He shoved the gun nearer to her.

"The jewels, damn you!" he whispered. "Do you want me to blow your fool head off? Where are the jewels?"

"Jewels?" repeated Miss Farrar. "I have no jewels!"

"You lie!" shrieked the little man. "He said the house was full of jewels. We heard him. He said he would stay to guard the jewels."

Miss Farrar recognized his error. She remembered Lathrop's jest, and that it had been made while the two men were within hearing, behind the stone wall.

"It was a joke!" she cried. "Leave at once!" She backed swiftly toward the open window that looked upon the road. "Or I'll call your sergeant!"

"If you go near that window or scream," whispered the rat-like one, "I'll shoot!"

A heavy voice, speaking suddenly from the doorway, shook Miss Farrar's jangled nerves into fresh panic.

"She won't scream," said the voice.

In the door Miss Farrar saw the bulky form of the sergeant, blocking her escape.

Without shifting his eyes from Miss Farrar, the man with the gun cursed breathlessly at the other. "Why didn't you keep her away?" he panted.

"An automobile stopped in front of the gate," explained the sergeant. "Have you got them?" he demanded.

"No!" returned the other. "Nothing! She won't tell where they are."

The older man laughed. "Oh, yes, she'll tell," he whispered. His voice was still low and suave, but it carried with it the weight of a threat, and the threat, although unspoken, filled Miss Farrar with alarm. Her eyes, wide with concern, turned fearfully from one man to the other.

The sergeant stretched his hands toward her, the fingers working and making clutches in the air. The look in his eyes was quite terrifying.

"If you don't tell," he said, slowly, "I'll choke it out of you!"

If his intention was to frighten the girl, he succeeded admirably. With her hands clasped to her throat, Miss Farrar sank against the wall. She saw no chance of escape. The way to the door was barred, and should she drop to the garden below, from the window, before she could reach the road the men would overtake her. Even should she reach the road, the house nearest was a half mile distant.

The sergeant came close, his fingers opening and closing in front of her eyes. He raised his voice to a harsh, bellowing roar. "I'm going to make you tell!" he shouted. "I'm going to choke it out of you!"

Although she was alone in the house, although on every side the pine woods encompassed her, Miss Farrar threw all her strength into one long, piercing cry for help. And upon the instant it was answered. From the hall came the swift rush of feet. The rat-like one swung toward it. From his revolver came a report that shook the room, a flash and a burst of smoke, and through it Miss Farrar saw Lathrop hurl himself. He dived at the rat-like one, and as on the foot-ball field he had been taught to stop a runner, flung his arms around the other's knees. The legs of the man shot from under him, his body cut a half circle through the air, and the part of his anatomy to first touch the floor was his head. The floor was of oak, and the impact gave forth a crash like the smash of a base-ball bat, when it drives the ball to centre field. The man did not move. He did not even groan. In his relaxed fingers the revolver lay, within reach of Lathrop's hands. He fell upon it and, still on his knees, shoved it toward the sergeant.

"You're *my* prisoner, now!" he shouted, cheerfully. "Hands up!"

The man raised his arms slowly, as if he were lifting heavy dumb-bells.

"The lady called for help," he said. "I came to help her."

"No! No!" protested the girl. "He did *not* help me! He said he would choke me if I didn't——"

"He said he would—what!" bellowed Lathrop. He leaped to his feet, and sent the gun spinning through the window. He stepped toward the man gingerly, on the balls of his feet, like one walking on ice. The man seemed to know what that form of approach threatened, for he threw his arms into a position of defence.

"You bully!" whispered Lathrop. "You coward! You choke women, do you?"

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He shifted from one foot to the other, his body balancing forward, his arms swinging limply in front of him. With his eyes, he seemed to undress the man, as though choosing a place to strike.

"I made the same mistake you did," he taunted. "I should have killed you first. Now, I'm going to do it!"

He sprang at the man, his chin still sunk on his chest, but with his arms swinging like the spokes of a wheel. His opponent struck back heavily, violently, but each move of his arm seemed only to open up some vulnerable spot. Blows beat upon his chin, upon his nose, his eyes; blows jabbed him in the ribs, drove his breath from his stomach, ground his teeth together, cut the flesh from his cheeks. He sank to his knees, with his arms clasping his head.

"Get up!" roared Lathrop. "Stand up to it, you coward!"

But the man had no idea of standing up to it. Howling with pain, he scrambled toward the door, and fled staggering down the hall.

At the same moment the automobile that a few minutes before had passed up the road came limping to the gate, and a half dozen men in uniform sprang out of it. From the window Lathrop saw them spread across the lawn and surround the house.

"They've got him!" he said. He pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor. "He and the other one," he explained, breathlessly, "are New York crooks! They have been looting in the wake of the Reds, disguised as soldiers. I knew they weren't even amateur soldiers by the mistakes in their make-up, and I made that bluff of riding away so as to give them time to show what the game was. Then, that provost guard in the motor car stopped me, and when they said who they were after, I ordered them back here. But they had a flat tire, and my bicycle beat them."

In his excitement he did not notice that the girl was not listening, that she was very pale, that she was breathing quickly, and trembling.

"I'll go tell them," he added, "that the other one they want is up here."

Miss Farrar's strength instantly returned.

With a look of terror at the now groaning figure on the floor, she sprang toward Lathrop, with both her hands clutching him by his sleeves.

"You will *not!*" she commanded. "You will not leave me alone!"

Appealingly she raised her face to his startled countenance. With a burst of tears she threw herself into his arms. "I'm afraid!" she sobbed. "Don't leave me. Please, no matter what I say, don't ever leave me again!"

Between bewilderment and joy, the face of Lathrop was unrecognizable. As her words reached him, as he felt the touch of her body in his arms and her warm, wet cheek against his own, he drew a deep sigh of content, and then, fearfully and tenderly, held her close.

After a pause, in which peace came to all the world, he raised his head.

"Don't worry!" he said. "You can *bet* I won't leave you!"

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THE CALL OF THE HEART

By Madison Cawein

Oh, my heart is on the moorland,
On the old land, on the poor land,
Where it hears the heather calling
And the gorse shake with the bee!
Oh, it's there I would be lying,
With the clouds above me flying,
And blue beyond the black-thorn tops
A peep of purple sea.

Oh, my heart is on the moorland,
On the old land, on the poor land,
Where the gypsy-bands of dreams pitch camp.
The dark-eyed Romany!
Oh, it's there I would be dreaming,
With the sunset o'er me streaming,
With her beside my camp-fire there
Whose voice still calls to me.

With her, the light-foot maiden,
With her eyes so vision-laden,
That little sister to the flowers,
And cousin to the bee:
Oh, would that we were going
Against the moorwind's blowing
To meet the playmates that she knew,
That child of Faëry.

Oh, would that we were sitting
Beneath the wild-fowl's flitting,
Her dark eyes looking into mine
As stars look in the sea,
While, dim as autumn weather,
And sweet as scents of heather,
Our camp-fire trails its smoke of dreams
Like mists along the lea.

Oh, heart, there on the moorland,
The old land, and the poor land,
You're breaking for the gypsy love
You nevermore will see:
The little light-foot maiden,
The girl all blossom laden,
Departed with her people
And the dreams that used to be.

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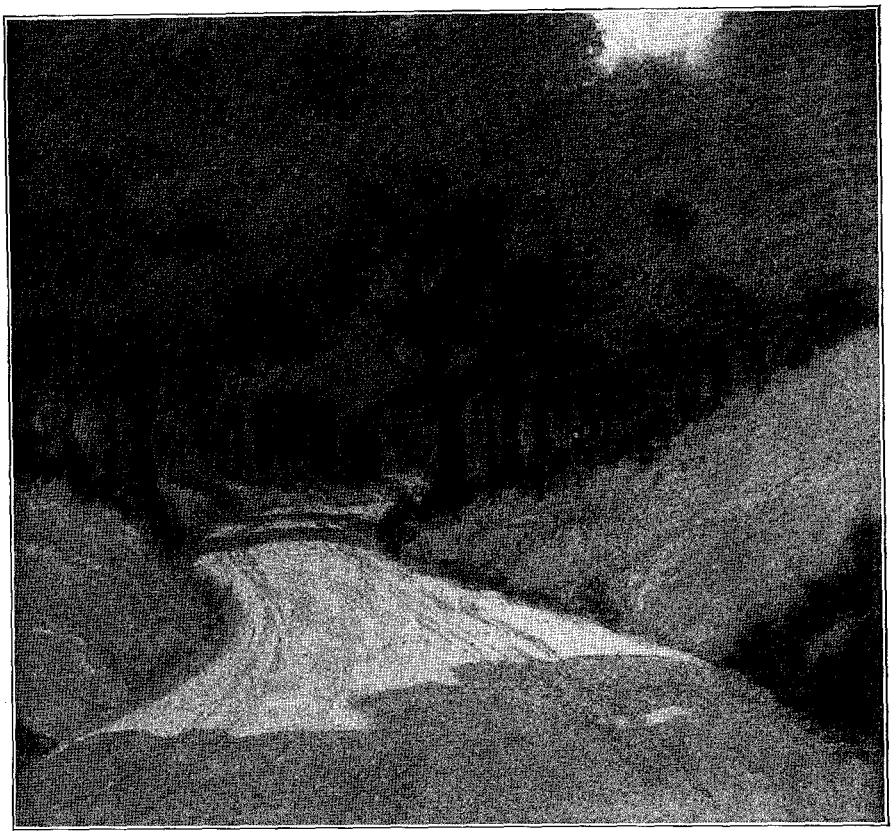

The charm of the unknown road, the invitation to explore, is the more alluring.—Page 579.

ROADS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

ONE of the pathetic features of a large city is the fact that so many of the streets are numbered. A numbered street loses caste and dignity as a numbered person would. Consider the relative effect on the imagination of "West Forty-ninth" and "Great Jones" Street! Fifth Avenue has achieved an international fame, and rises above its number. But compare the imaginative quality of "Fourth Avenue" and "King's Highway"—most mouth-filling and splendid of appellations! I dare say you would be disappointed if you should see King's Highway, as you may do on the trip to Coney Island. But its name gives it a dignity and a suggestion of an historic past which no Long Island realty company can quite take away from it, build they ever so many rows of uniform frame "homes."

No street, however, comes truly into its own until it shakes off the dust of town and lapses into a state of nature, becoming a road. Once a road, a name doesn't so much matter. Becoming one with the large, simple things of the country, it can assert its own dignity and charm without a tag. In the country you do not ask the name of the farmer jogging along; his face

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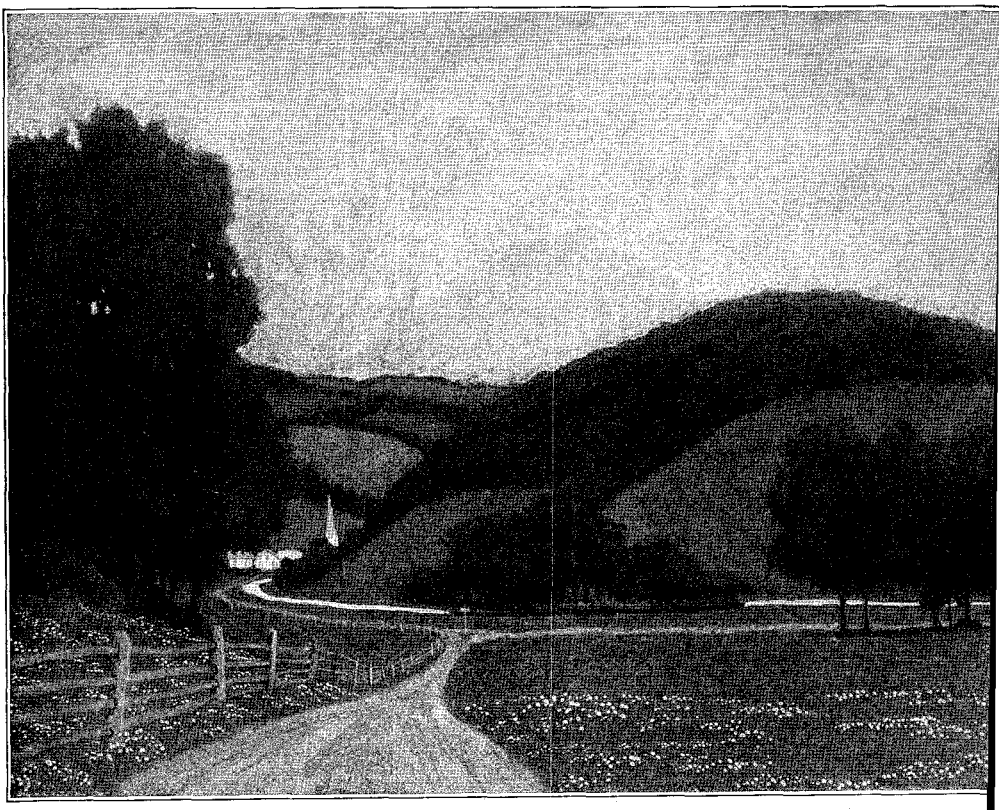

Checkered with green pastures and brown squares o

is shrewd and kindly, and you speak to him anyway, perhaps get a lift for a mile or two and gossip familiarly. Nor do you care what the name of the road is, if by chance it had one, back somewhere in town where it started. It is pleasant and companionable, and ultimately will get you somewhere. Or if it doesn't, so much the better.

I say, so much the better; but I am not always sure. Roads have an endless variety of allurement, and sometimes it is their suggestion of destination which charms, sometimes their mystery. Which is better depends on your individual mood. When I was a boy we lived on Andover Road, and that was an infinite satisfaction. Andover, with its great elms, its brooding, quiet stretches of shadow and old brick buildings, ivy-covered, the dimly comprehended thunder of its theological guns, best of all its school, mighty in foot-ball, and some day to receive me as a pupil, was a spot never to be too much dreamed about. In those days there were no trolleys nor motors, nor even bicycles, and Andover was a long way off up the broad, dusty turnpike. The tramp to the swimming-hole brought it two miles nearer, and even now, as I write the name, there comes back to me the old thrill which I always experienced when, by the bend at the Deacon Sanborn farm, I greeted the groggy sign-board which lifted itself with difficulty out of the briers to announce:

"ANDOVER, 8 MILES."

From that point the turnpike ran north down across the Hundred Acre Meadows, straight as an arrow. Paolo, in Stephen Phillips's play, is torn with a desire to "run down the white road to Rimini." And I too, before I turned aside to the swimming-hole, used to know that desire, though my Francesca was a position on the foot-ball team. It is doubtful, however, if Paolo paid much attention to the road, save as a means to an end. I, having more time, knew every stone and wayside bush north-

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ughed land, with here and there a white house.—Page 581.

ward from my home. They were important because they were on Andover Road.

But in other moods, the charm of the unknown road, the invitation to explore, is the more alluring. To know where a road goes too often accompanies a masterful and exclusive desire to get there. Not to know where a road goes and still to take it, means that you are in that blissful state of nonchalance and wonder, so characteristic of the child and so provocative of shy surprises, quiet enjoyments, intimate touch with Nature and her beauties. A country boyhood filled my memory with a background of winding roads, of gray barns and wayside wells, of dark stretches under the pines where the feet crunched softly on brown needles and last week's rain lay in puddles, of cross-way sign-boards and dusty raspberries. So, to me, as I explore summer after summer the soft New England countryside—on foot—there is a stir of old memory with every new surprise, every present beauty; and the unknown road calls me irresistibly, therefor. I now have been to Andover (and did not make even the second eleven!). But down the next uncharted byway may lurk the perfect view of Moosilauke, or there may be that not impossible abandoned farm which fills the contradictory requirements of the entire family, or only a winding ribbon of dust over a hill which will look like Huckleberry Hill. And just why that will give me so much pleasure I cannot tell you; but it will bring me peace. and thoughts of my grandfather, and the remembered fragrance of fresh milk with the dark berries bobbing about in it. Shall we have no pleasure of the road after we have been to Carcasonne? As life advances, the little mysteries loom larger. Perhaps Shakespeare, after he retired to Stratford, took his greatest interest in his roses, and his morning walk down the garden path was his Great Adventure.

The pleasures of the unknown road are many and varied. First among them, of course, is the pleasure of the curve. I have

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taken a curve in an automobile. Doubtless it was a very beautiful curve, but what I was aware of was a hoarse honking, a lurch, the crunch of gravel, the mutter of the owner about tire repairs and "these abominable country roads"; and then the renewed monotony of watching a white ribbon rushing to meet me. That is not the way to know the pleasure of the curve. As you approach it on foot, you pause. You notice first, perhaps, the beauty of its line, a living line swept on the green canvas of the earth with one sure turn of a giant wrist. Then you notice anew the wayside foliage, thrown into prominence ahead because, on the curve, you face it. There is every shade of green, from blackest fir to brightest emerald. The hemlocks bank their layers of rich, heavy shadow; behind them rises a birch in virgin white and frail, translucent green; and behind that a giant chestnut thrusts up boldly against the blue sky. Perhaps between is a glimpse of the mountains, or a pasture ridge. Then you let your eye follow the curve of the road once more. It flows with its beautiful line, checkered with shadow, into the woods, through the Gate of the Cedars. And here the mystery allures once more. What lies beyond that curve? What vista awaits down the cool aisle of the evergreens? How far and how well will you fare? So then you resume your tramping, and, if your stride is good and you possess imagination, as you swing around the curve you can get the thrill of it, that peculiar thrill of counteracting centrifugal force, without resort to a motor-car, and without the sacrifice of those delicate beauties and quiet allurements of the bended road.

The road swept past sentinel cedars,

It is surprising, as you walk, what a tiny symphony of sounds detach themselves from the large hum of nature, and peep or shrill or rustle at you along the way. There is the incessant snaffle of grasshoppers around your feet when you brush close to the margin; the shrill of crickets, at night a sleepy, peaceful, antiphonal chorus; the soft scurry of little things in the hedges; the rustle of a snake into the dead leaves by the edge of the swamp; the rattle of a stick kicked down by a chipmunk as he scampers along the stone wall, scolding; the extraordinarily high *Phee, phee, phee* of the Pickering frogs in the wayside pools in April; the tap of a woodpecker; the call of a chickadee, most friendly of birds, waiting in the hickories to greet the passer. And always from June to August along unfrequented ways in the

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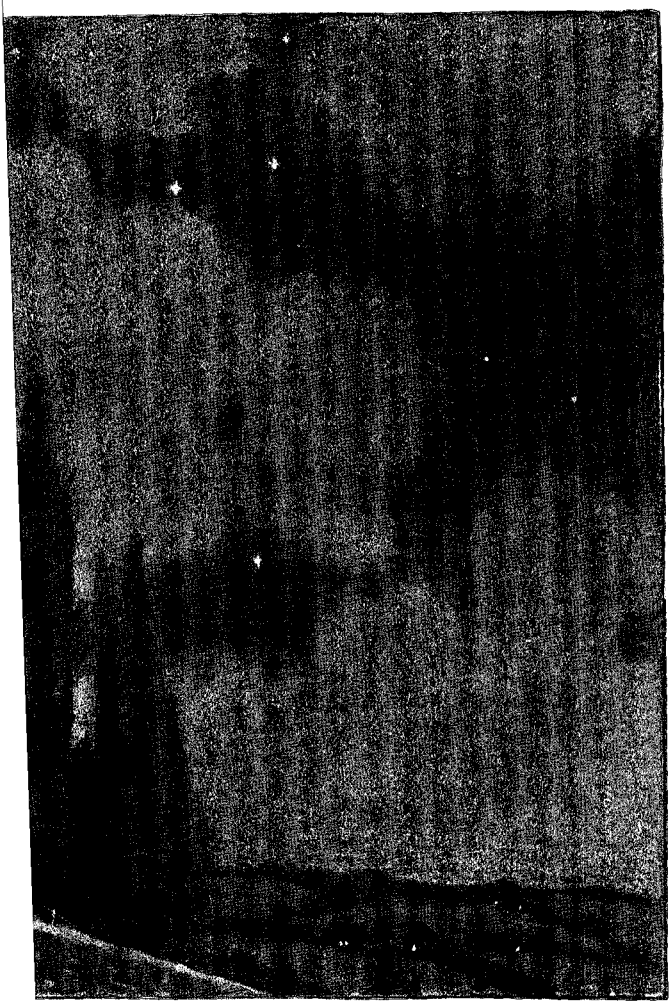
north, especially in Franconia, there lurks the possibility of a hermit thrush.

Once Stella and I climbed Mt. Agamenticus, and as we tumbled down the trail through the woods Stella pealed out the Valkyries' call, Ho-jo-to-ho!—the augmented fifth ringing clear and wild in the stillness of the uplands. Just as we reached the road and she paused for breath, there came an answer from the thicket, sweet and true and without a hint of the Valkyries' wildness, yet just now curiously defiant. We laughed, and Stella pealed again. Once more the thrush answered, with his fresh and exquisitely controlled voice. Where have I heard his song likened to an accordion going by in the air? This song was not like that. This thrush went up the octave scattering triplets with the measured precision of formal melody written for woodwind, yet with supreme joy of the grace and spontaneity of the performance—Mozart defying Wagner.



:k spires pointing to the stars.—Page 584.

"I give up!" cried Stella, and we left the bird triumphant in his thicket.

The unknown road, as it winds along, is a perpetual garden, wild roses, asters, golden-rod, lambkill, Joe-pi-weed, wild raspberry, filling the summer through, not to mention the berries which you eat as well as look at; and now and again in some melancholy cellar hole at the base of a charred brick chimney, the flaming fireweed which blooms in the path of desolation. Indeed, a catalogue of roadside flowers, even in New England alone, would fill pages. Do you know toad-flax and golden ragweed (not the kind that gives hay-fever!)? And gold-thread, quaintest of little growing things, and lion's-foot, and wild lettuce? And of climbing things along the way there is always clematis and hempweed, and often bedstraw, that, overcome with the humbleness of its name perhaps, leans heavily upon other stalks, bearing its white, sticky, faintly fragrant masses of bloom. But best of all are the red bunchberries where the pines are near, and the fringed gentians on the uplands, bits of sky come down to earth. Who needs a garden when he can tramp the roads?

And the line of the road, too, is a perpetual revelation of beauty. From a high hill-top it dips with the grace of the curve at the crest of a waterfall, into the woods, and is lost to view. It seems to flow away from under your feet. You look out over the trees to a valley, checkered with green past-

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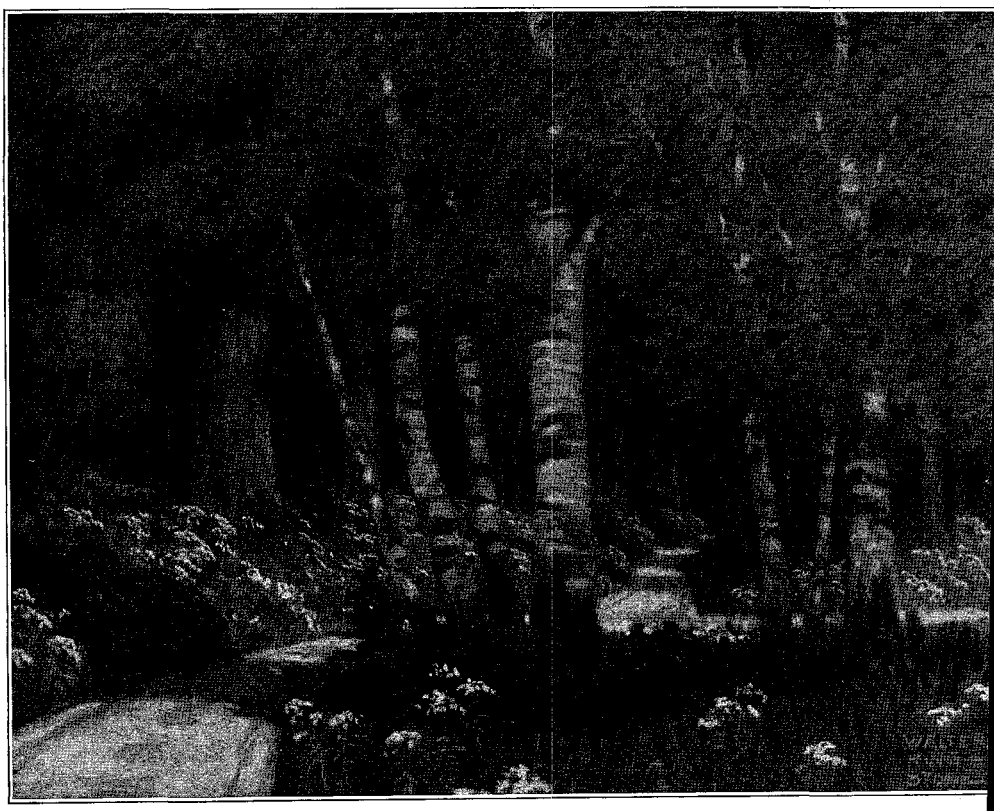

The unknown road, as it winds along

ures and brown squares of ploughed land, with here and there a white house, and suddenly a mile away you spy your road again, emerging from the woods and beckoning you up over the next slope. Down in the valley it takes on another aspect. It is the line that carries the eye out of the picture. Shut in by the hills, there would be something a little oppressive about this quiet green bowl but for the friendly road. That climbs steadily over the slope, laying down its white ribbon between the pastures, and, letting out the eye, lets out the imagination, tells of things beyond. So long as its graceful line breaks over the crest, you are content to abide here for a spell, to eat your lunch and chat with the small boy who comes out of the big red barn.

He is not a Will-o'-the-Mill. Armies have not marched past on that road, tanned about the eyes, nor great coaches gone rumbling down to a far city on the plain. It is nothing but the Athol road, and he has been to Athol—knows where you can get fishin' tackle there—What? Bless the boy, he's been to Boston, too! An' seen the State House, an' the Bunker Hill Monument, an' the Common, *an'* the Harvards play base-ball! Nowadays, alas, all roads lead to Carcasonne, and there are no illusions any more!

No illusions? Not caring for Athol, we hopefully take this other road to the left, through the woods, and presently it bends by a row of elms and maples, giant trees which show, between, a smooth-cut meadow and opposite a man laying brown ribbons with a plough under a cloud-dome. Then it leads us past a square, substantial farm-house, past another and yet another, and suddenly grows narrow, while the tell-tale grass appears between the wheel-ruts. But still we hopefully keep on, up the hill, till without warning the road runs casually into the front door of a farm-house and disappears. We go round the house and look for it again, but it is not there; nothing there but chickens, raspberries, and dishwater.

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a perpetual garden.—Page 581.

"What have you done with the road?" we demand of the boy who comes peering from the wood shed.

For a moment he hesitates. Then a grin breaks over his face. "Paw used it fer beddin' las' winter," he drawls, "it's so soft."

We are wise and cease the contest. "Is there no way on?" we ask, humbly.

"'Pends on whar you want ter git."

"Anywhere—the next town."

"Hain't no next town. You kin hit a loggin' trail down ter the Great Swamp, an' then you kin strike over ter the railroad, ef you don' mind gittin' wet."

So we go back, but without anger at the Runaway Road. One is never angry at a road. If one takes the wrong road when he really wants to reach a definite place, it is his fault for not asking the way or carrying a map. Going back, the roadside vistas are different, seen from the reverse; even the coloring in the foliage, the shadows on the fields, take on a different aspect. But the way seems shorter. Landmarks are familiar, and the eye jumps ahead from one to the other with certainty of the distance. Then, too, the sense of curiosity, the tense mood of expectation, is at rest. So, if the legs are not weary, the ten miles home are always less than the ten miles out. Besides, you have made friends with the road, and the walk with a friend is always shorter. I admit that I greet a new road with almost as much pleasure as a new person, and usually part from it with rather more regret.

The friendly road! Two pictures come back to me, one out of childhood, one out of yesterday. It was night, the deep, starlit, hushed night of the mountain intervales. And I, a little boy, stole away from the buzz of talk on the veranda and scurried up the road, so familiar by day, so sandy, but now curiously smooth and hard under my feet. (Later in life I used to notice that a road the bicycler cursed by day, picking his path, seemed smooth enough as he bowled along in the dark; which thing is a parable.) The black wall of mountains to the left grew

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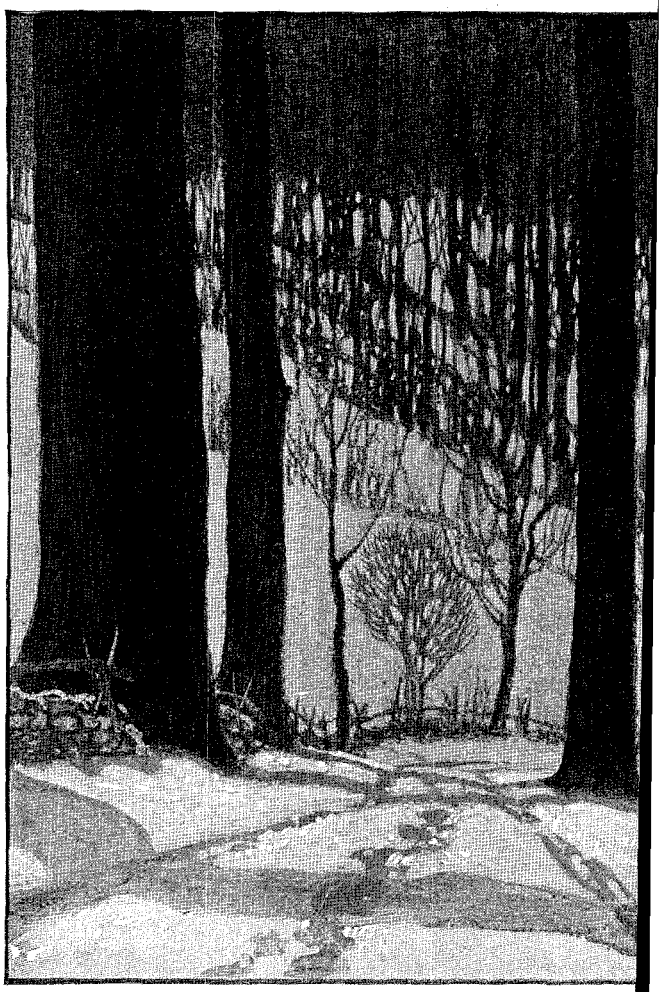
terribly like a great wave as I ran along, a great wave that seemed to be rushing upon me. But I climbed up the hill, comforting myself with a bravado whistle. At the top of the hill the road swept past sentinel cedars, like black spires pointing to the stars, and ran into the woods, so that it soon showed but a ghostly white patch ahead of me. I slowed down to a timid walk, my nerves aquiver. Suddenly there was a terrific noise in the darkness side of me. I turned and ran. It was only the stamping of horses in a stable—that I realized the next day; indeed, I almost knew it then—with my head. But my head was not in control. I ran in foolish, unreasoned terror. I remember how that white, ghostly patch of road gleamed ever ahead of me, with friendly help and comfort. At the sentinel cedars I again saw the ridge of the mountains. The moon was just coming up behind them, and the firs on their summits were shot with silver, like the foam on a wave-crest. The illusion of a great breaker curling over upon our valley was overpowering. For an instant I stood paralyzed with terror, conquered by my own imagination. Then I saw my friendly white road stretching down to the distant lights of the house. And, with a little cry, I raced madly down it, back to the buzz of talk. The next day the road looked as commonplace as before, but ever after it has held a warm spot in my affections, like a human thing.

The picture of yesterday is framed by the branches of an apple-tree. There came first a complaint about skirts, wherein our apple-tree differed from the first and most famous! But once up in the spreading boughs, we gave ourselves over to lazy, happy contemplation of the view, while the lazy afternoons drifted by.

The apple-tree stood in a pasture. East was a stone wall, half hidden in golden-rod and wild-rose bushes. Then the white road swept curving across the picture, from behind a little grove to the right, back behind a little hill to the left. Beyond the road the coast ledges rolled away, covered with bay and huckleberry bushes and scrub pines, till they broke against the sky. Only, in the centre, there was a depression filled in by the blue sea, its horizon line laid down with a ruler. Always a speck of white sail moved across that patch of blue, and always at sunset time the sail took fire. Meanwhile traffic flowed around the white ribbon by the wall—automobiles with guttural honks,



A snow-covered road in winter lies through the h

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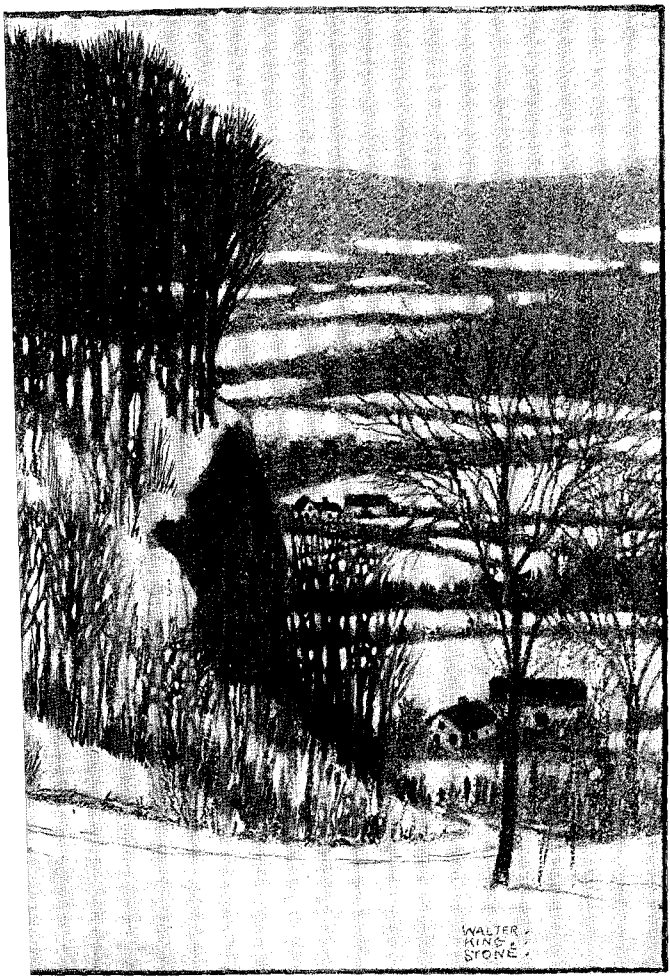
buckboards freighted with boarders, pedestrians, Indians with packs of sweet-grass baskets, and finally, as the sail was taking fire, always an old man driving two black cows. All this we saw from our apple-tree,



es lovely with the blue shadows of their trunks.

while the salt air blew sweetly about us. And when the old man had driven his cows around the hill, we stepped into the white road and it led us cheerfully home to supper. How simple it sounds to tell! Yet that road touched our picture as with a gentle hand, a hand which held the green and blue beauties of the landscape closely to our human kin—and led us home to supper. We loved it like a friend.

It is curious, indeed, how closely roads are linked with humanity, how warmly companionable they are, and yet how little they ever mar the beauty, even the wildness, of a picture. That, I suppose, is because they are made of the earth and follow its contours, catch the rhythm and flow of nature. A snow-covered road in winter lies through the bare trees lovely with the blue shadows of their trunks, and throws into exquisite relief the straight, slender horizontals of the second-growth saplings, the columnar aisles of the hemlocks. Catch the road in the early morning after a new fall of snow, when the sun is bright above a dazzling world and the chickadees sing, and you will find, perhaps, the tracks of a single "pung," blue as the shadows of the tree-trunks. These blue tracks say to you that some fellow has been along ahead, up before you were into the white, frosty world, with the jingle of sleigh-bells. He has left all this beauty of slender horizontals, of columnar hemlocks, of blue shadows on the white carpet, but he has left, too, thanks to the road, a blue trail which jogs you pleasantly to remember your human kin, which keeps Nature linked with Man. After all, he is rather a morose and stingy lover of nature who would have it otherwise, who would banish roads from his landscape.

It was a theory in the old days that a good road, like a straight line, was the shortest distance between two points. So the Old Portsmouth Road goes up Sewall's Hill from York Harbor, and the former road from Rowe to Charlemont in the northern Berkshires is now but a logging-trail over Mount Adams, where the fringed gentians bloom in the wheel-ruts. Newer roads follow "the lay of the land," and if you want to tramp in comfort, get a government survey map, find the roads that go straightest

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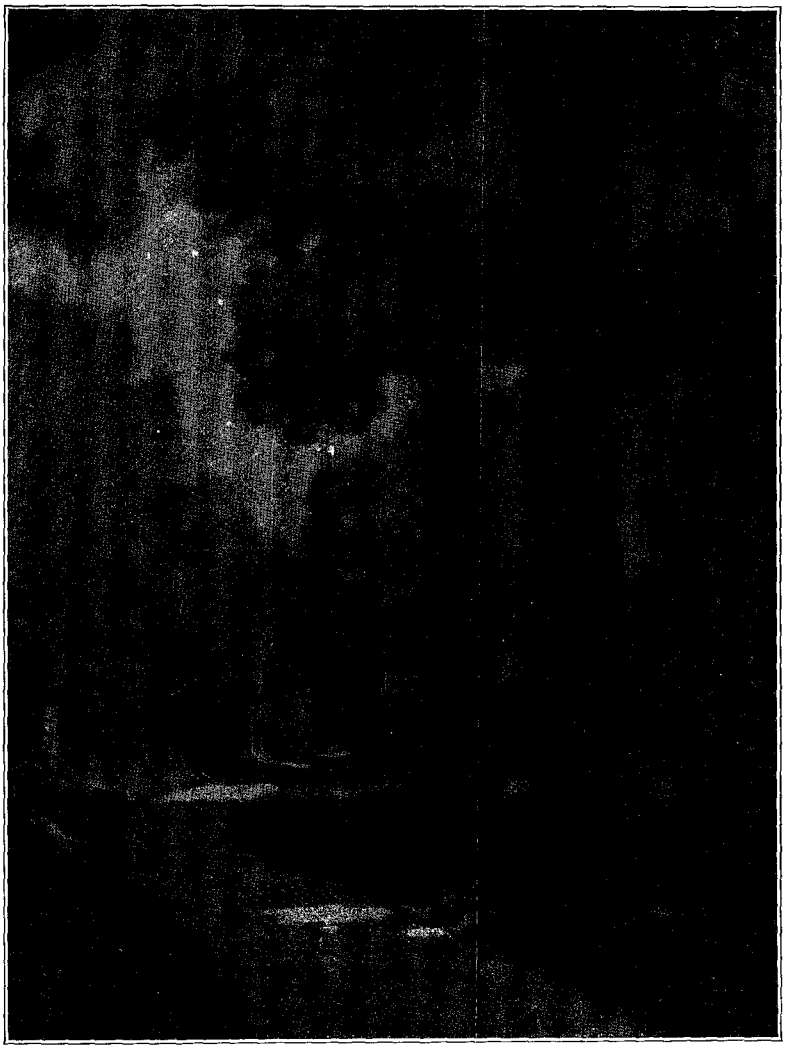

It flows with its beautiful line, checkered with shadow, into the woods.—Page 580.

over the highest elevations, and take them. That Old Portsmouth Road knows not the dust of touring-cars, but it leads you past the house of a certain wise man who has built himself one of the most beautiful dwellings and one of the most adorable gardens along the coast of Maine, and built them for their own sakes, since none pass to see. The garden gate is a gap in the stone wall under an apple-tree, and the path lets into a pool under a bowlder, a tangle of ferns, and then the blaze of hollyhocks, cosmos, gladioli, and other old-fashioned blooms. The house is deep-brown stucco with an Italian roof. Trumpet-vines climb over it, and two deep orange awnings shade the door and the ample window of the living-room. Set on a hill, you see over the tree-tops to the new road, the river, and the far-off point where the cottages face the sea, back yard touching back yard, huddled without privacy together. Then the Old Portsmouth Road runs down the hill again and you meet the cows coming home at twilight. It is good to find a man who dares place a lovely and expensive dwelling on the back road. It shows him not dependent on the opinions of his fellows. I have had the temerity to fancy that he even leaves his machine in the garage occasionally, and walks somewhere.

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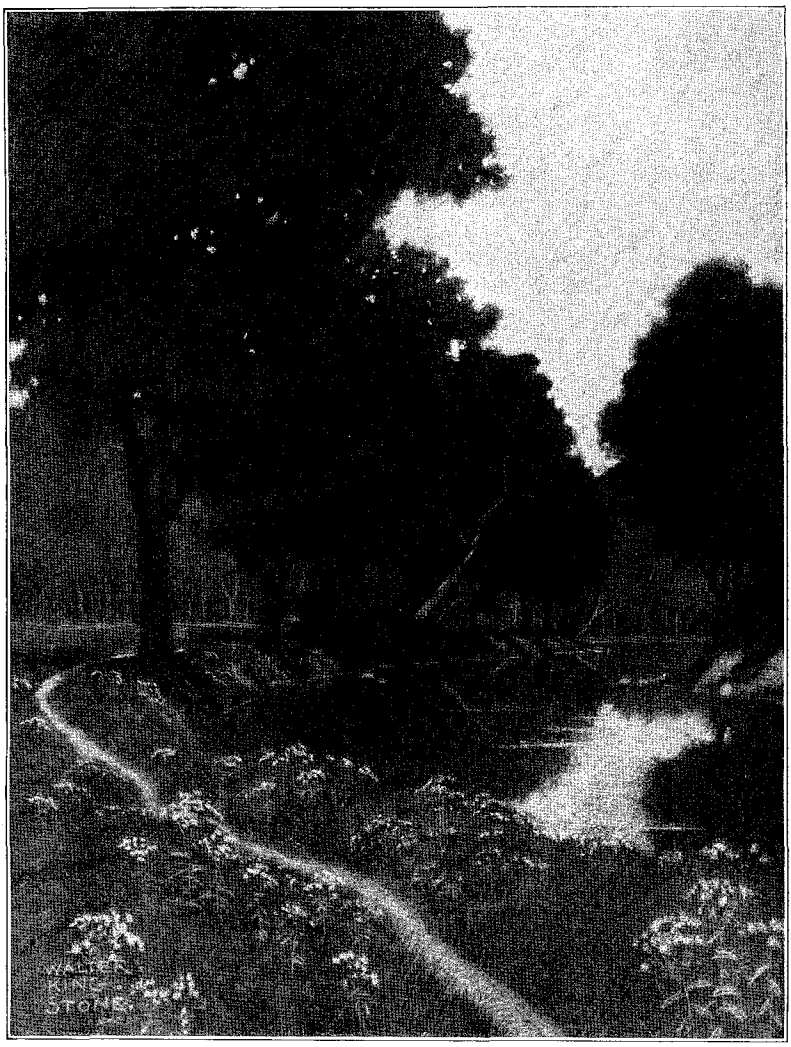

The tramp to the swimming-hole.—Page 578.

It would be foolish to dwell here on the sociological value of good roads, their place in the well-being and progress of mankind. Others more fitted have told of that. But has a paper ever been written on roads in literature? Certainly the word "road" would fill pages in a concordance of popular quotations. From the strait and narrow road of hortatory scripture to that which climbs in Christina Rossetti's "Up Hill," roads run through what the Race has written, almost always with allegorical purpose, a symbol of the eternal restlessness of man, the flow and flight of human aspiration, the steady plod of time. Simple, primitive, unmistakable, roads are among the enduring things, and so wind their way through enduring literature, one of the ultimate metaphors. How full of roads is Bunyan's book! And how full of roads, in these latter days, are the novels and poems of Thomas Hardy. In the open Wessex country they are apparent from afar, and in the novels you never lose sight of them, till they become charged with significance. To think of Jude is to see his hungry little figure by the sign-post, looking down the long road to Oxford. Egdon Heath carries the bricky outfit of the Reddleman moving along a white trail cut sharp on the furze. And plod-

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ding figures in "Tess" pass and repass on endless highways, weary with you know not what tragedy. In the poems the poet's own quaint illustrations show his preoccupation with roads. Ever they are vanishing over hills, reappearing in distant valleys, ribboning the pastures. He would call them, no doubt, the trail of Man over the face of the earth. Perhaps, then, our joy of the trail depends on our fondness for him who made it, and the road is beautiful, lead it to Carcasonne or Athol, Mass., in proportion as we are willing to share it, are glad that others have blazed it on ahead, and will follow after.

But does that philosophy compel us trampers to breathe with delight the dust of the passing motor-cars? By what new pragmatism shall we adopt them into the pleasant scheme of things? And it is a short road now which has no motor-car. Like most philosophers, I shall have to end with a riddle!

LILITH

By Amelia Josephine Burr

HERS is the hour of quiet lamplit rest
When thou dost worship at her altar fire
That gilds the hearth, and lights her gentle breast
Where tired with play, thy child has found his nest—
But I am breathed out of the darkening west,
A twilight wind of wandering desire.

Hers is the glow of struggle and success,
The battle hope of noonday and the street.
'Tis for her sake that onward thou dost press
Whose smile, like Heaven's thy victory shall bless—
But I am in the wistful weariness
That treads the trailing shadow of defeat.

Hers is the night's benignant quieting
When thy protecting arms her sleep enfold—
But ere the waking birds begin to sing,
Because my kiss is a forbidden thing,
The dawn's mysterious lips, like mine, shall cling
Upon thine own, that quiver and grow cold.

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK III

INTERLUDE OF THE RECLUSE PHILOSOPHER

I

A NOTABLE difference between the sexes is this, that a man will thrive for years—that is, his better part—upon love denied, and woman upon love fulfilled. So Senhouse starved and did well; dreams nourished him in what passes in England for solitude. From the gray of the mornings to the violet-lidded dusk his silence was rarely broken; and yet the music in his heart was continuous; his routine marched to a rhythm. The real presence of Sanchia was always with him, to intensify, accentuate, and make reasonable the perceptions of his quickened senses. Sense blended with sense—as when the sharp fragrance of the thyme which his feet crushed gave him the vision of her immortal beauty, or when, in the ripple of the wind-swept grasses, he had a consciousness of her thrilled heart beating near by. All nature, in fact, was vocal of Sanchia by day; and at night, presently, she stole white-footed down the slant rays of the moon and fed his soul upon exhalations of her own. Idle as he might have appeared to one who did not know the man—for beyond the routine of his handiwork he did nothing visible—he was really intensely busy. Out of the stores reaped and garnered in those meditative years was to come the substance of his after-life.

But no man in England may live three years in a grass-valley unreported; his fame will spread abroad, scattered as birds sow seeds. Discreetly as he lived and little as he fared, he was at first a thing of doubt and suspicion, and won respect by slow degrees. Was he a coiner, stirring alloys over his night-fires? Was he Antichrist, blaspheming the Trinity at daybreak? He was talked of by gaitered farmers at sheep-fairs, by teamsters at cross-roads, by maidens and their sweethearts on Sundays. The shepherds, it was thought, might have told more than they did. It was understood that they had caught him at his secrets time and again. But the shepherds had little to say of him but that he was a mellow man, knowing sheep and weather, and not imparting all that he knew. Similarly the gypsies, who alone travel the Race-plain in these days, and mostly by night, were believed to know him well; but they, too, kept their lore within the limits of their own shifty realm.

Rarely, indeed, he was seen. Sunday lovers, strolling hand in hand up the valley, came to a point where they went tiptoe and peered about for him. He might be descried motionless, folded in his white robe, midway between ridge and hollow; or a gleam of him flashed between the trees would perhaps be all that they would get for an hour of watching. The brows would on such days be lined with patient onlookers; all eyes would be up the narrow valley to its head under Hirlebury, where, below the little wood, his gray hut could be seen, deep-eaved, mysterious, blankly holding its secrets behind empty windows. None ever ventured to explore at close quarters; and if the tenant had appeared, a thousand to one they would all have looked the other way. The Wiltshire peasant is a gentleman from the heart outwards. So, too, carters, ploughmen, reapers in the vales would sometimes see his gaunt figure monstrous on the sky-line, cowled and with uplifted arms, adoring (it was supposed) the sun, or leaning on his staff, motionless and rapt, meditating death and mutability. He lost nothing by such chance apparitions; on

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the contrary, he gained the name of a wise man who had powers of divination and healing. In the cottage whither he went once a week for bread, a child had been sick of a burning fever. His hands, averred the mother, had cured it. Groping and making passes over its stomach, rubbing in oils, relief had come, then quiet sleep and a cool forehead. After this, an old man, crippled with rheumatics, had hobbled up to the very edge of his dominion, and had waited shaking there upon his staff until he could get speech with the white stranger. He, too, had had the reward of his belief. If he was not made sound again, he was relieved and heartened. He had said that, if he was spared, he could stretch to his height again, which had been six feet all but an inch. The stranger, said he, had put him in the way of new life, and whatever he meant—whether that he were a Salvationist or a quack doctor—he would say no more. After that, a young woman went to him to get him to name the father of her child, and returned, and was modest for a month, and a good mother when the time came. And true it was that her chap came forward and saw the vicar about it, and they were asked in church. Out of such things as these his fame grew.

The hunt struck upon him now and again when the hounds in full cry streamed down his steep escarpments and threatened panic to his browsing goats. At such times he would rise up, white-robed and calm, and stay with a quiet gesture the scattering beasts. The whips would cap him, and the master with his field find themselves in company of an equal. For his ease of manner never left him, nor that persuasive smile which made you think that the sun was come out. He had none of the airs of a mystagogue, but talked to men, as he did to beasts, in the speech which was habitual to them. The lagging fox understood him when, grinning his fear and fatigue, he drew himself painfully through the furze. So did the hounds, athirst for his blood. Buckskinned gentlemen, no less, found him affable and full of information—about anything and everything in the world except the line of the hunted fox. "Oh, come," he said once, "don't ask me to give him away. You're fifty to one, to start with; and the fact is I passed him my word that I wouldn't. I'll tell you what, though. You shall offer me a cigarette. I haven't smoked for six months." Which was done.

His powers with children, his charm for them, his influence and fascination, which in course of time made him famous beyond these shores, arose out of a chance encounter not far from his hut. Three boys, breaking school in the nesting season, came suddenly upon him, and paled, and stood rooted. "Come on," he said, "I'll show you a thing or two that you've never seen before." He led them to places of marvel, which his speech made to glimmer with the hues of romance: the fresh-grubbed earth where a badger had been routing, the quiet glade where, that morning, a polecat had washed her face. He brought them up to a vixen and her cubs, and got them all playing together. He let them hold leverets in their arms, milk his goats, as the kids milk them for their need; and showed them so much of the ways of birds that they forgot, while they were under the spell of him, to take any of their eggs. Crowning wonder of all—when a peewit, waiting on the down, dipped and circled about his head for a while and finally perched on his shoulder while he stood looking down upon her eggs in the bents! Such deeds as these fly broadcast over the villages, and on Saturdays he would be attended by a score of urchins, boys and girls. To a gamekeeper who came out after his lad, sapling-ash in hand, he had that to say which convinced the man of his authority.

"'A says to me, 'There's a covey of ten in thicky holler,' where you could see neither land nor bird. 'I allow 'tis ten,' he says, 'but we won't be partickler to a chick.' There was nine, if you credit me, that rose out of a kind of a dimple in the down, that you couldn't see, and no man could see. 'Lord love you,' I said, 'Mr. John, how ever did you see 'em?' He looks at me, and he says, very quiet, 'I never saw the birds, nor knew they was there. I saw the air. There's waves in this air,' he says, 'wrinkled waves; and they birds stirred 'em, like stones flung into a pond. Tom,' he says, to my Tom, 'if you look as close as I do,' he says, 'you'll see what I see.' And young Tom looks up at him, as a dog might, kind of faithful, and he says, 'I 'low I will, sir, please, sir.' I says to him, 'Can a man be taught the like o' that?' 'No,' says he, 'but a boy can.' 'What more could thick

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boy learn?' I says, and he says, 'To understand his betters, and get great words, and do without a sight of things—for the more you do without,' he says, 'the more you have to deal with.' 'Such things as what, now, would he do without?' I wants to know. He looks at me. 'Food,' he says, kind of sharp; 'food when he's hungry, and clothing, and a bed; and money, and the respect of them that don't know anything, and other men's learning, and things he don't make for himself.' Heard any man ever the like o' that? But just you bide till I've done. 'Can a boy learn to do without drink?' I wants to know—for beer's been my downfall. 'He can,' says thick man. 'And love?' I says; and 'No,' says he straight, 'he cannot. But he can learn the way of it; and that 'ull teach him to do wi'out lust.' 'Tis a wise thought, the like of that, I allow."

The gamekeeper paused for the murmurs of his auditory to circle about the taproom, swell and subside, and then brought out his conclusion. There was book-learning to be faced. How about scholarship? 'I'd give him none,' says the man. 'Swallerin' comes by nature, and through more than the mouth. I'd open his eyes and ears, his fingers and toes, and the very hairs on the back of his hands, and they'll all swaller in time, like the parts of the beastës do.' Now, that's a learned man, I allow. My boy must go to the Council School, it does appear; but thick man will give him more teaching in a week than schoolmaster in a year—and there he goes o' Saturdays—and wants no driving, moreover." He returned to his beer, thoughtful-eyed.

The gamekeeper's son was twelve years old, and was the nucleus round which grew the Senhusian school of a later day, where neither reading nor writing could be had until the pupil was fifteen years old. But this is anticipatory, for the school was a matter of long gestation and tentative birth.

II

One September midnight, as he stirred a late supper over a small wood-fire, he was hailed by a cry from above. "Ho, you! I ask shelter," he was adjured. The quarter-moon showed him a slim figure dark against the sky.

"Come down, and you shall have it," he answered, and continued to skim his broth.

The descent was painfully made, and it was long before the traveller stood blinking by his fire—a gaunt and hollow-eyed lad. Senhouse took him in at a glance, stained, out-at-elbows with the world, nursing a grudge, footsore and heartsore. He had a gypsy look, and yet had not a gypsy serenity. That is a race that is never angry at random, and never bitter at large. A gypsy will want a man's life; but if the man is not before him, will be content to wait until he is. But this wanderer seemed to have a quarrel with time and place, that they held not his enemy by the gullet.

"You travel late, my friend," said Senhouse briskly.

"I travel by night," said the stranger, "lest I should be seen by men or the sun."

Senhouse laughed. "'*In girum imus noctu, non ut consumimur igni.*' They used to say that of the devils once upon a time."

"My devil rides on my back," said the stranger, "and carries with him the fire that roasts me."

He was at once bitter and sententious. Senhouse put down his hurts to bruises of the self-esteem.

"I hope that you dropped him up above," he said cheerfully, "or that you will let me exorcise him. I've tried my hand with most kinds of devil. Are you a Roman?"

"Half," he was told, and, guessing which half, asked no more questions.

"You are pretty well done, I can see," he said. "You want more than food. You want warm water, and a bed, and a dressing for your feet. You've been on the road too long."

The stranger was huddled by the fire, probing his wounded feet. "I'm cut to pieces," he said. "I've been over stubbles and flint. This is a cruel country."

"It's the sweetest in the world," Senhouse told him, "when you know your way about it. When you have the hang of it you need not touch the roads. You smell out the hedgerows, and every hill-pasture leads you out on to the grass. But I'll own that there are thistles. I wear sandals myself. Now," he continued, ladling out of his pot with a wooden spoon, "here's your porridge, and there are bread and salt; and here water, and here goats' milk. Afterwards you shall have a pipe of tobacco and some tea. Best

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begin while all's hot—and while you eat I'll look to your wounds. Finally, you shall be washed and clothed."

He went away, returning presently with water and a napkin. Kneeling, he bathed his guest's feet, wiped them, anointed, then wrapped them up in the napkin. The disconsolate one, meantime, was supping like a wolf. He gulped at his porridge with quick snaps, tore his bread with his teeth. Senhouse gave him time, quietly eating his own supper, watching the red gleam die down in the poor wretch's eyes. Being himself a spare feeder, he was soon done, and at further business of hospitality. He set a great pipkin of water to heat, brought out a clean robe of white wool, a jelab like his own, and made some tea.

The stranger, then, being filled, cleansed, and in warm raiment, stretched himself before the fire, and broke silence. He was still surly, but the grudge was not audible in his voice. "I took your fire for a gypsy camp, and was glad enough of it. I've come by the hills from Winterslow since dusk. You were right, though: I was done. I couldn't have dragged another furlong."

Senhouse nodded. "I thought not. Been long on the road?"

"Two months."

"From the north, I think? From Yorkshire?"

The stranger grunted his replies. His host judged that he had reasons for his reticence. There was a pause.

"You sup late," was then observed.

Senhouse replied: "I generally do. I take two meals a day—the first at noon, the second at midnight; but I believe that I could do without one of them. I never was much of an eater—and I need very little sleep. Somehow, although I am out at sunrise most mornings, I rarely sleep till two or thereabouts. Four hours are enough for me—and in the summer much less. Sometimes, when the fit is on me, I roam all night long, and come back and do my routine—and then sleep where I am, or may be. Precisians would grow mad at such a life—and yet I'm awfully healthy."

The stranger watched him. "You live here, then—and so?"

"I have lived here," said Senhouse, "for three years or more; but I've lived so for over twenty. I've wandered for most of that time, and know England from end to end; but now I seem to have got into a backwater, and I find that I travel further, and see more, than I did when I was hardly for a week together in the same place. But that's reasonable enough, if you think of it. If you can do without time, space goes with it. If it don't matter *when* you are, it don't matter *where*."

The stranger lent this reasoning his gloomy meditation, which turned it inward to himself and his rueful history. "I don't follow you, I believe," he said, "for very good reason. I hope you will never learn as I have that it does matter where you are." He stopped, then added, as if the admission was wrung out of him, "I've been in prison."

"So have I," said Senhouse, "and in Siberia at that. I was there for more than a year, though not all that time within walls. They let me loose when they found that I could be trusted, and I learned botany, and caught a marsh fever which nearly finished me. They wouldn't have me in after that, being quite content that I should rot in the open. I was succoured by a woman, one of those noble creatures who are made to give themselves. She gave me what blood she had left. God bless her: she blessed me."

"It was a woman," said the stranger, "that sent me to prison."

Senhouse, after looking him over, calmly replied: "I don't believe you. You mean, I think, that there was a woman, and you went to prison. You confuse her and your feelings about her. It is natural, but not very fine-mannered. No woman would have put the thing as you have put it to me."

The stranger shifted two or three times under his host's quiet regard; presently he said: "This is the tale in a nutshell. She was beautiful, and kind to me; she was in a hateful place, and I loved her—and she knew it. There was a man with claims—rights he had none—preposterous claims, made infamous by his acts. The position was impossible, intolerable. She knew it, but did nothing. Women are like that—endlessly enduring; but men are not. I dragged him off a horse and thrashed him. He had me to gaol, and she went her ways, leaving a note for me, hoping I should do well. Do well! Much she cares what I do. Much care I." He ended with a sob which was like the cough of a wolf at night, and then turned his face away.

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"Why should she care?" asked Senhouse, "what becomes of you? By your act you dropped yourself out of her sphere. If she was to be degraded, as you call it, by whom was she degraded? But you talk there a language which I don't understand. You say that she was beautiful, and I suppose you know what you mean by the word. How then is a beautiful person to be degraded by anything the likes of you, or your fellow-dog, do to her? The thing's absurd. You can't claw her soul, or blacken the edges of that. You can't sell that into prostitution or worse. That is her own, and it's that which makes her beautiful—in spite of the precious pair of you, bickering and mauling each other to possess her. Possess her, poor fool! Can you possess moonlight? If you have degraded anything, you have degraded yourself. She remains where she is, entirely out of your reach."

The young man now turned his trapped and wretched face to the speaker. "You little know—" he began, then for weakness stopped. "I can't quarrel with you; wait till I've had a night's rest."

"You shall have it, and welcome," said Senhouse. "But you'll never quarrel with me. I believe that I've got beyond that way of enforcing arguments, which I fear may be unsound. I doubt if I have quarrelled with anybody for twenty years."

"There are some things which no man can stand," said the other, "and that was one. Your talk of the soul is very fine; but do you say that you don't love a woman's body as well as her soul?"

Senhouse was silent for a while; then he said: "No—I can't say that. You have me there. I ought to, but I can't. And I think I owe you an apology for my heat, for the fact is that I've been in much of your position myself. There was a man once upon a time that I felt like thrashing—for much of your reason. But I didn't do it—for what seemed to me unanswerable reason. I did precisely the opposite—I did everything I could to ensure a miserable marriage for the being I loved best in all the world. I loathed the man, I loathed the bondage: but that's what I did. Now mark what follows. I didn't—I couldn't—degrade her; but I saw myself dragging like a worm in the mud while she soared out of my reach. And there I've been—of the slime slimy ever since. Where she is now I don't know, but I think in heaven. Heaven lay in her eyes—and whenever I look at the sky at night I see her there."

"You are talking above my head," said the stranger, "or above your own. Either I am a fool, or you a madman. You love a woman, and give her to another man. You love her, and secure her in slavery. You love her, and don't want her?"

"It is I that am the fool, not you," said Senhouse. "I do want her. I want nothing else in earth or heaven. And yet I know that I have her forever. Our souls have touched each other. She is mine and I am hers. And yet I want her."

"Won't you get her? Don't you believe that you will?"

"God knows! God knows!"

"She was beautiful?"

"The dawn," said Senhouse, "was not more purely lovely than she. The dawn was in her face—the awfulness of it as well as its breathless beauty."

"My mistress," said the young man, "had the gait of a goddess in the corn. One thought of Demeter in the wheat. She was like ivory under the moon. She laughed rarely, but her voice was low and thrilled."

"Her breath," Senhouse continued, "was like the scent of bean-flowers. She sweetened the earth. It is true that she laughed seldom, but when she did the sun shone from behind a cloud. When she was silent you could hear her heart beat. She was deliberate, measured, in all that she did—yet her spirit was as swift as the south-west wind. She did nothing that was not lovely, and never faltered in what she purposed. When first I came to know her and see the workings of her noble mind, I was so happy in the mere thought of her that I sang all day as I worked or walked. It never entered me for one minute that I could desire anything but the knowledge of her."

"I wanted my mistress altogether," the other broke in, "from the first moment to the last—fool, and wicked fool, as you may think me. I could see her bosom stir her gown—I could see the lines of her as she walked. She was kind to me, I tell you, and there were times when—alone with her—in her melting mood—in the wildness of my passion—but no! something held me: I never dared touch her. . . . And then he—the other—came back; he, with his 'claims' and 'rights'; and the thought of

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him, and what he could do—and did do—made me blind. You tell me that I sinned against her——"

"I don't," said Senhouse. "I tell you that you sinned against love. You don't know what love is."

"You say so. Maybe you know nothing about it. If you have reduced yourself to be contented with the soul of a woman, I have not. What have I to do with the soul?"

"Evidently nothing," said Senhouse. "How, pray, do you undertake to apprehend body's beauty unless you discern the soul in it—on which it shapes its beauty?"

"I know," the other replied, "that she has a lovely body, and gracious, free-moving ways; and I could have inferred her soul from them. I'll engage that you did the same thing. How are you to judge of the soul but by the hints which the body affords you?"

Senhouse made no answer, but remained musing. When he spoke it was as if he was resuming a tale half told. . . .

"She was in white—white as a cloud—and in a wood. Her hair reflected gold of the sun. She pinned her skirts about her waist, and put her bare foot into a pool of black water. She sank in it to the knee. She did not falter; her eyes were steady upon what she did."

The stranger took him up where he stopped, and continued the tale. "She could never falter in her purpose. She bared herself to the thighs. She went into the pool thigh-deep. Whiter than the lilies which she went to save, she raked the weed from them—you helping her."

"She did," said Senhouse, his eyes searching the fire. "And when, afterwards, she did what her heart bade her, she never faltered either, though she steeped her pure soul in foulness compared to which the black water was sweet. But do you suppose that any evil handling would stain her? You fool! You are incapable of seeing a good woman. In the same breath with which I spurned myself for having a moment's fear for her, I thanked God for having let me witness her action."

The rebuke was accepted, not because it was felt to be justified; but rather, it passed unheeded. The stranger had questions to ply.

"Knowing her, loving her—loveworthy as she was—how could you leave her?"

"I beg your pardon," said Senhouse, "I have never left her." But in the next breath he had to qualify his paradox.

He spoke vehemently. "I had of her all that I dared have. That has never left me: I had all that she could give me—she that was self-sufficing, not to be imparted. She did not love me, as you could understand love: I don't think she could love anybody. But I only could read her thoughts and grasp her troubles for her. She was at ease with me, let me write to her, was glad to see me when I came, but perfectly able to do without me. She was, of course, not human; she inhabited elsewhere. Her 'soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' She remembered things as they had been, yet not as affecting her to pleasure or pain; she remembered them as a tale that is told, as things witnessed. So she remembered me—and so she still does. If I was there, with her, she was glad; if I was not there, she wasn't sorry. I was nothing to her but a momentary solace—and I knew it and taught myself to be contented. I believe that she was the spirit of immortal youth fleeting over the world. I called her Hymnia. What Beatrice was to Dante, the visible Incarnation of his dream of Holiness, such was she to me. I picture her and Beatrice together in heaven.

> In the clear spaces of Heaven,
> As sisters and lovers sit
> Beatrice and Thou embraced—
> Hand and hand, waist and waist,
> And smile at the worship given
> By Earth, and the men in it
> To whom you were manifest.

I quote my own poetry, because, oddly enough, nobody else has remarked upon the fact."

He continued: "When she did what it pleased her to do, it was said by fools that I had inspired her. Fool among fools, I thought so myself at the time, and moved earth and heaven and hell and Ingram, to save her from an act of magnanimity the like of which I have never heard of. Bless you! if I had never lived, she would have acted as she did, because she was incapable of seeing evil, incapable of acting against her heart. Well! and the thing was done—and I had to face it. I had it all out with myself, and decided that no harm could come to her. From that hour I have never seen

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her with my waking eyes. Yet she is here. She is always here. . . .

"My answer to you is simple. I have all of her of which I am capable. I have never left her because she has never left me. . . .

"I wrote out my heart in my first years of knowing her; but since then I have gone under the harrow of this world, where there can be no singing. Now that I am at peace my voice has come back. I listen to what she tells me, and note it. Like Dante, *vo significando,* I am a drain-pipe for her spirit. She was Hymnia to me once, and I sang of Open Country; now she is Despoina, Mistress of the Night. Words come thronging to me, phrases, rhythms; but not form. I shall get out a poem one of these days—when the harrow rests. And that will be its name: 'Rest Harrow.'"

He broke out after a pause—"Her beauty! What is it to the purpose to put its semblance into words? Its significance is the heart of the matter. We see the earth as hill and valley, pasture and cloud, sky and sea. Really it is nothing of the kind, but infinitely more. It is tireless energy, yearning force, profusion, terror, immutability in variety. What are words to such a power? It is to *that* I stretch out my arms. I must lie folded in that immensity, drown and sink in it, till it and I are one. I must be resumed into the divine energy whose appearance is but a broken hint of it. So it is with Her: not what she appears but what she stands for is the miracle. Her beauty is not in dimple and curve, though her breasts are softer than the snowy hills, and the liquor of her mouth sweeter than honey of limes. If I lay on the floor of the Ægean and looked up to the sun, I should not see such blue as glimmers in her eyes. But these are figures, halting symbols. Her form, her glow, her eager, lovely breath, are her soul put into speech for us to read. You might say that her nobility was that of the Jungfrau on a night of stars. So her body's beauty is but a poem written by God about her soul."

Glyde sat up and looked at him across the fire. "I know you. There is but one man who has loved her as you do. You are her poet. You are Senhouse."

Senhouse nodded. "That is my name. You know her, then?" His face glowed darkly. "You have known her—you!"

"I saw her four months ago. I was in servitude in a house where she too was made a servant. For her sake, I tell you again, I downed Ingram."

Senhouse said sharply: "It was for your own. You aren't fit to talk about her. You have unclean lips. You don't hurt her, for you cannot. You hurt yourself infinitely. Why, a dog would do as you did, and possibly be right; but you, not being a dog, have broken your own rules. You have trodden on your own honor, and, like the dull fool that you are, come out wrapped in your silly self-esteem as if it was a flag. I wish that you could see yourself as I see you—or rather, I hope that you never may; for if you did, you would see no reason to live." The words, frozen with scorn, cut like hailstones. The guest cowered, with the whip about his face. Senhouse rose.

"Follow me," he said.

Glyde also rose to his feet, and, as if he was giddy, looked blankly about him. He groaned, "O God, what have I done? O God, what am I?" He dashed his hand over his eyes. "I can't see. I suppose I never could." He turned upon Senhouse. "You! Why do you harbor such a rat as I?"

Senhouse gave him pitiful eyes. "If you think yourself rat, you are in the way to be more. Come, we'll be friends yet. You're near the end of your tether, I think. Let me tuck you into a blanket."

III

In the morning Glyde, in a humble mood, drank quantities of small beer. In other words, he told his story of Sanchia, of Ingram, and of Mrs. Wilmot. He was so steered by questions from Senhouse that he came, towards the end, to see that if any one had driven his mistress into a life of bondage to Ingram it was himself and his presumptuous arm.

"You must have offended her beyond expression," he was told. "First, her fine esteem in her own spotless robe, which you have smeared with beastly blood and heat; next, her sense of reason clear as day; next, and worst, her logical faculty by which she sees it to be a law of the earth that nothing can be bought without a price. Oh, you precious young donkey! And who the mischief are you, pray, to meddle in the affairs of high ladies—you, who can't manage your

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own better than to do with your foolish muscles what is the work of a man's heart? Love! You don't know how to spell the word. But I am getting angry again—and I don't want to do that. I'll tell you what I shall do with you. You shall stay with me here till you are well, and then you shall go to London, and find Despoina——"

"Do you mean Sanchia?" Glyde was still unregenerate at heart.

"I mean whom I say—your mistress and mine. You are not fit to name her by any other name."

"No, no—I know it," said the youth—"but her name is so beautiful."

"Everything about her is beautiful," said Senhouse, "therefore see that you go to her cleansed and sweetened. Now, when you have found her you shall beg her pardon on your knees——"

"Never!" said Glyde, grittily in his teeth.

"On your heart's knees, you fool," cried Senhouse, with a roar which rolled about the hills. "On the knees of your rat's heart. You shall beg her pardon on your knees for your beastly interference, presumption, mulishness, and graceless manhood; and then you shall leave her immediately, and thank God for the breath of her forgiveness. This also is important. You are not to name me who have sent you." His eyes shone with the gleam of tears. "Never name me to her, young Glyde, for I'll tell you now that for every stripe I've dusted your jacket with you owe me forty—and you can lay on when you please.

"For I," he continued, after a pause for breath, while Glyde stared fearfully upon him, "for I, too, have betrayed her."

They said no more at that time, but all day Glyde followed Senhouse about like a dog.

In the evening of what to the undrilled youth was a hard-spent day, Senhouse unfolded his heart and talked long and eloquently of love and other mysteries of our immortal life.

"The attainment of our desires," he said, "appears to every one of us to be a Law of Nature, and so, no doubt, it is. But that is equally valid which says, 'To every man that which he is fit to enjoy.' The task of men is to reconcile the two. That once done, you are whole—nay, you are holy.

"I believe that I am in the way of that salvation, look you, for I know now that there is hardly a thing upon the earth which I cannot do without. That being so, and all things of equal value, or of no value, I have them all. They are at the disposal of that part of myself which enters no markets and cannot be chaffered away. Wind, rain, and sun have bleached me; dinners of herbs have reduced my flesh to obedience; incessant toil, with meditation under the stars, has driven my thoughts along channels graved deep by patient plodding of the field. I am become one with Nature. I have watched the wheeling of the seasons until, to escape vertigo, I picture myself as a fixed point, and see the spheres in their courses revolve about me."

Mystic sayings, aphorisms, oozed from him like resin from a pine.

"It is error to suppose that discomfort is holy. Holiness is harmony. Men have lost sight of the sanctity of the body. Rightly considered, indigestion is a great sin.

"Passion, which is a state of becoming, is not holy, for holiness is a state of being. But it is noble, because it is a straining after appeasement—which is a harmony.

"Man is an ape, or a god, but certainly a god in this, that he can make himself either. It is by no means certain, however, that this potentiality is not also possessed by the ape.

"Appeasement of passion is fulfilment of our being, which out of ferment makes wine, through riot seeks rest."

He was not always so transcendental. Here we have him closer to the matter.

"A woman when she loves is a seraph winged. When she does not, she is a chrysalis, a husk, or a shell. In love, she follows the man, but appears to fly him, as a shepherd goes before the sheep he is really driving. Out of it, she is an empty vase, to be revered by us for the sacred wine which she may hold, as a priest handles fearfully the chalice.

"She has but one law, the law of her love, which says to her, Give, give, give. See here how she differs from the man, to whom love is but one of many healthy appetites—not a divine mission. Love, hunger, hunting, or a taste for picture-dealing, says to him, 'Take, take.'

"Yet it is no wonder that the sexes go in fear of each other, each a mystery to each. For my part, I have never been close to a woman without a desire to cover my eyes."

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And here he got level with her, and showed her radiant beside him.

"A young woman with shining eyes, blown-back hair, and face on fire, holding out her heart from the threshold, stretching it out at arms' length, crying, 'Who will take this? To whom may I give it?' A vision here of Heaven's core of light. I have seen it. I, Senhouse, have seen the Holy Grail.

"She stood with me upon the threshold of the world, just so, with blown-back hair and shining eyes. Blessed one, blessed prodigal! She poured out her heart like water—for a dog to lap. He was dog-headed, full in the eye, a rich feeder. She decked him with the fair garlands of her thoughts, she made him glisten with her holy oils. She crowned him with starry beams from her eyes, she sweetened him with the breath of her pure prayers. She robed him in white and scarlet, for he was wrapped in her soul and sprinkled with her passion. And she said: 'I love a Divine Person. I am ready to die for him. Make haste. Pile the fire, sharpen the knife; bind me with cords, and drive deep. I die that he may live.' O Gods, and Sanchia gave herself for Nevile Ingram!"

On a later day he read a poem to his guest—which he called "The Song of Gaia." By this name, it seems, he also figured Sanchia, whose synonyms threatened to be as many as those of Artemis or the Virgin Mary. From poring for signs of her in the face of earth he was come to see little else. If the west wind was her breath and the hills were her breasts, it needed a mystic to see them so; and he was become a mystic. A glorified and non-natural Sanchia pervaded the poem, which, for the form, was a barbaric, rough-hewn chant, stuffed with words and great phrases which had the effect rather of making music in the hearer than of containing it in themselves. It was poetry by hints, perpetually moving, initiating lyrical phrases, then breaking off and leaving you with a melody in your ears which your brain could not render. Either the poet was inchoate or the subtlest musician of our day. He said of himself that he was a drain-pipe for the Spirit—a dark saying to Glyde, who was himself, we have heard, something of a poet, of the Byronic tradition. The youth was extremely interested, though seldom moved. He was forever on the point to drink, and had the cup snatched away. Senhouse tormented you with possibilities of bliss—where sight merges in sound, and both lift together into a triumphant sweep of motion—whirled you, as it were, to the gates of dawn, showed you the amber glories of preparation, thrilled you with the throb of suspense; then, behold! coursing vapors and gathering clouds blot out the miracle—and you end in the clash of thunder-storms and dissonances. Something of this the listener had to urge. Senhouse admitted it, but he said: "You know that the splendor is enacting behind! You guess the opening of the Rose. One stalks this earth agog for miracles. It is full of hints—you catch a moment—for flashed instants you are God. Then the mist wraps you, and you blunder forward, two-legged man swaying for a balance. Translate the oracle as you will—with your paint-pans, with your words—we get broken lights, half-phrases. But we guess the rest—and so we strain and grow. Who are you or I, that we should know her?"

He stuffed the pages into the breast of his jelab, and sat brooding over the paling fire for a while; then, by an abrupt transition, he said: "A fatal inclination for instructing the young was, perhaps, my undoing. I believe that I am a prig to the very fibres of me. If I had kept my didactics for my own sex, all might have gone well: I have never doubted but that I had things to teach my generation which it would be the happier of knowing. But it's a dangerous power to put into a man's hands that he shall instruct his betters. I was tempted by that deadliest flattery of all, and I fell. Despoina heard me, smiled at me, and went her way regardlessly; but my poor Mary was a victim. She heard me, and took it seriously. She thought me a man of God. I failed absolutely, and so badly that by rights I ought never to have held up my head again. But she is happy, dear little soul, after her own peculiar fashion—which she never could have been with me. She writes to me now and then. The man is her master, but not a bad one. She knows it, and glories in him. Isn't that extraordinary?"

"Not at all," Glyde said, who knew nothing of Mary. "It's a law of Nature. The woman follows the man. I suppose you treated her as an equal?"

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"No, as a superior, which she plainly was," said Senhouse.

"Then," Glyde said, looking at him, "then you made her so. If you fly against Nature, you must get the worst of it." He waited, then asked, "It's against your principles to marry a woman, no doubt."

"Quite," Senhouse said. "It seems to me an insult to propose it to her."

"Your Mary didn't think so."

"She did at first; but she couldn't get used to it."

"She felt naked without the ring? And ashamed?"

"God help me," said Senhouse, "that's true. The moment I realized what had happened, I gave in."

"And then she refused?"

"She neither accepted nor refused. She lived apart. We were in Germany at the time. I was naturalizing plants for the Grand Duke of Baden—filling the rocks and glades in the Black Forest. She went into a hotel in Donaueschingen, and I went to see her every day. We were friends. Then we went to England, to London. She held to that way of life, and I did the best I could for myself. At any moment I would have taken her. I considered myself bound in every way. I could have been happy with her. She had great charm for me—great physical charm, I mean—and sweet, affectionate ways. I could have made her a wife and a mother.

"I intended her the highest honor I could show to a woman. To make her your property by legal process and the sanction of custom seems to me like sacrilege. But, however— One day she told me that a former lover of hers wanted to marry her, and left it for me to judge. She wouldn't say whether she wished it herself or not; but I knew that she did, for when I advised her to accept him, she got up and put her arms round my neck and kissed both my cheeks. I was her elder brother, I perceived, and said so. She laughed, and owned to it. And yet she had loved me, you know. She had refused that same man for me. She was afraid of him, and gave me her hand before his face."

"That to me," Glyde said, "is proof positive that she loved him. Of course she feared him. It is obvious. My poor master!"

Senhouse serenely replied: "She's happy, and I've done her no harm at all. But it's impossible for me to treat any living creature otherwise than as my better."

"I believe you," said Glyde, "and so it may be in a rarer world than this. In this world, however, a man is the most cunning animal, and in that both are flesh he is the stronger of the sexes. In this world the law is that the woman follows the man." He thought before he spoke, then added, "That applies all this world over. You will marry Sanchia."

Senhouse would not look up. He sat, nursing one leg. He bent his brows, and a hot flush made his skin shine in the firelight.

IV

THE poet and his disciple continued their partnership through the sogging rains of Christmas, well into the chill opening of the new year. Then came the snow to fill up the valley in which stood the hut, and blur the outlines of the folded hills. Poetry and Sanchia drew together a pair who could have little in common.

But Glyde became the slave of the strange man who blended austerity with charitable judgment, and appeased his passion by blood from his heart. He was not himself a mystic, but a sensitive youth whom the world's rubs had taught the uses of a thick hide. Either you have that by nature, or you earn it by practice. Glyde had found out that the less you say to your maltreaters the less, in time, you have to say about it to yourself. He was conscious of his parts and all too ready to be arrogant. Senhouse's goddess had been kind to him, and he had presumed upon that. Senhouse's own method was to alternate extreme friendliness with torrential contempt. He knocked Glyde down and picked him up again with the same hand. He treated him as his equal whenever he was not considering him a worm. There is no better way of gaining the confidence of a youth of his sort. At the end of a fortnight there was nothing Glyde would not have told him; at the end of six months he would have crossed Europe barefoot to serve him.

He was nothing of a mystic, and therefore had his own ideas of what seemed to afford his master so much satisfaction; he was enough of a poet to be sure that Senhouse's romantic raptures were only a

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makeshift at best. To his mind here was a man aching for a woman. He thought that the poet sang to ease his bleeding heart. He came to picture the mating of these two —Sanchia the salient, beautiful woman and his master of the clear, long-enduring, searching eyes, and that strange look of second-sight upon him which those only have who live apart from men, under the sky. It is a look you can never mistake. Sailors have it, and shepherds, and dwellers in the desert. The eye sees through you—into you, and beyond you. It is almost impossible for any person to be either so arresting in himself or possessed of such utterance as will cause the weathered eye to check its scanning of distance and concentrate upon an immediate presence. To such an eye, communing with infinite and eternal things, no creature of time and space can interpose solidly. Each must be vain and clear as bubbles of air. Behind it float spirits invisible to other men—essential forms, of whose company the seer into distance really is. He will neither heed you nor hear you; his conversation is otherwhere. And what would Senhouse do confronted with Sanchia? Would he look beyond her, at some horizon where she could never stand? Or would he not see in her blue eyes the goal of all his searching—the content of his own? What would he say but "You!" and take her? What she but sigh her content to be taken? Appeasement is holiness, says Senhouse. And what of their holy life thereafter, breast to breast, fronting the dawn? Glyde's heart, purged of his dishonesty, beat at the thought. He turned all his erotic over to the more generous emotion, and faced with glowing blood the picture of the woman he had coveted in the arms of the master he avowed.

When February began to show a hint of spring, in pairing plovers and breaking eglantine, Senhouse, in a temporary dejection, ceased work upon his poem, and Glyde said that he must know the news. All through the winter they had had little communication with the world beyond their gates. A shepherd homing from the folds, a sodden tinker and his drab, whom he touchingly cherished, a party of rabbit-shooters beating the furze-bushes, had been all their hold upon a life where men meet and hoodwink each other. Once in a week one of them ploughed through the drifts to the cottage at the foot of the third valley, and got as he needed flour and candles, soap or matches. It had not yet occurred to either of them—to Senhouse it never did occur—to beg the sight of a newspaper. But St. Valentine's call stirred the deeps of Glyde, who now said that he must have news. He departed for Sarum and stayed away until March was in.

He returned with certain information, absorbed by Senhouse with far-sighted, patient eyes and in silence. The only indication he afforded was inscrutable. His cheek-bones twitched, flickeringly, like summer lightning about the hills.

Sanchia, Glyde said, was well and in London. She was living in a street off Berkeley Square, with an old lady who wore side-curls and shawls and drove out every afternoon in a barouche, with two stout horses and two lean men-servants. Sanchia sometimes accompanied her, stiff and pliant at once, bright-eyed and faintly colored. She was taken about to parties also, and to the opera—and very often there were parties at the old lady's house: carriage-company, and gentlemen in furred coats, who came in hansom cabs. He thought that she had suitors. There was a tall, thin man who came very often in the afternoons. He was sallow and melancholy, and wore a silk muffler day and night. Glyde thought that he was a foreigner, perhaps a Hungarian or Pole.

He had seen Sanchia often, but she could not have caught a glimpse of him. He admitted that he had haunted the house, had seen her come out and go in, knew when she dressed for dinner and when she went to bed. Long practice had acquainted him with the significance of light and darkness seen through chinks in shutters. "I know her room," he said, "and the times of her lights. She looks out over the streets towards the park twice every night. Once when she is dressed, and once before she goes to bed. It is as if she is saying her prayers. She looks long to the West, very seriously. I think her lips move. I believe that she always does it." Senhouse, who may have been listening, bowed his head to his knees, below his clasped hands.

"Twice she looked full at me without knowing me. Why should she know me now? Her pale and serious face, master, was as beautiful as the winter moon, as

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remote from us and our little affairs. No words of mine can express to you the outward splendor of her neck and bosom. She was uncovered for a party at the house. In the morning she came out to walk. You know her way, how she glides rather than seems to move her feet: the oaring, even motion of a sea-bird. She walked across the park, and I followed, praising God whose image she is. On the further hill the Pole met her in his furs, and she walked with him for an hour in the sun. She had no wrappage to hide her blissful shape. Close-fitted, erect, free-moving, gracious as a young birch-tree. Master, she is the Holy One."

"You played Peeping Tom, my ingenuous young friend," said Senhouse, who was fastidious in such matters.

But Glyde cried out: "God forbid! Are you prying when you look at the sun? Master, you need not grudge the Pole. He is nothing."

"I grudge no man anything he can get of her," said Senhouse. "He will get precisely what lies within his scope."

"He has the eyes of a rat," Glyde said.

Senhouse answered: "Rats and men alike seek their meat of the earth. And the rats get rat-food, and the men man's food. Gaia's breasts are very large." He turned to his poem, folded his jelab about his middle, and went out over the downs. Glyde saw him no more that day, nor, indeed, till the next morning, when he found him squatted over the pipkin simmering on a fire.

The year went on its course, and windy March broke into a wet, warm April. Glyde sat at the knees of his master and imbibed learning and fundamental morality. But now and then he absented himself for a day at a time, and was understood to get news from Salisbury market. He came back one day with a newspaper. Senhouse read without falter or comment:

"A marriage is arranged, and will take place in July, between Nevile Ingram of Wanless Hall, Felsboro', Yorks, and Sanchia-Josepha, youngest daughter of Thomas Welbore Percival, of —— Great Cumberland Place, W., and The Poultry, E. C."

In the night, or very early in the morning, Glyde disappeared without word or sign left behind him.

(To be continued.)

HOW ANNANDALE WENT OUT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

"THEY called it Annandale,—and I was there
To flourish, to find words, and to attend:
Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,
I watched him; and the sight was not so fair
As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:
An apparatus not for me to mend—
A wreck, with hell between him and the end,
Remained of Annandale. And I was there.

"I knew the ruin as I knew the man;
So put the two together, if you can,
Remembering the worst you know of me.
Now view yourself as I was, on the spot,—
With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?
Like this . . . You wouldn't hang me? I thought not."

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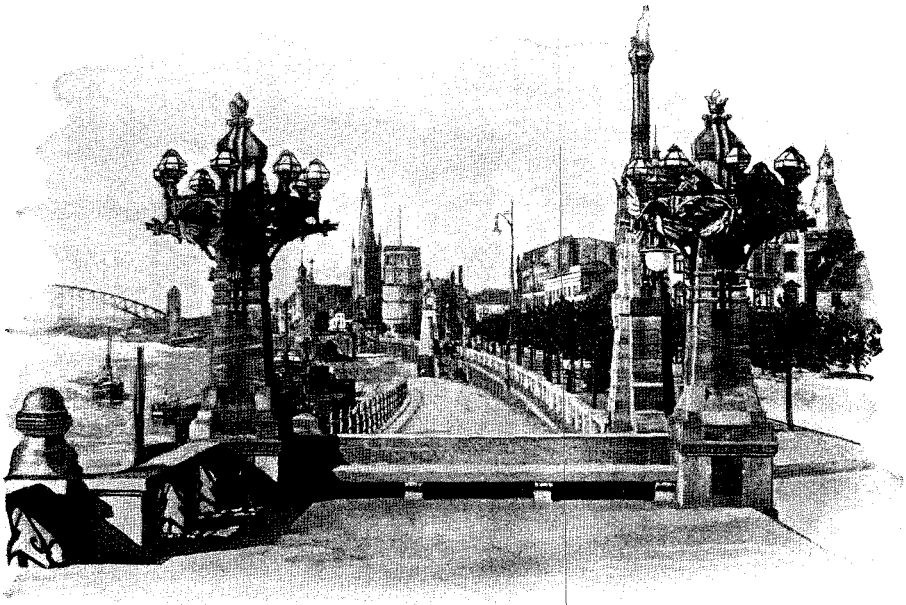

Düsseldorf river embankment.

Showing use of river for pleasure and business; also the ornamental development of promenade and river boulevard.

CITY BUILDING IN GERMANY

By Frederic C. Howe

I KNOW of no cities in the modern world which compare with those which have arisen in Germany during the past twenty years. There are none in Great Britain, from which country official delegations are constantly crossing the North Sea to study the achievements of the German city. There are none in France, in which country the building of cities has made but little progress since the achievements of Baron Haussman made Paris the beautiful city that it is.

There have been three great periods in which the building of cities inspired the thoughts and dreams of men. In the age of the Antonines the Roman people gave themselves with enthusiasm to the embellishment of their cities. The great public structures, the temples, amphitheatres, and palaces then erected have withstood the ravages of time and still remain the wonder of subsequent centuries. During the Middle Ages the cities of Italy, France, Germany, and the Netherlands erected similar monuments expressive of the love and pride awakened by their newly obtained freedom. Now again in the twentieth century the German people are expressing their pride in the fatherland and the imperial aspirations of Germany in monuments of the same permanent character and artistic splendor. Capital cities like Berlin, Munich and Dresden, as well as more commercial cities like Düsseldorf, Mannheim, Frankfort, Cologne, Wiesbaden and Stuttgart, are vying with one another in the beautiful, the orderly, and the serviceable.

Important as is the honesty and the efficiency of the German city, it is the bigness of vision, boldness of execution, and far-sighted outlook on the future that are most amazing. Germany is building her cities as Bismarck perfected the army before Sadowa and Sedan; as the Empire is

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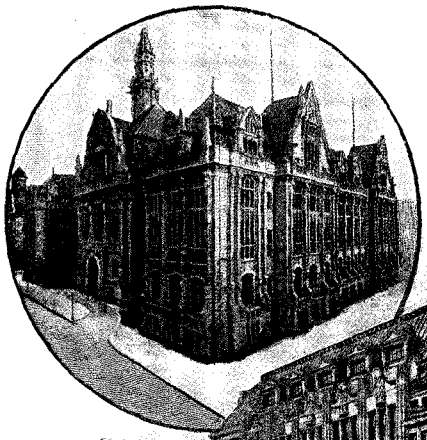
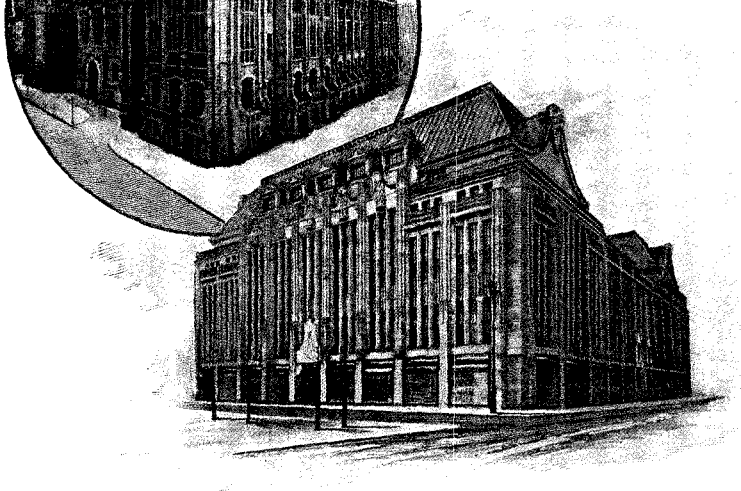
building its war-ships and merchant-men; as she develops her waterways and educational systems. In city building, as in other matters, all science is the handmaiden of politics. The engineer and the architect, the artist and the expert in hygiene are alike called upon to contribute to the city's making. The German cities are

Office building of the German Steel Trust, Düsseldorf.



man factories burrowing their way into the ports of the world, he sees as well that his people are being drawn from the country-side and into the cities. Already forty-nine per cent. of the people are living in towns, while the percentage living in cities of over one hundred thousand has increased fifty per cent. in ten years' time. Further than this, the reports of his ministers disclose to him that poverty has come in with the city; that something like eighty per cent. of the population of the larger towns are living in cellars, slums, and under unsanitary surroundings. And far-sighted statesman that he is, the Kaiser sees that his regiments and his battle-ships, no less than the mills and the factories, must be manned by strong and well-



Department store in Düsseldorf.

thinking of to-morrow as well as of to-day, of the generations to follow as well as the generation that is now upon the stage. Germany alone sees the city as the centre of the civilization of the future, and Germany alone is building her cities so as to make them contribute to the happiness, health, and well-being of the people. This seems to be the primary consideration. And it is unique in the modern world.

Far-sightedness characterizes Germany in all things. The Kaiser seems to see the eagle of the Hohenzollerns not only at the head of his battalions and flying at the mast-head of his dreadnoughts, he sees not only his merchant marine challenging the supremacy of Great Britain and the Ger-

educated men. And these the city is imperilling. It is sapping the life of the people. And the Kaiser and his ministers are studying the city as they do their engines of warfare; they are thinking of human beings as well as of rifles, of producing men as well as of destroying them.

Alone among the nations of the earth, Germany is treating the new behemoth of civilization as a creature to be controlled, and made to serve rather than to impair or destroy humanity.

The German city, like our own, is the product of the last generation. Only its location, its traditions, its royal palaces and gardens are old. Düsseldorf had but 70,000 people in 1871. It now has 300,000.

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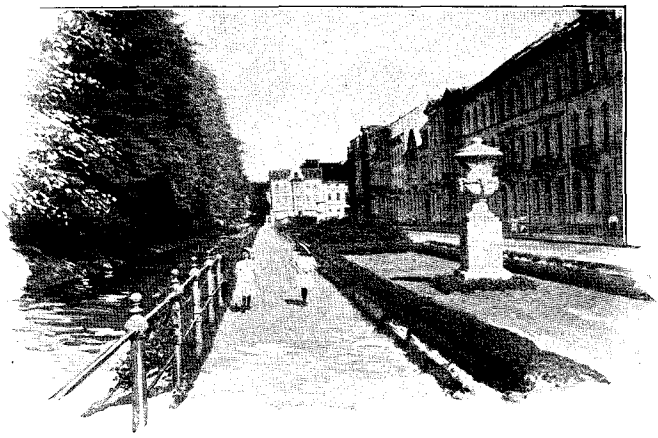
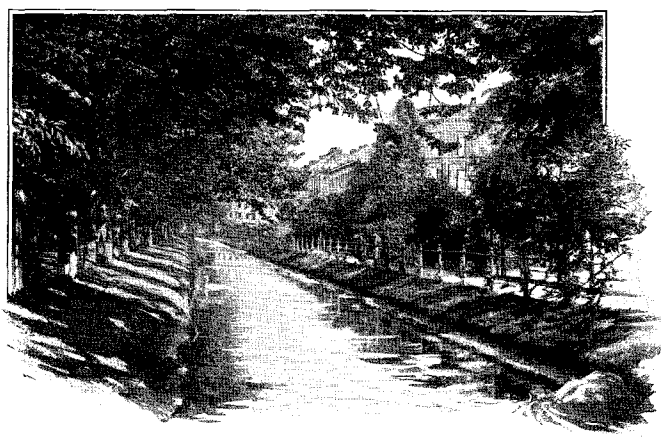


Street promenade in Düsseldorf.

Frankfort has grown from 80,000 in 1871 to 335,000 in 1905. Berlin was a capital city of but 800,000 in 1870; to-day it contains 2,099,000 people. There are thirty-three cities in Germany with a population in excess of one hundred thousand people. They contain 12,000,000 people, or twenty per cent. of the population, while the total urban population equals forty-nine per cent. of the total. The railway and the factory have created the German city as they have our own. But Germany oversees her growing cities as an architect does a structure. The liberty of the individual is not permitted to become license to the detriment of the community.

In city building, as in other things, Germany calls in her experts. If they do not already exist she creates them. Town planning has become a science, just as much a science as the building of engines. And it is treated as such. A school has recently been opened in Berlin devoted to the subject. Exhibition of things municipal and congresses of various kinds are promoted. An exhibition of town planning and city building is to be held in Berlin this year, from May to July. There has grown up a substantial literature on city building. There are experts like Stübben, Fisher, Gurlett, and Baumeister, who go from city to city and consult with the local authorities on their projects. Nothing is haphazard. Nothing is left to chance. The get-rich-speculator and the jerry-builder are subordinated to the will of the community acting through its permanent and expert body of city officials.

And the German city begins at the bottom and builds up. In city building, as in the construction of a battle-ship, the keel is laid first. We recognize the necessities of a stable foundation when we erect a forty-story sky-scraper. We recognize it even in a house. But we ignore it when we build a city. There are volumes of laws and libraries of literature on the charters and the machinery for the governing of men, but there is little legislation and less literature on that which is infinitely more important, and that is the relation of the city to its physical foundations which control all else. The problems of transportation, of light, power, heat, and water are all fundamental to city life. These services are the life blood of the community. They control its area, the density of population, the homes, the health, the morals, and, in a large sense, the industrial life of the community. We leave them to the license of the gambler and the



Old moat beautified. Düsseldorf.

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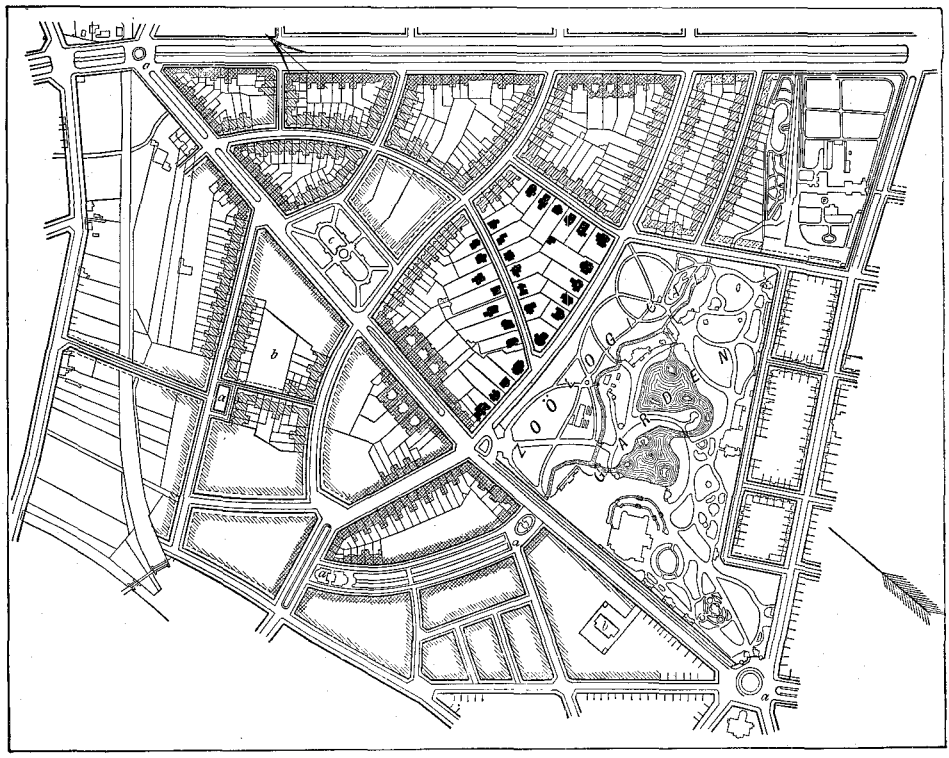

Building plan of suburban allotment, Düsseldorf.

Showing method of street planning, style of house permitted, and generous allowance for open streets and boulevards. Streets are from 60 to 195 feet wide. *a*, open space at streets intersections; *b*, school sites selected in advance of building; *c*, formal public garden. Black building dots indicate that these sites are reserved for houses for one or two families. The other shadings show similar restrictions, some sites being restricted to houses for one or two families and others for two or three families, as well as indicating the type of building permitted. A large amount of space is required to be left vacant in front of and in rear of buildings. The Zoological Garden is to the right of centre.

stock-broker. But the German cities very generally own these undertakings and make them serve the people. But down below these agencies, controlling them as everything else, is the land, which, like the foundations of the structure, control its size, its appearance, its streets, its open places, its parks, its boulevards, its docks, its harbors, its homes, and its submerged tenement dwellers. The land is the controlling influence on city life.

And the German city controls the land. It does it through ownership, through taxation, and through regulation. The American city is impotent before the owner and the builder, the sky-scraper and the tenement owner. It can take but little thought of the morrow. It cannot subordinate the private to the public, elevate the beautiful above the ugly, or give a thought beyond the immediate necessities of to-day. Not until some calamity or urgent necessity strikes horror or death to the community does the State permit the city to deal with the abuses which imperil the life of the community.

This paramountcy of private property does not exist in Germany. Humanity is first. The city enjoys some of the sovereignty of the Empire. It can promote the beautiful. It can destroy the ugly. It can protect its poor. It can educate as it wills. It can plan for the future. It can have city dreams. And the German city has dreams, dreams which are fast being visualized. The German burgomeisters are laying the foundations of the city of to-morrow as an architect lays the foundations of a forty-story sky-scraper or the designer of a World's Fair plans his play-city far in advance of its excavation.

German architects saw the obvious. They saw that the city would grow as it had in the past. So they enlarged the boundaries. They annexed suburban land. The present area of Düsseldorf, with its

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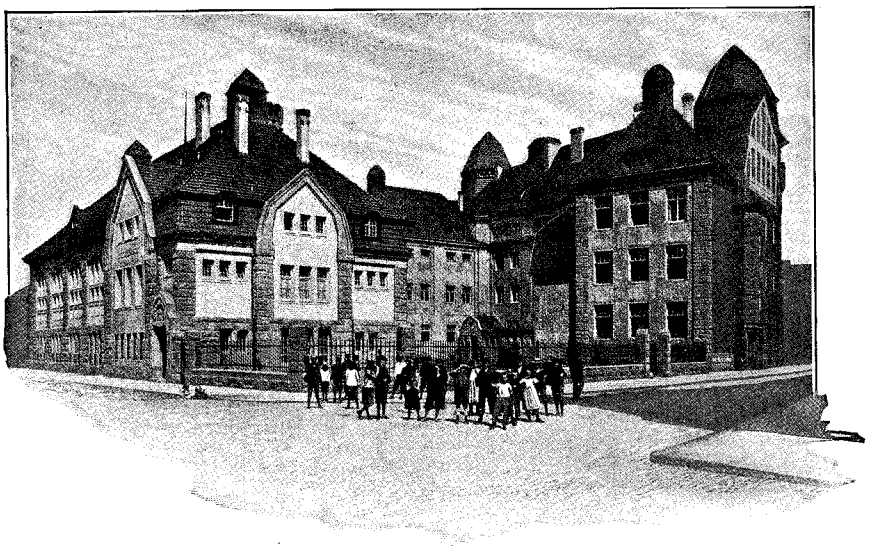
300,000 people, is 29,000 acres; of Cologne with a population of 428,700, is 28,800; of Frankfort, with a population of 335,000, is 23,203.* Having enlarged its area the city was in a position to control its development, to plan for its building. It called in its architects and its engineers or it sent to a neighboring university for an expert. A plan is made of the surrounding territory, of the topography of the land, the natural advantages, the proximity to the railways, school-houses are laid out far in advance of the city's growth? Maps of wide stretches of open country, still used as pasture-land, may be seen in the City Hall, upon which are indicated the streets, parks, and building sites—all far beyond the city limits. To this plan the owner must conform. When he places the land upon the market it must be done in harmony with the city's plan. The orderly development of the municipality is the first considera-



New type of German school-house
Playground in front.

and the probable uses to which the region will be put. The prevailing winds are studied, and factories are only permitted to locate in certain prescribed areas. In some cities they are excluded from the business and residence sections altogether. If the neighborhood is suited for manufacturing, it is dedicated to industrial uses. If it is a working-class quarter, the streets and parking are adjusted to working-men's homes. If it is suited for homes of a more expensive sort, the plan is upon a more elaborate scale.

The foresight of the city does not end here. Streets, boulevards, parks, open spaces and sites for public buildings and tion. There can be no wild-cat speculation, no cheap and narrow streets, no jerry-building. Everything must be done as the city wills. By this means the slums and the tenement are to be exterminated. In Cologne, for instance, twenty-five per cent. of the land must be left vacant in the business section, while the building must not exceed four stories in height. In the next outer area thirty-five per cent. of the land must be unoccupied. In the third building area fifty per cent. of the land must be free and only two-story buildings erected, while in the outskirts of the city sixty per cent. must be left unoccupied. Similar restrictions are imposed in other cities. Health, beauty, and comfort stand higher than do the rights of the land speculator.

But the city does not injure the landowner. It really protects him, even aside

*The German city is far more spacious than the American city in spite of our ambitious expansion for the sake of mere population. Baltimore, with 531,313 population, has an area of but 19,303 acres; Cleveland, with 414,950 people, has but 22,180 acres, and Pittsburg, with 345,043 people, has an area of but 18,170 acres (1906).

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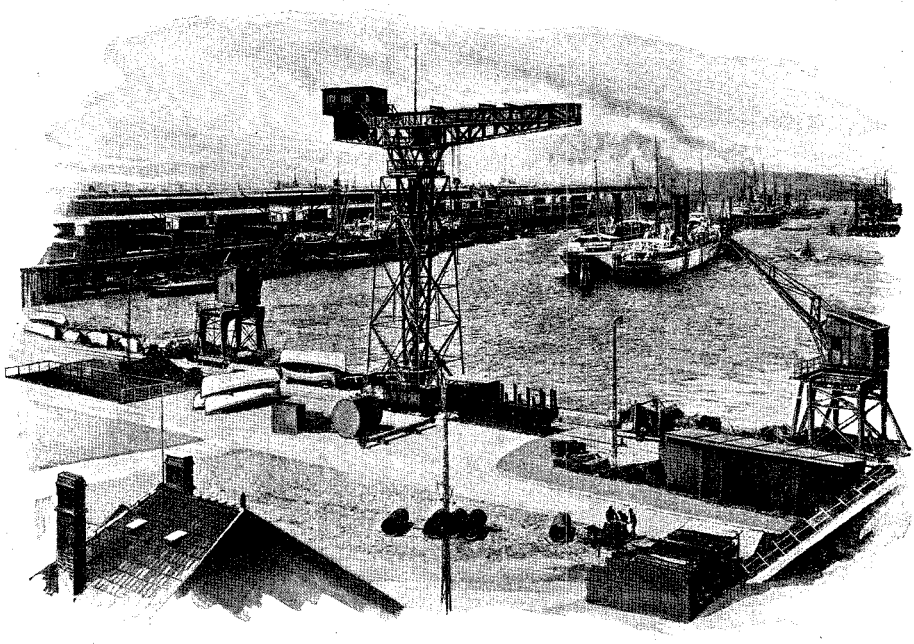

Municipal docks in Hamburg.
Showing hoisting devices, railway yard, and harbor arrangement

from the value which the growth and development of the city create. It saves a neighborhood from tawdry building. It protects all owners from mean streets, from bad pavements, and inadequate sewers. It insures men against the greed, ignorance, or indifference of the speculator. Even the open spaces and broad thoroughfares, taken without compensation from the owner up to thirty or forty per cent. of the area, make the land which remains that much more valuable. And the city protects itself as well from the necessity of rebuilding streets, sewers, and sidewalks which have been put in by a get-rich-quick speculator.

If the owner refuses to dedicate the land required, or the building plan is not acceptable to him, legal proceedings are open to determine whether the plans are reasonable. As a matter of practice, however, real-estate owners co-operate with the city. They have found it to their interest to do so.

The planning of new territory is in harmony with the bigness and permanence of the city. The rectangular arrangement of streets, which prevails in most American cities, has been generally abandoned. So has the modification of it, by the addition of radial avenues, of which Washington is such a conspicuous example. Irregularity has been substituted for regularity, although there is no hard and fast rule about it. Streets are laid out in sweeping curves or parabolas, as in parks or private estates. By this means recurring vistas of parking and houses are secured, as well as the maximum of light, air, and open spaces. Even in the poorer quarters this plan is pursued. This has completely revolutionized the appearance of the city.

Open spaces for parks and playgrounds are reserved at intervals within easy walking distance of almost every home. These are so numerous that one is impelled to believe they are looked upon as a necessary part of city building, as necessary as schoolhouses or police stations. These open spaces are very varied. Some are round, others are square; some are sunken gardens, others suggest an Italian villa. In order that they may not obstruct traffic, the open spaces are often to one side of the street. The imagination of the artist has been allowed free play in the designing of these neighborhood parks.

Many of the cities of Germany received valuable heritages in the walls, moats, and sites of the fortifications which surrounded

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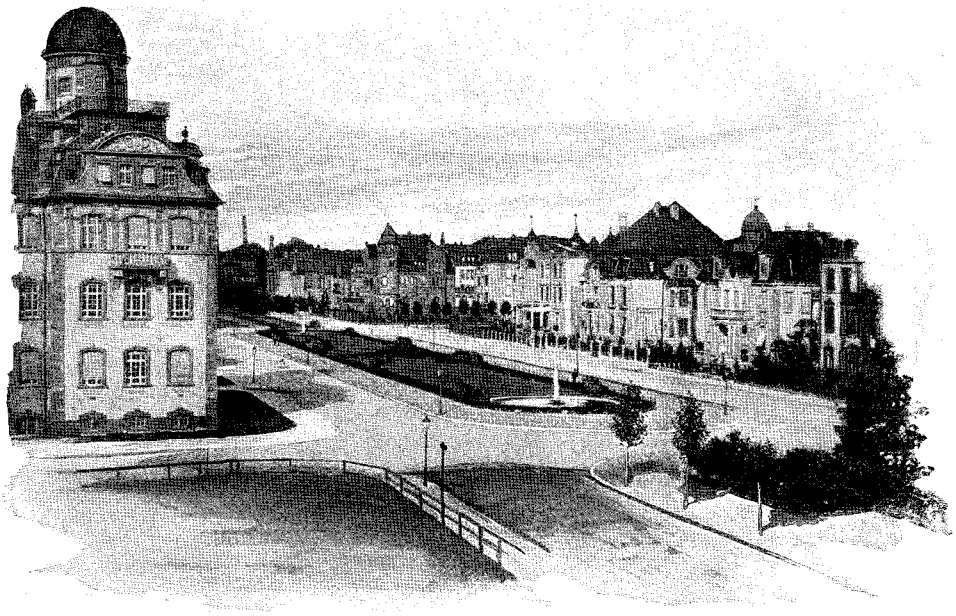

Type of street construction, Frankfort-on-Main.
Showing broad parking with ornamental fountains and new style of domestic architecture.

the old mediæval towns. These have been acquired from the nation and converted into parkways or Ring Strassen, which run through the city and separate the old from the new. These splendid park-like ring streets are the commanding features in the beauty of Cologne, Düsseldorf, Bremen, Frankfort, Dresden, and other cities. Vienna is the most eminent example. Cologne has two such boulevards, indicating various periods of the city's fortifications. The inner Ring Street was purchased from the nation for $2,950,000. It is laid out in a broad parkway. In many of the cities the old moat has been preserved, while the sites of the fortifications are adorned with gardens and flowering plants, with public structures and statuary.

In addition to the ring streets, the new areas which have been added have broad avenues from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, which form the main arteries of the section. The sidewalks are of ample width. Then comes an asphalt or macadam driveway. Then a sodded space is reserved for street-railway tracks on one side and for a bridle-path on the other. In the centre is a broad mall for pedestrians. The mall is bordered with trees and flowers. There are chairs and benches. These parkways are resting-places or play-grounds for the neighborhood. At intervals there are formal flower gardens and statuary, fountains and shelters. Radiating out from these boulevards and main arteries are smaller streets which are planned on a less elaborate scale. But even these are broad and shaded and intersected with occasional parkings.

This same far-sighted wisdom, which plans boulevards, streets, and open spaces far in advance of the city's needs, characterizes the workmanship of the streets as well. A large area is undertaken at once. The city is not made to conform to the grade of the district. The district is made to conform to the grade of the city. I have seen great areas of from one-half to a mile square in which a fill was required of from eight to fifteen feet. Tracks are laid from the neighboring railway to make the fill, and the streets are constructed high in the air. Sewers are not of the temporary crock type. They are adequate for a century to come. Gas, water, telephone, and electric mains are laid at the same time and connections made to the curb.

The sewer is in the centre of the street,

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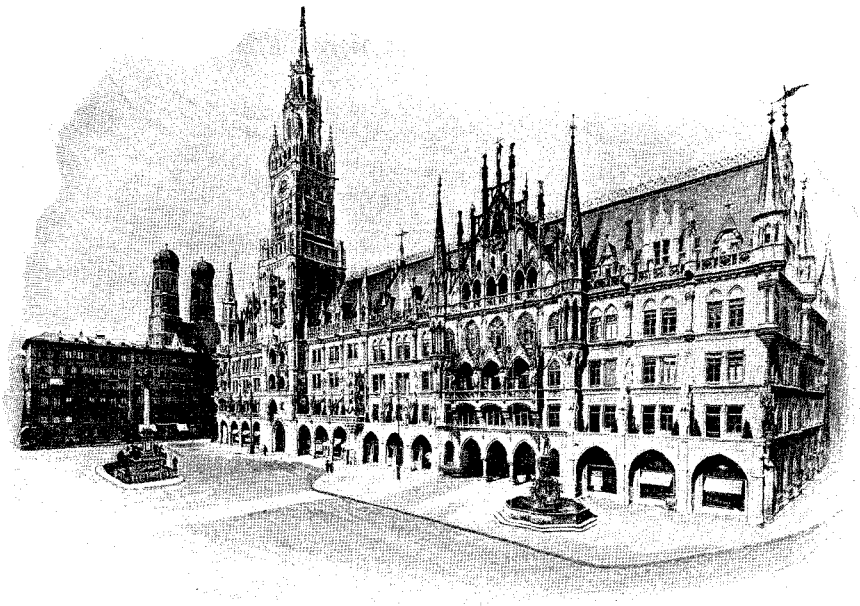

City Hall, Munich.
Style dating from Middle Ages.

but the gas, water, electric light, telephone, and other conduits are usually placed under the sidewalks close up to the building line. It is not necessary to block the streets and tear up the pavement in order to get access to them. Once completed, the streets need never be disturbed. All this work is done by the city. The owner may not develop the territory as he sees fit. Nor can warring companies tear up the street for the installation of pipes or conduits. When the houses have been built the street is faced with asphalt, macadam, or stone, as may be required by the locality.

All this is financed in a sensible way. No individual could pay for the development of such a large area. So the city advances the cost for the entire development at a low rate of interest, and carries the cost as a lien until the land has been built upon. Then the frontage cost, together with the interest charges, is assessed against the lot owner who pays at a time when it is most convenient for him to do so. By such comprehensive development great economies are effected in construction, in the carrying charges, as well as in the subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city.

This outlook on the future characterizes other matters as well. The city buys land for school-houses, police and fire stations, and playgrounds far in advance of its needs. The city buildings are so located as to harmonize with the surroundings and where possible developed into a city centre. There is nothing temporary and illogical. Parks, boulevards, public structures, school-houses, docks, and pleasure resorts all fit into one another like the granite blocks of a public building, quarried possibly in Vermont but laid in place, without the touch of a chisel, a thousand miles away.

The German city is being built as the kings of an earlier age or the rich burghers of mediæval Italy embellished their capital cities. It measures its wealth by its population and its tax duplicate. And it homes itself accordingly. It groups its public structures about a central plan so as to secure the maximum of architectural effect. It calls upon the architects of the country to compete with plans. It razes whole areas if necessary to secure proper vistas or a fine outlook. It adjusts the architecture to the traditions or style of the town. In Berlin there is the Lustgarten, about which are grouped the Royal Palaces, the Cathedral, the Art Gallery, the National Library, the University, the Opera House,

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and the Museum. Out from this centre the spacious Unter den Linden extends to the Brandenburger Gate, surmounted with the Quadriga of charioted horses taken from Paris. About the new Reichstag building is another wonderful group of buildings, with the Bismarck Denkmal, the statue of Moltke, and the Sieges Säule, at the head of the magnificent Sieges Allee, which traverses the Tiergarten and is flanked on either side with statues of all of the Brandenburg rulers. At the entrance to Charlottenburg is the wonderful new Charlottenburg bridge, while within the city are various open spaces adorned with splendid memorials of war and of peace.

Every large city has one or more such show places, many of them heritages of an earlier day, many of them very modern. There is the Brühl Terrace in Dresden, "the Balcony of Europe," with its boulevard prospect far above the River Elbe. There is also the Zwinger, with the Art Gallery, the Opera House, and the Royal Palaces. In Düsseldorf there is the König's Allee, in Frankfort the Goethe Platz and Römerberg, about the old City Hall. There are the wonderful vistas of Munich, which greet one at every turn, and the magnificent Ring Strasse of Vienna with its group of public structures.

The railway stations open into spacious plazas, adorned with flower beds and flanked with hotels and public buildings which conform to a uniform style. The City of Frankfort purchased a number of old buildings surrounding the City Hall and dating from mediæval times, and restored them to their original style in order to preserve the harmony of the surroundings. In Copenhagen the city gives a substantial prize each year to the architect who produces the most beautiful structure and harmonizes it most perfectly with the old. Düsseldorf either erected or aided in the erection of monumental structures for the German Steel Trust and the department store of Tietz. These business structures, built according to city designs, are ornamented with sculpture, paintings, and mosaics, and suggest great modern palaces rather than business premises. In Frankfort the city has just completed a great exposition hall capable of holding fifteen thousand people, where industrial, art, and other exhibitions can be held, where great conventions can assemble and monster concerts be given. The cost of the building ran into millions of dollars, but the city will realize a return in the business which it brings to the city, no less than in the happiness and pleasure of the people. Munich has a similar permanent exposition group containing a new theatre, an auditorium, a great hall for exhibits, and a summer garden for concerts.

Station of elevated railway, Berlin.
Showing artistic construction of station and supporting columns.

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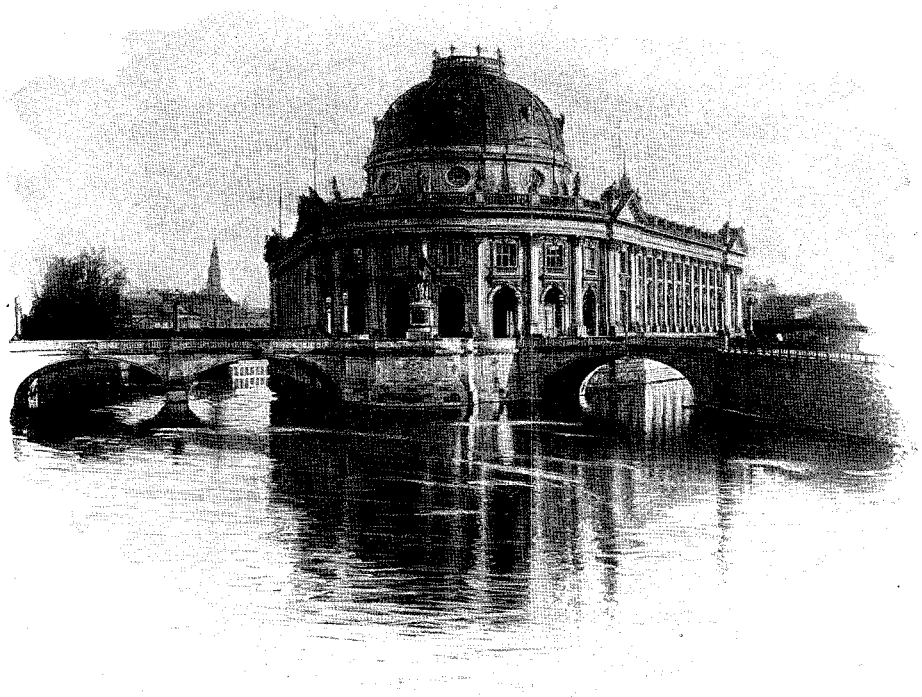
The German city is being built on a scale of generosity which halts at no expense. Its public-school buildings rival in splendor the best modern buildings of our great universities. And the equipment is of the same order. I know of no public schools, even in New York or Boston, that seem as costly in their construction or more complete in every detail than those of a half-dozen German cities. They contain assembly rooms and vestibules of the most artistic sort, while the gymnasiums and provisions for recreation are equal to those of the best schools in America. And when we consider the relative poverty of the German people and the burdens of taxation for war and armaments, the attitude of our own cities toward these matters seems positively parsimonious and niggardly.

Beauty is promoted in small things as well as in great. Private interests are not permitted to disfigure the city or inconvenience the public. Bill-boards are prohibited or limited to the outskirts. Business signs are of an inoffensive sort. There are no telegraph or telephone wires overhead. There are no obtruding street-railway tracks under foot. All tracks are of girder-groove pattern and so close to the pavement that they offer no obstruction to traffic. The pavements are as smooth as a floor and the tracks are kept in perfect repair.

Upon the streets at regular intervals are signs indicating where the car stops and one may not enter or alight at any other place. Similar signs point out the destination, while the cars themselves carry numbers which indicate their routes. At regular intervals there are waiting-rooms for passengers, while many cities have erected artistic clock towers in conspicuous places in the city.

There is art in everything. Not only art but foresight, intelligence, and commonsense. The German city assumes that those who use the streets have a right to be protected from the ugly as much as from any other nuisance.



Vista across the canals which intersect the city of Berlin.
The building is the Kaiser Friedrich Museum.

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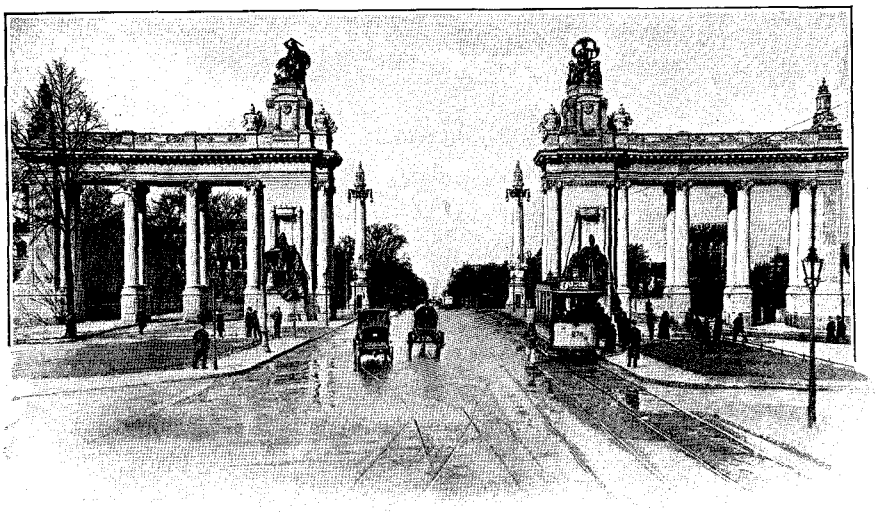

New bridge connecting Tiergarten, Berlin, with Charlottenburg.

Every bit of water is jealously preserved and developed, whether it be an old moat, an inland lake, a little stream, or a river front. Water frontage is deemed a priceless possession, and it has proved so to a dozen cities. It is not permitted to pass into private hands. The Alsterlust, a fresh-water lake in the heart of Hamburg, is the centre of the city's life. About it the business as well as the pleasure of the city moves. The cities of Bremen and Düsseldorf have parked the moats, which surrounded the old portions of these cities. They are the chief features of the city's beauty.

The prescience of the German city is seen in the harbor and canal development which has taken place in recent years. There is keen competition among the Rhine towns. And their phenomenal growth is largely due to the intelligent way in which they have encouraged business by the development of water transportation. Thought in America is obsessed with the idea that the laws of commerce are like the laws of nature. We assume that they cannot be controlled or aided by man. Transportation must be left to private control. There is no such assumption in Germany. The reverse is true. Germany takes it as a matter of course that many things must be done by the state in order to protect its life and develop industry. The highways of commerce, both by rail and by water, are the best assets of the nation. Through their intelligent administration trade and commerce have been stimulated. The cities, too, have demonstrated that commerce is ruled by convenience and cheapness. Berlin is intersected by canals, in the face of the fact that the nation owns the railways and makes them as serviceable as possible for industry. Hamburg and Bremen are free ports of entry into which the merchandise of all the world is shipped in bulk. Here it is permitted to lie without tax or duty awaiting export or entry into the country. Frankfort, Cologne, Duisburg, Düsseldorf, and other Rhine towns have become metropolitan cities by the development of their water fronts, by the building of docks and wharves, hydraulic devices and machinery for the economical and expeditious handling of water freight. Duisburg is one of the centres of the coal and lumber trade. Its population has grown from 41,000, in 1880, to 105,000, in 1905, through the great docks which it built. It is one of the centres of the Lower Rhine trade and the great industrial region of the Rhine provinces.

Düsseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles. Up to a few years ago the river frontage was but little used. Much of it was marsh land. This the city reclaimed. Here its architects laid out a broad esplanade and parkway. It is flanked with an Art Exposition building and public

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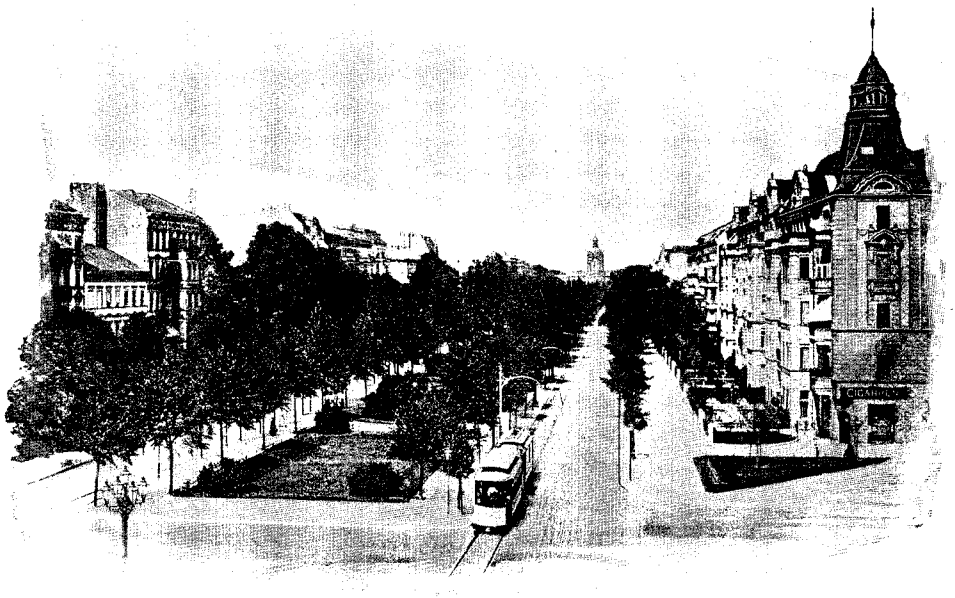
buildings. Upon the water front are landing stages for passenger boats, rowing clubs, and light summer craft. The whole work is designed to permit the use of river for traffic as well as for pleasure.

In America water fronts are dedicated to one thing or the other. If they are used for business purposes they have no value for pleasure. Beauty is ignored. This is not true in Germany. Business is made to adjust itself to art, pleasure, recreation, and use by the whole community. The harbor proper in Düsseldorf is more than a mile in length. It is divided into great basins for various kinds of freight. There is one for coal, another for lumber, another for grain, another for petroleum, another for general merchandise. There is no confusion and no dirt. Tracks are laid along the embankments in connection with the railways and the street-railway systems. There are hoisting devices, equipped with the latest electrical and hydraulic machinery, for the expeditious handling of every kind of freight. This is all done by the city and owned by it. It is all as complete and symmetrical as a machine, and the cost of transshipment is reduced to a minimum. Here are erected warehouses, elevators, and storehouses, all connected with one another by rail. The docks of a German city are great terminal systems equipped with every convenience for even the smallest shipper. By virtue of these works the trade of Düsseldorf increased three hundred per cent. in ten years' time. And within a very short time the improvement will yield a profit from out the rentals of the enterprise.



Spacious street construction, Charlottenburg.

The harbor development of Frankfort is even more wonderful. The city lies upon the River Main, which was not navigable for Rhine traffic. But this consideration did not deter the city. It borrowed $18,000,000. It proceeded to deepen the River Main for several miles, so that large boats could come to its doors. It erected docks and handling devices. Its harbor traffic increased one thousand two hundred per cent. in nine years' time. The first harbor became inadequate and a far more elaborate programme has been entered on. One thousand one hundred and eighty acres of land were purchased. One-fourth of this was laid out in streets, railways, and embankments. Water basins of 110 acres are being excavated. The navigable shores are nine miles in length. They are connected with thirty-five miles

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of railway tracks built by the state and the city. The cost of the land alone was $6,000,000. The construction cost was $12,000,000 more. But Frankfort expects to reimburse itself for the outlay by the resale of the surplus land acquired. Seven hundred and twenty acres have been retained for sale or lease for factory sites. Here is to be the industrial centre of the city, with mills, factories, and warehouses, all connected with railway sidings, so that the smallest producer will have the cheapest sort of service.

But industry involves workmen, and workmen must have homes. And if they are efficient they must have good homes. So the city, which owns its tram lines, has extended them into the suburbs. It will carry the working-men by fast and cheap surburban service into the surrounding villages where land and rents are cheap. Upon a large tract of land owned by the city municipal dwellings will be erected to be rented at a moderate cost. In another section of the region five hundred and fifty dwellings, to accommodate from two to four families each, will be built. And in close proximity to this new harbor a great working-man's park is being laid out with opportunity for every sort of recreation.

Thus these cities build. Frankfort is one of the most wonderful of the German cities. But its far-sighted and comprehensive vision is but typical of others. For the German city controls its physical foundations; it is not controlled by them. It subordinates property to humanity; it permits the freest possible play of individual initiative so long as the individual does not interfere with the common weal. At the same time it reserves to itself the right to determine where the freedom of the individual must end and the activity of the city begin; and when the city does make an investment it keeps for itself as large a portion of the speculator's profit as it can. It pays for its parks and its boulevards, its docks and its wharves from out the resale of surplus land which it acquires in excess of its needs. And now Prussia has adopted the same principle in canal construction. An inland water-way is to be constructed from Hanover to the Rhine for the purpose of opening up this region to industry. For half a mile on either side of the right of way the land is to be taken by the state and held until the canal is completed. Then it is to be sold or leased for business or dwelling purposes and the cost of the undertaking paid for as near as possible out of the profits. At the same time manufactures will be supplied with cheap sites and the population of the great cities will be given an opportunity to rehouse itself under hygienic and state supervised surroundings.

German cities recognize the controlling influence of the land on the life of the community. And they have become great landlords. Frankfort with a population of less than four hundred thousand owns 12,800 acres of land within its boundaries and 3,800 acres without. Within the past ten years the city has expended $50,000,000 in the purchase of land alone. The land which it owns is almost exactly equal to the area occupied by the cities of Pittsburg or Baltimore, each of which has a considerably greater population. Cologne owns fifteen and a half square miles, exclusive of many open spaces. The town of Breslau, with a population about the size of Cleveland, Ohio, owns twenty square miles of land or 12,800 acres. But Berlin is the greatest landlord of them all. That city owns 39,000 acres, mostly outside of the city, while Munich owns 13,600 acres and Strasburg 12,000 acres. German cities also possess great forests. They are constantly adding to their possessions. There are, in fact, 1,500 smaller towns and villages in Germany which derive so much revenue from the lands which they own that they are free from all local taxes. Five hundred of these communities are not only free from all local taxes, but are able to declare a dividend of from $25 to $100 a year to each citizen as his share of the surplus earnings of the common lands.

The motive of all this beauty, harmony, business enterprise, and foresight is so obvious to the German that he cannot comprehend why it should be questioned. "Why does a merchant erect a fine storeroom or build himself a mansion?" he asks. The German city thinks as an individual thinks about his business and his home. A finished city attracts people. It brings manufactures and business. People choose a beautiful city as a place of residence. Visitors make pilgrimages to it. Well-educated children make better citi-

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zens, better artisans. The street railways, gas works, docks, and other enterprises pay their way. They even make money. But more than this, they are a necessary part of the city, and of course they should be owned by it. If it be suggested that all this is socialistic, the German business man shrugs his shoulders and says: "It may be, but it is good business." It is much better than good business; it is good statesmanship. A people take on the color of their city as a chameleon takes on the color of its habitat. People are in a large measure what the city makes them. This is obvious to the stranger. If any one doubts the psychological influence of city environment, he need only spend a few days in the dirt-begrimed cities of the Elberfeld-Barmen-Essen district, the centre of the great industrial region of Germany, and then visit the clean, thoroughly artistic "Garden City" of Düsseldorf, but an hour's journey away, to be convinced that all this pays. It pays not only in the current coin of commerce, but in the refinement, the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the outlook on life of the poorest citizen.

THE CANDID FRIEND

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

SIMMONS never went into the writing-room of the club; the association was too painful. But to-night, with the courage born of an approaching crisis, he came and stood a moment in the doorway, and looked at the corner writing-table. There, two years ago, with the help of that spotless blotting-paper, with those clean gray pens, looking out over these same housetops from the windows of this quiet upper room, he had committed one of those blunders which are as unexpected, as illogical, and as irretrievable as death.

He had written two letters:

"MY DEAR MARK: You are quite wrong in thinking me such a narrow-minded bachelor that I cannot see that for some men with the right sort of woman, marriage is the best sort of life. I hope it may be so for you. L. S."

And then, drawing a larger sheet to him, he had written:

"DEAR WICKES: If a fellow wrote to tell you that he was the victim of a slow disease, now in its incipient stages, which would eventually blind him and deafen him, and keep him confined to one small, ill-furnished room, no one would expect you to write him a letter of congratulation. Yet this is what I have just had to do. The best friend I have in the world is going to be married, and, ye gods! to such a woman! If I saw her now for the first time I should probably think her a perfect mate, and envy my friend his future; for she is young, beautiful, virtuous, rich, well-born. But unhappily she happens to be my cousin. I have watched her grow up, and I know that those clear blue eyes of hers see only one thing, and that is on which side the lovely Gertrude's bread is buttered; that her ears hear nothing but what it pleases her to hear. I know one might as well try to roll water into a ball as to influence her sweet docility to do anything it does not want to do. She can be generous, but she cannot admit an obligation. She can be kind, but the world must hear of it. I have known her sit up all night to nurse a sick servant; and a few days after, because the woman was not sufficiently grateful, give her a reference that would keep her out of work for the rest of her life. My friend will prosper. He will soon begin to find himself knowing the people it will be of advantage to him to know, and, even more important, strange impalpable

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obstacles will intervene between him and those of us who are of no use. Perhaps you will say that this woman must at least have brains. You will be wrong. This is something more effective and dangerous than brains; it is egotism. No mind could conceive such subtle plans as the egotist instinctively and almost unconsciously carries out. No intelligent villain would dare to stoop as low as the successful self-deceiver. There never was such a protection against having anything brought home to you as to be perfectly self-deprecatory in speech, and perfectly self-righteous at heart.

"Within a few years one of two things will happen. Either my friend will learn to understand her and loathe her in his good, honest soul; or else he will adopt her point of view and speak her language. He will justify her, as men do who marry liars, by saying that we must not expect so high a standard of honor from women as we do from men. He will say, as men do who have deliberately chosen fools, that the last thing in the world he desires in a wife is intellectual companionship; and he will tell me that woman is an ideal being living in a mist on a mountain-top, as all men do who dare not subject the women they love to the simplest tests of reality. Some men, of course, can live in a cloud too, but I don't think this one can. With an unusually considerate and affectionate nature, he combines an excessively keen and relentless judgment. He never went in much for the analysis of character, but I used to notice, even when we were at college, that in a critical moment he understood men more wisely and more precisely than we, who thought we were more psychological.

"Oh, Wickes, only the blind can say it makes no difference whom a man marries. Does it make no difference in the first place whom he chooses? And after that, the question is merely whether he repudiates his debts or ruins himself in paying them.

"I never was glad before that you had settled ten thousand miles away, but it is almost like writing to the dead. Good-night, LEWIS SIMMONS."

Having written without pausing, he first hesitated whether to send the letter at all, and then, in contempt of all hesitation, he gathered them both up, folded, directed, and posted them, and realized an hour afterward that he had interchanged the envelopes. He was in the smoking-room when his memory gave him back the picture of his mistake, and a minute later he heard Mark's voice at his elbow, saying pleasantly:

"I thought I might find you here."

Simmons managed to look up, and to say with the deliberateness of a man roused from profound thought: "And how do you happen to be off duty at five o'clock in the afternoon?"

The other laughed. "So you have read my letter. Well, it is characteristic of you to see matrimony even in prospect as a new form of bondage; and yet, as a matter of fact, I am more my own man than I ever was before."

Simmons did not answer at once. For the first time in his life he had felt that he would rather see any one in the world than his friend. The next instant he realized that this accidental interview was in truth a priceless boon. He was speaking to Mark perhaps for the last time; it was like a death-bed parting to him, rendered all the more solemn by Mark's complete unconsciousness. He felt the restless desire, which most of us experience only after death has cut us off, to tell his friend how dear he was to him. It was a tone, however, which he knew he could not take, and he talked resolutely on other topics, succeeding so well that Mark lingered on and on, obviously enjoying himself. When at length he rose, Simmons rose too.

"Mark," he said, "I have just written you a letter."

The other looked up. "Nothing very unusual in that, is there?"

"Yes," answered Simmons, "for I sent it to a fellow in Manila, whereas I have just posted to your address a letter I did not intend for you."

"Well," said Mark, "I'll send it back."

"That was my first idea when you came in here, to ask you to return it unread—to impress on your mind that I did not want you to read it. But as I sat here I understood that such a promise, such a situation between you and me, would be as much of a barrier as anything could be. Now I have a different solution. I want you to promise me to read it, but not to read it

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for two years. Let us say two years from to-night. This is the eleventh of February, isn't it? We shall meet here—I don't mean we sha'n't meet in the mean time just as usual—but two years from to-night we shall meet to discuss my letter, or else not at all."

Mark looked at him gravely. "This is all very mysterious to me," he said, "but of course, I will do anything you want, and as for this letter, I'll put it in the fire just as soon as I get it if you prefer."

"On the contrary," said Simmons, "I prefer, on the whole, that you should read it—two years from to-night. Put it away, and enter a note in your engagement-book to that effect."

Mark took out his pocket-book obediently, but as he put it back, he could not suppress a smile. "Of course, I know what it is," he said. "A philippic against matrimony. Don't you think you take your pen a trifle seriously?"

"You can tell me in two years."

Yet after he was alone, Simmons had asked himself whether in taking such great risks as he was taking he would not have done better to ask for a five-year reprieve. In five years Mark would either have become so entirely the creature of Gertrude as to be thoroughly implacable; or else he would have found her out. Two years was a short time for love to change into knowledge, or for a man to lay down his individuality. Yet the idea of his own suffering had warned him to make the period as short as possible.

As a matter of fact he had not found the time so very painful. He had continued to see Mark, if not as often, at least in just about the same way, though rarely at Mark's own house. Simmons could never be sure whether this were by Mark's own wish, or because Gertrude, with the wonderful protective instinct of the egotist, recognized him as a hostile force. She was always cordial to him, and even in public made play with the men's friendship.

"It is a dreadful thing," she had once observed to a group of people standing about after dinner, "it is a dreadful thing to marry your cousin's best friend—you feel they know so much when they talk you over."

"My dear Gertrude," Simmons had answered, "I don't suppose Mark and I ever talked you over in our lives."

"No," said Mark; "for, strange as it may seem, a man does not discuss his wife."

Simmons's heart sank. There it was, Mark and Gertrude were not two individuals; they were now that mysterious entity, man and wife. One did not certainly criticise one's wife; one did not stand up for her; one simply did not discuss her.

And it was this standard of matrimonial honor which Simmons, an irretrievable bachelor, saw he had left out of his calculation when he had insisted on his solution of the incident. He had been right enough in thinking that Mark could forgive him for criticising the woman he loved if he had come to see the justice of the criticism, or even possibly if he had not. But there was another element: the conventional demands of the situation. On a desert island their friendship might have gone on unbroken, but in the midst of a civilization in which matrimony was still an institution Mark could not go on in intimacy with the man who had written that letter.

And whenever Simmons saw Gertrude—saw her light-blue eyes, clear as little crystal bubbles, when he noted how feminine was her charm, how appealing every curve of her soft, slim figure, he saw that she was completely armed against any attack.

Again, sometimes when she got more than usually on his nerves, when her high motives for small deeds were more than usually emphasized, or when her ability to squeeze a topic dry of the last drop of flattery to her own personality was more than usually conspicuous, Simmons would think with a sort of fierce joy of that unopened letter.

Throughout those two years he had watched Mark with the anxious, unobtrusive attention one gives to an invalid, to see which way the crisis will turn; and, to do Simmons justice, he was not sure which way he wanted the crisis to turn. To have seen Gertrude in anything like the colors in which Simmons saw her would have been to a man like Mark the complete wreck of his happiness. On the other hand, how could he go on being blind and retain his own integrity of judgment? For Mark had the wisdom that comes not so much from intellect as from perception. He had had the courage ever since he was a boy to take without the alleviations of self-deception

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

While they were speaking Gertrude herself came in, looking like an angel.—Page 618.

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whatever suffering his own actions had brought him. Simmons had spoken of the egotist's instinct for self-protection. Mark was entirely without this instinct. His reward was the singular clearness of his vision.

For two years Simmons had watched his friend and had seen little to lead him to either hypothesis. Of one thing only he was sure: whatever Gertrude might have accomplished in other ways, she had not lessened the friendship between the two men. Once, when a shooting-trip they had arranged was abandoned at the last moment, on account of a mysterious illness of Gertrude's from which she recovered as soon as all the arrangements had been unmade, Simmons had suspected that Mark had had a flash of comprehension.

He himself had felt uncertain about Gertrude from the beginning. She had been far too enthusiastic when the plan was first suggested, and had uttered one terribly alarming sentence about Mark's feeling perfectly free to come and go just as he had before he was married. So when Simmons stopped at the house in the afternoon before they were to start, he was not surprised to find Mark unstrapping his guns. He was looking very serious.

"I've been trying to telephone you, Lewis," he said. "I can't go. Gertrude's ill."

"Not dangerously, I hope."

"No, I don't think so. She has some trouble with her ear which seems to be frightfully painful. I did not see the doctor myself, but she tells me he says that it is very unlikely that any operation will be necessary. She urges me to go."

"I see," said Simmons, and dropped the time-tables slowly into the fire. He yielded instantly because he knew Gertrude. Her methods were rarely active. She was not often forced to oppose the march of events, for things she disapproved of seldom came anywhere near happening. If she had been driven to anything so overt as an earache, she was in a formidable mood. But he wondered a little at Mark's unquestioning obedience. It might, of course, be affection, but then again it might be mere weariness of the spirit—a realization as acute as his own that one opposed Gertrude only when prepared to fight to the death.

While they were speaking Gertrude herself came in, looking like an angel.

"I hope you are telling him that he must go," she said brightly, "for I shall be quite well to-morrow. I have made up my mind to that; it is all arranged. And if, after all, there should have to be a little operation, those kind doctor men will take just as good care of me as if Mark were at home, and I do so want him to go away and enjoy himself for a little while."

If Mark had been a mere acquaintance, Simmons would have studied his expression during this speech with a good deal of interest; but, as it was, mere decency made him turn his eyes away, and after a pause he observed:

"Well, I'll telegraph and give up our places. And I hope you will be better to-morrow, Gertrude."

She protested that she would be entirely well, or at least out of intense pain; and, indeed, the next day when he came to ask after her, he found her recovered. It was then too late to take advantage of the holiday.

"I shall never forgive you, Lewis," she said, "for not having made Mark go. Now he has missed his trip for nothing. I told you I should be well to-day."

If that letter had not been hanging over his head, Simmons would, perhaps, have suggested that to gain a knowledge of so peculiar a constitution as Gertrude's it was well worth losing a shooting-trip; but as it was, he was discreetly silent, and it was Mark who answered:

"It wasn't a question for Lewis to decide. It was impossible for me to go from the moment you told me you were suffering." And to Simmons's overstrained ear even this speech suggested a complete understanding.

When they were alone he allowed himself to throw out one feeler. "I wish," he said, "that by some telepathic suggestion I could have cured Gertrude twelve hours earlier."

"Yes," said Mark, "but I don't think this was a case where telepathy would have worked." Simmons glanced at him quickly, but his face said nothing more than his words.

Several times in the course of the next few days Simmons heard Gertrude tell how Mark had given up his trip just be-

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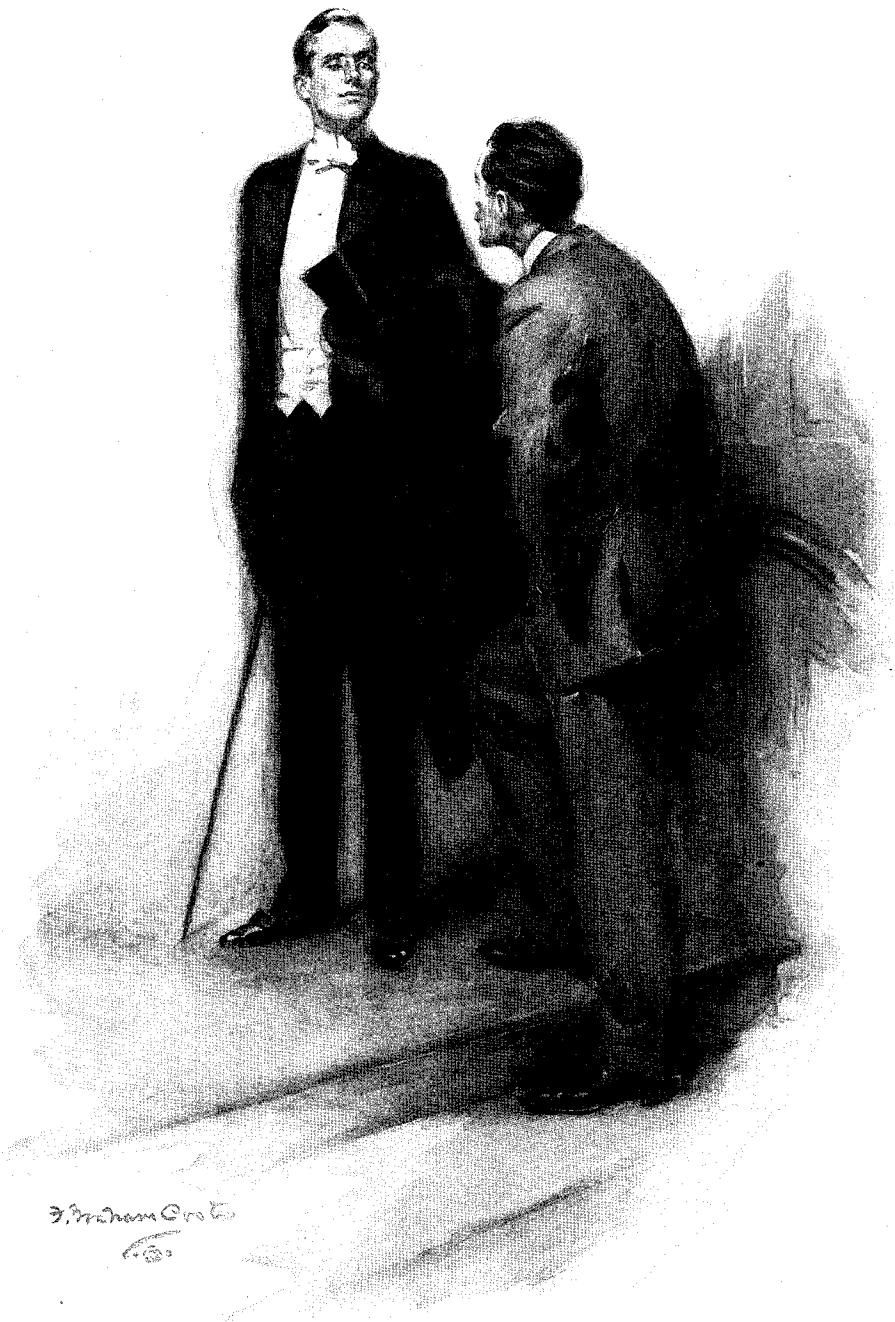

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And Simmons recognized in that straight, bold, steady glance, the look of a man who is lying.—Page 620.

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cause she had a little bit of a pain in her ear. There was but little variety in the replies she received. Would any one go who had the privilege of staying? Each time the point of view seemed to strike Gertrude with a new surprise. Each time Mark, playing his part in the background, smiled his sweet, vague smile, which to the casual always seemed to say whatever it was called on to say; but to Simmons, who had observed it for fifteen years, it seemed to conceal, as it had always concealed even better than language, the depths of Mark's thoughts.

Not once in the course of these two years had the eleventh of February been mentioned, yet on that night Simmons went to the club with the most perfect confidence that Mark would keep his appointment.

Nine, ten, eleven struck, however, and his confidence waned. The strain of uncertainty changed to the depression of despair. After all, Mark's failing to come would be the most complete of answers, and perhaps the least painful. Simmons saw how characteristic it was of his friend's nature to spare him a personal explanation.

At a quarter to twelve he rose to go, three hours of waiting making the hour seem later than it was, and on the stairs met Mark. He was resplendent in evening dress and whistling softly to himself.

"I've just seen the most perfect performance of 'Tristan,'" was his greeting.

Simmons, with his heart in his mouth, stood on the stairs and discussed music, until he reached the limit of his self-control. He interrupted a long sentence ruthlessly.

"You did not remember that you had an appointment here with me?" Mark looked at him inquiringly, and he pursued: "You have not read my letter?"

"A letter? When did you write to me?"

"Two years ago."

Mark's face lit up. "Of course, my dear fellow, I am so sorry. I meant to tell you before. The other day I was destroying a lot of old papers, and somehow or other this portentous letter of yours got burnt with the rest. Was it very important?"

"Was it burnt unread?" asked Simmons.

Mark had been looking at the floor, and after this question continued to do so for a second. Then looking his friend in the eye, he answered:

"Yes, unread."

And Simmons recognized in that straight, bold, steady glance the look of a man who is lying.

THE MAZARIN BIBLE

THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED FROM MOVABLE TYPE

By Frederic Fairchild Sherman

How brave these pages are where, row on row,
  The type in lines unbroken moves to-day,
  An army that has won the world away
From Ignorance without a single blow!
The host of God, its endless victories show
  How powerless are the hands of men to stay
  The march of Truth, advancing, not to slay
But save them who their peril do not know.

Here where they first were marshaled into line
And started forth beneath the flag Divine
  To fight the bloodless battles of the Lord
They triumph still, as in that far off past,
A mighty army that will yet outlast
  Long centuries the cannon and the sword!

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STUBBS'S PRINCIPAL

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

IN the Clinch family, for many generations, the men have written C. E. after their names; and since our specializing days, not only C. E., but M. E., E. M., or E. E., Ch. E., or Met. E. or even El. Met.

But after all, it was given to the shrewdest old C. E. in the family, Colonel Dabney Clinch—whose degree was made in France, and whose colonelcy dates from the Civil War—to conceive that forceful idea which has made all Clinches of whatever engineering branch closely interdependent, and has unified a widely scattered family.

It was twenty-five years ago that this wise head of his house recognized the commercial value of the family inclination, and loving brothers and cousins, their sons and his own, second only to his profession, had formed the Clinch Engineering and Contracting Company—its head-quarters in the big Southern city with which the family had always been identified.

"The great *Cinch* Company," his youngest brother's son, Dabney 2d, had remarked gleefully, as he wandered home from Tech one year, when jobs for youthful graduates were few, and had presented himself to his President. His uncle had smiled, but had sent him in August down to Cienfuegos, where he stood on a dock, under a corrugated iron roof, and checked shipments of castings for a light railway the Company was building into some sugar plantations.

Yet, if the practical old gentleman had any favorites in his family—which he would have denied—he was especially tender toward those who bore his name.

They were his fourth son, Dabney Junior, whose work was tunnelling, and who was now piercing the mountains of a neighboring State for the South Western's cut-off; Dabney 2d, whose Cienfuegos experience, followed by many others equally corrosive, had long since taught reverence for the Company's name, and Dabney Junior's son, Dabney 3d, who was now five feet ten, and had just completed his course at his preparatory school.

Long before those salad days ended for each young Clinch, the choice of his technical college became a subject for the Company's solicitude. But thus far the third Dabney had evaded all attempts to determine his preferences, and, on the question of his future, had maintained a provoking silence.

Particularly since the absence of the boy's father, the grandfather had been drawn more closely to this youthful namesake. When his own boys were young, he had been too busy scratching a living out of a reconstructed South to enjoy their companionship; but now that there was money to spare and leisure enough, with his grandson he made fresh entry into the charmed country of youthful enthusiasms,—the more seductive because, since grandmother Clinch's death, the old man had begun to realize the tenuity of his own hold. He liked, too, to watch in this boy the development of the Clinch characteristics, for there was more than a mere physical resemblance between the two—the old man and the younger: each had the same pride of race, the same dignity of bearing, the same directness of speech.

But, notwithstanding their intimate moments, vainly had the Colonel tried to elicit some response to the subject nearest his heart—this boy's future. Vainly had the father, detained by the vicissitudes of his enterprise, written his advice. Vainly had his masters urged a superior preparation, the demands of technical schools being various. Vainly had the younger cousins —holding briefs for Stevens or Sheffield, Lawrence or Lehigh, Tech or Cornell—argued and admonished. The boy would not commit himself.

Now the women of the family were whispering, "Such latitude had never been permitted *their* boys," and the younger men said openly: "Little Dab would have all

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sorts of a time dotting off no preliminaries and taking all of his entrance *somewhere* in the fall."

Finally, on the evening of the boy's birthday—the family having assembled at Grandfather Clinch's for the customary celebration—he carried his perplexity to the lad's mother, who had been in the mountains with her husband for some weeks, but was home now for this festive occasion.

Pretty little Sallie Clinch was the one daughter-in-law in the family who had not assumed the protective coloration of the Clinches. She was not only Dabney Junior's wife, and the mother of Dabney 3d, but she was the sole surviving child of her father-in-law's dear friend, the late Admiral Edney, U. S. N. The Colonel had great confidence in her quick judgment, for she possessed that bird wit, alert and intuitive, which is often the attribute of so many small women.

"Yes, Sallie, our boy's eighteen," he said to her, as she entered the dining-room on his arm, stifling a sigh over the encroaching years, and their inevitable separations. "He should be thinking of his career."

He drew out the seat of honor—Grandmother Clinch's high-backed chair—at the great mahogany table.

"You may be sure he is thinking, father, a great deal more than any one gives him credit for," she reassured him. Sallie sat down and felt with one tiny slippered foot for the cushion under the table.

The Colonel's tall figure bent interrogatively. "Perhaps he has confided in you, my dear?"

"Not a syllable."

"Nor in me—and I've given him every chance."

Little Mrs. Sallie flinched, for she dearly loved her father-in-law, but her faith in her handsome son never wavered. She looked up brightly into the Colonel's face: "Why is every one forcing him, father? You Clinches tell, when you make up your minds."

Grandfather Clinch turned away. Sallie had been disappointingly impractical. He recalled the same trait now in her father. As if any Clinch of eighteen couldn't make up his mind! Then, too, the other relatives who were trooping in, in gay disorder, yet awaited his disposal.

He had old-fashioned ideas about anniversaries, especially the birthdays, collecting as many of the family as he could, to celebrate them in his old-fashioned way. The women might wince, but always there was enshrined in the centre of his table a decorated birthday cake with its halo of tell-tale lights; and, after supper was over, when conversation flagged and the candles flared low, one by one they were extinguished, with a birthday wish.

It had never seemed to the Colonel a gentler custom than on this particular evening, as he looked benignly down the two long rows of joyous faces—faces, many of them, the counterparts of those looking down from the walls—whose smiles were reflected in the shining old glass and quaintly patterned silver.

What a family it had been! What a family it was! From the youngest Dabney who was devoting himself with boyish frankness to his Uncle Dabney's pretty step-daughter, Marcia Screven—on to the elders of his own generation.

Sallie it was who had pointed out to them all, at the very beginning, that there were more relatives than candles, so the speech-makers, with the exception of grandfather, must be determined by lot, and the drawings had caused much merriment.

Now, as the Colonel listened to the oratory of his brothers, the prudent Pulaski and the impulsive Pleasants, the flowery tribute of his complacent old sister, Miss Georgiana, the incisive compliments of his nephew Dabney and his cousin's son, Telfair, and the frivolous felicitations from the members of Dabney's set or younger, —the thought came to him that it was to the Company the family owed these happy events. It filled him with pardonable pride. Otherwise all these Clinches might be scattered to the earth's far ends, instead of handing on from father to son the power of a business tradition.

"It is your turn, father," Sallie suddenly reminded him.

The Colonel roused himself. He had forgotten her earlier warning, absorbed now in the importance to the Company of his last grandson's preference. He reached for the eighteenth candle. "To your career, my boy," he said, with a fond smile, "and may your choice bring the Clinch Company its greatest successes."

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"To your career, my boy."—Page 622.

He punctuated it with a great puff at the candle, squared his spare soldierly shoulders, and stood erect, expectant.

Sallie Clinch's swift glance darted around the table. All the relatives—even the youngsters—had grown serious, and had assumed a receptive attitude, while a look of determination—the look so like the Colonel's own—swept the gayety from her son's face.

"Thank you, every one—and especially you, grandfather," he rose gracefully enough to say; then after a moment's hesitation, "but I shall never enter the Company. I am going to be a naval officer."

Disparaging scowls from his elders, dismayed glances from the younger relatives, surcharged the ensuing silence.

In grim bewilderment the Colonel still held the smouldering candle, and stood staring at his grandson, whose whole demeanor betokened a steadfast purpose.

Only Sallie Clinch, from far down the table, smiled mistily on her boy; then she remembered to push back her chair, and the others, grateful for the signal, began to talk trivially, and the party somehow ended.

"It was terrible—*terrible!*" shuddered Miss Georgiana to the Dabney Clinches, as she sank back on her carriage cushions, and they rolled home behind her fat old horses.

Her nephew sat opposite, his arm encircling his young step-daughter. He had no children of his own, and was partial to his nephew. "Well, by Jove, Aunt Georgie, I'm inclined to think the Company will be the loser in this."

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"My dear Dabney, the Company is not usually a loser," his aunt roused herself to answer with spirit.

He shrugged good-humoredly. "But little Dab certainly has inherited the Colonel's decision——"

"And the Admiral's inclination," his wife interposed.

"Oh, la, Bettina, do you mean to imply this is Sallie's doings?"

"No, aunt. It's a subconscious reversal to type"—Mrs. Dabney was head of the child-study department of the Woman's Club. "Sallie, like all Eastern shore girls, danced her slippers off at the old Academy, and, you yourself know, if brother Dab hadn't carried her off just *when he did*, Lieut——"

"Do, Bettina," nudged Miss Octavia, scandalized, "remember Marcia."

II

Of course they wrote about it—all of them—to Dabney Junior. He lit a strong black cigar, and giving himself up to revery, found his boy much like his own tunnels. The metaphor interested him. "The outside conformation," he said to himself, "has led us to certain conclusions; but one is always liable to find concealed springs, considerable thermal activity, or a geologic fault." The problem of Dabney's future seemed to him to include all three. When he had talked himself into a good humor, he wrote a long, cheery letter to his wife, a short one to his son, and wired his father.

The telegram, after a conference with Pulaski, sent the Colonel to see his old friend Senator Effingham, who was detained in Washington, talking the tariff on lumber. Upon his return he telephoned his grandson to come to the office. The President and Vice-President of the Clinch Company had decided not to consult Sallie again until everything was satisfactorily adjusted. For, as Pulaski cautiously pointed out, the Admiral's memory was still green enough to flower into an appointment for his grandson, if the Clinches could not keep it in the shade. Sallie, poor girl, was in an embarrassing position. But although the Colonel had come home in his most optimistic mood, he had no desire to confront that set boyish face without the concrete backing of the Company.

So when young Dabney arrived in their midst, his grandfather gave an interesting account of his interview with Effingham, who had offered him his next appointment—a safe two years away. "And by that time, my lad," he enlarged conclusively, "you'll have come to your senses. You will see it with our eyes. Why, my dear grandson, you're just throwing yourself away!"

Pulaski Clinch stroked his white imperial and nodded his approval. "That's about what it amounts to," he added.

Young Dabney, who had listened in respectful silence, threw back his fine head in protest. "But there's a vacancy next year in our own district. Noonan's man has bilged."

The Colonel looked a trifle annoyed, not only at the glibness with which the naval slang slipped out, but because he had entirely overlooked any possibility of a congressional appointment. In a general way he knew that a growing Republican opposition, looming in their district, had kept Noonan racing back from Washington to look after his interests before the fall election. He cast a swift glance at Telfair Clinch—who had charge of the Company's political interests—which told him plainly to look into this, for any obstacle to young Dabney's eventually entering the Company must be removed.

"Besides, another year's an awfully long time," the boy objected, after a moment's pause. "You see," he turned to include them all, "it makes such a difference with your numbers."

"Numbers! It's lucky for you, young man, the Company has made you independent of numbers!" exploded Great-Uncle Pleasants.

Uncle Dabney smiled. "You're right, Father, Dab won't have to hunt for a girl who can pay her own mess bill."

There was no answering gleam from the boy's eye. He now sat twirling his hat slowly around in his hand, feeling toward himself and them a growing irritation: with them for not understanding, with himself because he could not make them understand, how vital it all was to him.

"My dear boy," expounded the second Dabney further, "every one knows the navy isn't what it was in your Grandfather Edney's day."

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"Every time I've been in town since, he's turned up at my house."—Page 626.

"But it will be," he interrupted. "See what they all promise."

"Promise," derided his uncle. "Look in this morning's paper,—my old friend, Withely,—every expectation of being made chief of his bureau, and over him now they've put some young squib——"

"Then why shouldn't I be one of them—the squibs, I mean?" demanded his nephew.

Grandfather Clinch was the first to recognize the deadlock, and now wished he had talked things over again with his daughter-in-law. The two years' reprieve he had brought back with him so blithely began to look like two years of hard labor with a nature as firm as his own. But he loved the boy, and he made a final concession.

"If it's marine construction, Dab, or naval architecture——"

"Grandfather," young Clinch blurted out, rising to make an end of it all, "it isn't in me. I don't want to plan battleships, nor cruisers, nor submarines. I want to be a naval officer, and learn how to make the blamed things *go*,"—then, ashamed of his sudden vehemence, he flung himself out of the room.

As the door slammed shut after him, the President of the Clinch Company dryly remarked, "It looks as though Uncle Sam had us outbid."

"Submit another set of plans," was the Vice-President's suggestion. "That young un's worth keeping with us."

"Let him go! Let him go his own gait. In a few years he'll be begging to be taken into the Company," said Pleasants testily.

Colonel Clinch scarcely heard his brother. He was thinking now what it meant to turn the course of a career. He had come back from the École Polytechnique expecting to alter the face of his country. He had helped to alter it, but it was in another way. The memory of the old bitter years mastered him for a moment. When it was over he looked toward Telfair, and idly inquired when Noonan would be down.

"I believe he's expected the end of this week, Cousin Dabney."

The President turned to the baskets on his desk, where a pile of papers awaited his signature. "I reckon you'd better see what you can *do*, Telfair," he recommended over one shoulder.

By the week's end, however, not only Telfair, but each individual Clinch who had been present at the interview, decided to see what *he* could do, and, one after another,

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mounted the steps of their congressman's dingy law office.

"A Clinch may go so far as to spurn the Company, but I reckon the Company will never cold shoulder the family," thought the Colonel as he saw them all there before him, and heard Pleasants loudly urging his great grand-nephew's case to Noonan.

"I didn't know you Clinches were such beggars," laughed the congressman, rising to give his chair to the Company's President. "Every one of you, too," he went on, leaning against his old flat-topped desk, with his thumbs thrust into his waistcoat, and looking around at the Clinches, who had all the office chairs—"every one, down to the youngster himself! Why, his application was the first I received after my young man failed, and every time I've been in town since, he's turned up at my house."

The Colonel bowed silently, but his tender heart surrendered to his grandson's cause. As it was never the Company's policy to talk, if the other man would, Noonan continued without interruption:

"I have been some time committin' myself so many—ah—deserving applicants. But frankly, I've about promised it to Stubbs's friends for his boy. You all remember Stubbs, the engineer, who was killed on the South Western, when the Grays went on to the Inauguration?"

Telfair gave a sympathetic nod for the Company. Then he said casually, "I understand the Brotherhood is finding it difficult to fill his place. He was quite a local power here."

Noonan was a bit disconcerted. As he talked he had been wondering whether the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Grays—or the Clinch Company would be better worth while.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, after an awkward silence, "I can't quite go back on Stubbs's boy, but I'm willin' to do this: I'll make the appointment competitive. The State University can manage it and then—there's no kick comin' from anybody."

III

Pretty little Mrs. Clinch was inclined to agree with Mr. Noonan's epitome, as she sat the following June in the Naval Academy grounds, listening to the Marine Band discourse sweet airs to a perfect morning, and allowed her thoughts to flit hither and yon on the sprightly melody. Happy phantoms of the past swarmed over the pebbled path of old Lover's Lane to meet still happier visions which she saw hovering over her boy. She had returned to the life of her girlhood, and had found a place reserved for her in that charmed circle which is as wide as all the world.

So while Sallie Edney properly appreciated the present happiness of Sallie Clinch, she could not resist, as her eyes swept over the systematic orderliness of the yard—almost deserted now that the upper class men were cruising, and the June entrance for candidates was on—a faint feeling of complacency that her own thinned family line had dominated her son's choice, notwithstanding the overwhelming influence against it on his father's side. It was pleasant to have the big powerful kinship to lean upon, but it was also pleasant to renew, through her boy, her old ties with the navy.

Mrs. Clinch was in a mood to forget the disadvantages of the life and the changes about her—changes that the under throb of machinery somewhere across the clipped greensward before her served as a reminder of work still in progress. She could even forgive the architecture of the massive new buildings—and forget that their situation cut off the breeze—keenly sensitive this morning to the beauty of the water glimpses framed by the great tree boles bushy with ivy and the columns of the stately colonnade beyond.

During this whole eventful year, which she had spent near her husband's work, nothing had given her more satisfaction than the Company's interest in young Dabney's winning the competitive—for he had won, with Stubbs as first alternate, and a youth from one of the county towns as second. An interest, too, which had followed the boy's preliminary physical test, and had made necessary frequent "business" trips to Washington to watch over his course at a navy preparatory school. Sallie's heart warmed to all her dear in-laws, grateful even for old Aunt Georgiana's meddlesome insistence on heavier underwear to meet the rigors of a Washington winter (which had brought her pages of protest from young Dabney), and for the extra pocket money his grandfather and

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He was sitting at his table with his books open before him.—Page 629.

great-uncles had thought necessary to support the credit of the family, and about which he had said nothing.

There was comfort, too, in the boy's own certainty. She had come to Annapolis to see that he was "started right." Only that morning, feeling a last poor scruple for the Clinch bias, she had asked, "Dabbie, is it worth it all—all *this?*" "This," in Sallie's summary, meaning the constant grind to absorb and exude facts which apparently could have no bearing on his career. And he had answered, "*Is* it? Why, when I see the lucky dogs who took the April and are safe, I can hardly wait till CLINCH is stencilled across a work blouse and I'm inside it."

Sallie had rather expected he would take the April examinations; but he had "wanted to be so sure," he had written his father—and after all, she had no nervous tremors over her son's success. All her life she had been accustomed to disciplined men who won out, not only because they did things, but because they realized their own limitations.

The music ceased and eight bells jangled on the ships off shore, followed quickly by the more sonorous answer from the tower of the Academic building, where Dabney's morning grilling would soon be over.

A sudden activity, accompanying the noon hour, took possession of the peaceful yard.

Mrs. Clinch turned to watch for her boy. How provoking it was that so flimsy an excuse as summer gowns, and a long-promised week-end at a friend's country house, should take her off to Baltimore in the morning. But she would be back by Tuesday, when the names of lucky candidates might be posted.

She saw them now coming out in lonely unsuccess or in animated groups discussing

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and comparing the morning's work. It had been one of her pleasures, during these quiet days, to note the "all-sortsness," as she called it, of the American boy: to watch the easy unaffected comradeship and the refreshing generosity that prevailed between principal and alternate.

Sallie heard Dabney's whistle now—the joyous one—and responded by an answering dip of her white parasol. She had meant to join him for a stroll in the yard, but saw that a tall, awkward boy, with a great shock of white hair, had accosted him, so she walked slowly on toward the Commandant's where she was due shortly for luncheon.

"You're Clinch, ain't you?" the boy had asked Dabney, offering a large freckled hand. "I'm Stubbs, your alternate."

"Why, of course. I remember now seeing you last summer at our competitive," Dabney said cordially. "Been prepping here?"

"A little, but mostly I've worked down home in the car shops and gone to night school. I couldn't afford to come here sooner, just on an alternate's chance."

"Still, if an alternate passes, you know he can enter with only a physical if there's another chance."

"But there isn't. I'm over age in August—unless—" Stubbs smiled, "you should fail."

"We Clinches aren't that sort," Dabney retorted, then something made him hold out his hand again. "Here's luck, anyhow, Stubbs! Perhaps we'll both get in."

The poor little joke seemed to bring them closer. "Of course, the competitive *was* fairer, only"—Stubbs paused and grew very red.

"Only what?" Dabney prompted.

"You see, Clinch, I thought I'd the appointment cold till Mr. Nooonan, for some reason, suddenly threw it open."

"It's quite usual——"

"Oh, certainly it is. I've been tryin' for years to get a whack at one. It seems," he said wistfully, "as though pa had to die for me to get this far. But ain't it hard when there's some here grouchin' an' going in—and everything looks so grand to me——"

He saw Dabney smile, and looked a little shy. Then he laid his hand on Dabney's shoulder. "I'm afraid, Clinch, *you* can't understand. Why, I've never seen as much in all my life as I have since I left home a month ago! I have *seen* it all anyhow—" he broke off with sudden fierceness and laughed. "But, oh you car shops."

Dabney laughed too—then he said seriously, "I do understand though, Stubbs, because the appointment means everything to me!"

The boy looked relieved. "Then I'm glad, glad you're goin' in. You'll do the job more credit 'n I could," he said with a timid glance of admiration as he moved awkwardly away.

Dabney stood for a moment and looked after his alternate, who had begun to whistle cheerily. But after he had reached his hotel, and in the early afternoon had started studying for the next day's examinations, it was not of the cheery whistle that he thought. He felt again the weight of Stubbs's earnest hand. "I've never seen so much in all my life!" Dabney, to use his own expression, "chucked it"—for he could not study, and wandered down ancient King George Street to the other end of the yard. He liked the old parade grounds—flanked on two sides by the officers' neat brick quarters—at that hour in the afternoon when the youths he envied tumbled out in their work clothes for a game of ball; when to the stirring measures of the afternoon concert little children danced and capered, and the women's frocks made a bright patch of color on the weather-worn bleachers.

But to-day he extracted no inspiration from the sight. Sterile breezes wafted from the water, the sky was less blue, the music blatant.

He seemed to his mother very quiet, too, that evening—the last they were to spend together for a few days—and just before they separated for the night he asked suddenly, "Mother, did the Clinch Company have anything to do with my appointment?"

"Why, you won a competitive examination, dearie."

"But was it made competitive because the Company asked for it?" he persisted.

"Well, of course, they all *saw* Mr. Noonan, Dab. That's what a congressman is for. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." He brushed her cheek hastily with his lips. "Good-night, mother. I've got to do a lot of work to-night."

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Mrs. Clinch fell asleep thinking of him, but some hours later awakened with the startled feeling that something must be wrong. She could hear faint bells striking on the warm air, and sitting up in bed counted. It was half-past three, and through her own open windows she could see the light was still streaming from Dabney's room. She slipped on her dressing-gown, and crossing her sitting-room, tapped on his bedroom door. There was no answer. She turned the knob softly and peeped in. He was sitting at his table with his books open before him, but there was something in his face that frightened her. So had she seen his father look that year when an unexpected cave-in in one of his tunnels had devoured the work of months.

"Dab, dear," she cried, crossing to give him a tender shake, "you must go to bed. You'll be worth nothing to-morrow. How careless of me!"

The boy started up and pulled his mouth to a smile. "It's too bad I've kept you awake, Mumsey. Oh, I've fixed my alarm, and my cold tub will set me up." He was drawing her to the threshold. "Don't try to breakfast with me," he said authoritatively, and gently closed the door upon her.

Sallie went back to bed, but not to sleep. She had known more than one boy "all in" from nervous strain at the close of these examinations; but Dabney was not nervous, only—different. Perhaps that time had come to her when the child exacts a firmer faith and obedience than motherhood ever demands. Sallie lay awake till dawn dis-

Sitting out in front of the hotel, fanning himself leisurely with his Panama hat.—Page 630.

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traught, puzzling. The sun was high when she awoke the second time, and Dabney had gone for the day's test. She was obliged to content herself with a note cautioning him about his hours, exercise, and fresh air, and went off to Baltimore with many misgivings.

There, over and over again during the dreary interval until Tuesday, she wished she had not left him. The separation brought her face to face with the dull fact that the days were all too few when he would be hers. Her plan was to linger on in Annapolis until he was called for his physical and then—well, then—of course, she would bring Marcia and the other girls on for the hops, and there was the second year's leave, but when he entered that ended it—for mothers.

The ride back from Baltimore had never seemed more tedious. Sallie had been staying in Annapolis at an hotel whose beautiful eighteenth-century front faces a quiet street, while its brisk twentieth-century addition sprawls back to greet the noisy electrics as they rumble into town.

As she alighted from the car and handed her bag to a porter she could not resist tripping around—it was such a bit of a way—to the old gate to see Dabney's name posted.

Sallie went on gayly, all her absurd qualms dissipated, pushing the future from her, thinking only of this dear present, happy in her boy's happiness—glad for his gladness. Suddenly she passed two white-faced boys. Her generous sympathy overflowed to them. "Not posted," she thought. "Poor fellows!"

Inside the old gate she could see an unfeeling marine, pacing back and forth across the open entrance, unmindful of an eager group peering over each other's shoulders at the list of successful candidates put up on the guard house. Sallie slipped to the front of the crowd to see. And now that she was there, it occurred to her that James Stubbs's name seemed very prominent—much more prominent— Well, she must begin now methodically.

She heard a boyish chuckle. "I say, old Stubbsy's passed."

"He did? Where? Well, he's no show anyhow—Clinch——"

"Where the deuce *is* Clinch?"

"Sh-h!"

"I say, *Clinch*——"

"Oh, shut up, can't you?"

Sallie heard it all vaguely, vaguely knew that some rough boyish chivalry was aroused to her forlorn needs; but it was her unbelieving eyes—eyes that read up and down, down and up, always seeking, but never seeing any other name than James Stubbs.

She never knew how she got away, nor how she stumbled swiftly through the hot glare on up Maryland Avenue, taking the long way round to the hotel, past the dear old door-ways and half-hidden gardens—where she and Dabney had lingered—irrelevantly now murmuring over and over to herself the witticism of the Academy bard:

> "There's lots of things we ain't,
> But then you know we're quaint."

It did not surprise her to see the Colonel—was he not also "quaint"?—sitting out in front of the hotel, fanning himself leisurely with his Panama hat, but the sight of his strong, tranquil presence calmed her.

"I had to come to Washington on business, my dear," he explained, "and couldn't resist shaking our boy's hand—though Effingham gives me a dinner at the Metropolitan Club, and I mustn't stay long!"

Sallie was choking. She could only force a smile.

"How slow they are with this posting business! Dab's name wasn't up an hour ago. I reckon I'll step 'round there again——"

"Oh, don't, father, don't"—she half sobbed, the whole sickening disappointment overwhelming her anew. She motioned him to follow her into the house.

"Don't? Don't what?" he whispered anxiously, hurrying after her.

She turned to him miserably in the grateful coolness of a lonely corridor. "Father, they *are* all posted," she said in a shaky voice. "It means—he hasn't passed!"

The Colonel drew her little trembling hand within his arm, and together they silently reached her sitting-room. Once there Sallie hurried from him through Dabney's doorway, the Colonel following.

The boy was down on his knees throwing his belongings into a trunk. The whole room was in disorder. "Howdy, mother, grandfather!" he called out, but he did not come to greet them, and although the

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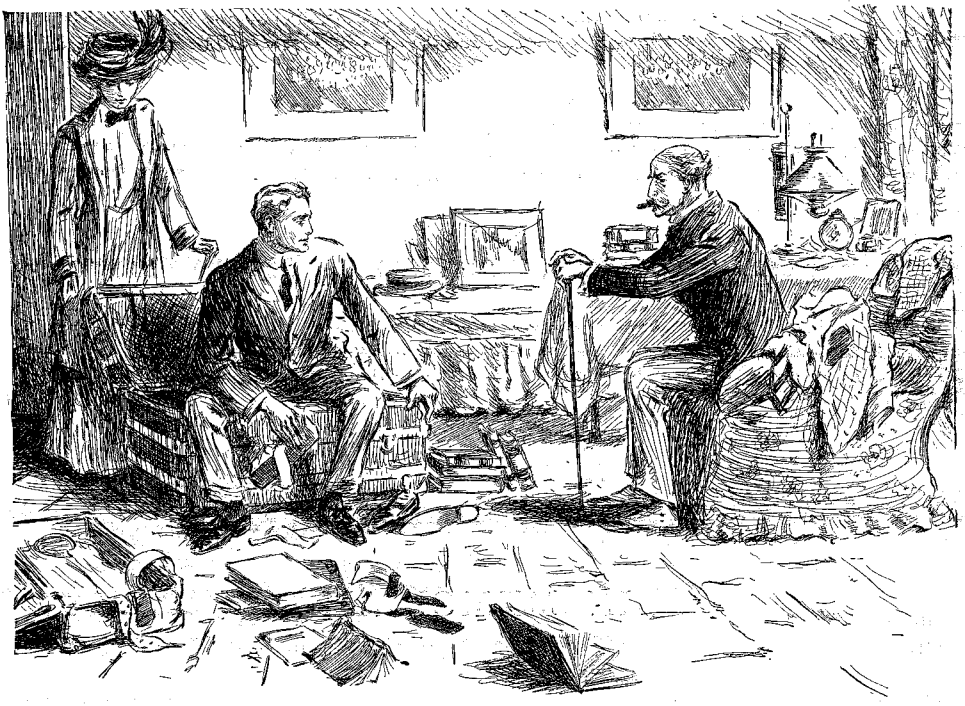

"You are the first of us to fall down in mathematics."

voice was gay, the eyes that met theirs were hollowed and encircled by dark rings.

All Sallie's baffled alarms returned. "What are you doing, Dabney?" she faltered.

"Packing up!"

"Packing? Packing?" was grandfather's measured query, as he sat on the edge of the nearest chair piled high with books and clothing.

The mother took a step or two toward her boy. "Oh, Dabney!" she cried impulsively, "what does it all mean, dear?"

"I'm busted, Mumsey. Busted Friday in geometry," he went on steadily, his eyes falling to gala neckties he was folding with great precision into a leather case. "I would have cleared out that night, but there was another exam Saturday which I pulled off. Besides," he smiled ironically, "I waited for your congratulations."

Sallie gasped, "You *failed!* I thought maybe you were ill——"

"You are the first of us to fall down in mathematics—the first of us," Grandfather Clinch interrupted coldly. "How will you explain to your father all these wasted weeks of preparation?"

The boy shrugged. "Oh, I failed all right! You see, grandfather, it was the stiffest math any board has ever handed out——"

"But James Stubbs passed," Sallie could not help saying, for she was ashamed of his unaccountable flippancy. "I saw *his* name."

"Yes, and though he's not much to look at, he's sure of his physical." The boy bent low over his trunk. "Yes, Mumsey, Stubbs is sure in."

There was a little quaver in his voice, which Sallie caught, as he said the last words. It contrasted oddly with his unseemly bravado of the moment before. She leaped to it. Her eyes filled. He was her boy once more, just her little boy.

She crossed to where he knelt and drew his head against her. "I won't think you couldn't, Dabney! You're keeping something back! Surely I have the right——"

He struggled from her and rose to his feet.

"We all have the right, son," said his grandfather, gravely. "We are a united family, and the joy or sorrow of one of us is the joy or sorrow of us all."

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"No one ought to know," answered the boy sullenly. "I meant never to tell—not even Marcia!"

"Marcia! Already—" thought Sallie. "Poor baby!" But she only edged close up to him and said coaxingly, "Do say you *could*, Dabbie."

He smiled his assent down upon her upturned face, all the old boyish love welling in his weary eyes. "But, Mumsey, if *I* had——"

"Stubbs?" she queried. "Oh, Dabbie, *dear!*"

"I don't seem to catch the drift," began grandfather, but his voice was husky.

Dabney unwound his mother's arms, and strode over the littered floor to the Colonel's side. His voice was eager, manly. "Stubbs had Noonan's promise, grandfather, till the Company interfered. But until I met him Thursday—well, I didn't know it *could* mean so much."

Sallie had dried her eyes and was down before the trunk packing. Grandfather shook his head, but his face shone with a fine enthusiasm.

"You see, sir, I have the Company."

"No, sir, I see a *Clinch* the Company can't use." The old man mused a moment. "I wonder if Effingham——"

"Oh, grandfather, if only he hasn't! Why, another year isn't such an awfully long time!"

IN MEMORIAM

By E. P. S.

"Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace."
—*Sophie Jewett.*

THE others,—those who knew thy living word
In kindly counsel from thy wisdom's store,
Or reading of thy well-loved poet-lore;
Who by thy sweet, soft-smiling lips were stirred,
Or brooding, lovelit eyes; who often heard
Thy blithesome laugh, thy footstep at the door,
And felt thy hands' warm greeting;—these tell o'er
Thy round of virtues, and thy memory gird
With garlands all of roses, fresh with trace
Of falling tears.—This only do I know
Who never save in fancy saw thy face,
Heard but in dreams thine accents, tender, low:
Thy spirit's touch hath set my heart aglow,
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE Duke of Wellington complained that he had been much afflicted with authors, and many a man could tell a moving tale of being sorely beset by reformers. Their high motives are not always a guarantee of good judgment or of agreeable companionship. Zeal too often consumes both them and their tact. One of their frequent ways of approaching people whom they would enlist or convert is the assumption of a pitying compassion for those who are not altogether such as they are. They stoop to the ignorance and the moral failings of their unhappy victims. In their condescension to the infirmities of men and women who cannot see eye to eye with themselves, they have an indefinable air of saying: "Were it not for your blindness, your timidity, your caliousness, we should have pulled the world much further along by this time." With Milton they reproach the perversity and stubbornness but for which "the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours."

n a Certain
ondescension in
eformers

This condescending attitude of reformers often takes the form of deluging others with a flood of information—usually statistical—about subjects in regard to which full knowledge is common property. They cannot believe that you know what they know, else you would be as aflame and spasmodically energetic as they. Hence they bow their heads to your reluctant ear and pour into it without any of Mark Antony's rhetorical artifice that which you all do know. "Are you aware that two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five persons died in 1906 from heart failure caused by excessive tea-drinking? Have you duly weighed the fact that three-sixteenths of the children of immigrants from Bessarabia have never had their teeth inspected? Do you know that only ninety-seven farm-houses in Oklahoma have a bath-room?" The first inclination of one suddenly assaulted with such chunks of fact is to say, "Yea, I know it, hold ye your peace!" But one cannot be rude to a reformer. Besides, he could not be rebuffed in that way. If you shook off the dust of one set of his figures, he would instantly flee with you to another. He believes you ignorant, yet he believes you ductile; and persuaded that people are destroyed for lack of knowledge, he proceeds to drop statistics upon them from his lofty mountain height.

This is hard to endure, but harder is the reformer's superior way of supposing you torpid in sentiment and sluggish in moral fervor. Because you cannot, any more than Cordelia could, heave your heart into your mouth, you are treated as if you had no heart at all. Wondering questions are put to you: "Have you no sympathy with the strugglers? Can you sit still while men and women and children are held in the galling chains of poverty? Are you able to be cool and articulate when discussing what to do for the victims of disease, the sufferers from crime, the waifs and strays of humanity? Do not all our 'problems' fill you with a choking desire to do something to solve them?" This moral condescension, it must be confessed, provokes a feeling of resentment, even in the best poised. Impetuous reformers ought to have some wise and firm friend to take them aside and tell them that the deepest sympathy is not incompatible with cautious inquiry and a careful looking before and after. Many a man, like Lowell, is conscious of the most intense yearning over his unfortunate fellow-men, yet is kept on principle from letting his feelings run away with his judgment. He cannot accept the glib formulas or allow himself to be swept away by the gush of sentiment of the headlong. That they surpass him in human sympathy, he is ready indignantly to deny; he only insists that reason, experience, a study of causes and consequences, must be permitted to preside over a rush of emotions. But the fevered and condescending reformer knows nothing of this. He starts out with the assumption that tortured sensibilities are in themselves a virtue and a necessary part of reform; and has nothing but mingled pity and scorn for those who cannot drink up Esel and eat crocodiles.

This certain condescension in reformers ranges freely over the whole field of practical operation. They would have you join every one of their societies without winking, and subscribe to all of their charities without a single inquiry about ways and means and results. That an organization exists, that an end is aimed at, ought to be enough for you; and you

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put yourself at once in a lower order of human beings if you do not go with them enthusiastically. Such an attitude as that of Huxley, making a scientific analysis of the organization and the work of the Salvation Army, before advising that it be heavily endowed, would seem to the kind of reformer under consideration both cruel and contemptible. If *he* is satisfied, it is pure effrontery in others to demur. If he can point you to hundreds of "good men" who go with him all the way, who are you that you should hesitate? He would be angry with you if he was not overmastered with pity for you. Soon he will be forming a Society for the Compulsory Acceptance of Condescension.

Of Parody

PARODY is a genre frowned upon by your professors of literature. It shares something of the contumely of melodrama and the dime novel; though these last literary forms seem nowadays to be "looking up." And yet it is a gentle art. Even I have practised it, in youth. To be sure, it is only on condition of its seizing upon the sense and the temper—above all the temper—of its original, that Parody is endurable. It is when the parodist seems to have got under the skin of his victim, like a midsummer harvest-bug, that he achieves results worthy of all his pains. And it is because it is much easier to parody vocabulary merely, or jingle, that so few parodies attain to real distinction. Anyone can do his little best to cheapen the "Rubaíyát" in imitating the swing of it; anyone can hit off Kipling at his most artificial or his least respectable. Anyone can write parodies of Walt Whitman in which the humor of the performance lies in lines as long as Mannahatta and as cacophonic as a locomotive in winter. But it is not everyone who can parody Whitman when he thinks that he is writing original verse of his own. Not everyone is equal to writing such lines as recently appeared in a magazine under the title "Saturday Night":

> The leather of the shoes in the brilliant casement
> sheds a lustre over the heart;
> The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows
> with the tints of Turner's art. . . .
> This drab wash-woman dazed and breathless, ray-
> chiselled in the golden stream,
> Is a magic statue standing deathless—her tub and
> soap-suds touched with dream. . . .

Like all really excellent parodies, this set of verses is faithful in spirit to its original without trailing after too slavishly. The same sort of free adaptation is to be found in some of Mr. W. B. Yeats's less Celtic verses, where he has more or less unwittingly parodied good William Wordsworth. "The Ballad of Moll Magee" is a case in point. Greatest among all the parodists, for the amusement they give us, are the parodists *sans le savoir*. Isn't there some candidate for the doctorate of philosophy who would consent to writing his dissertation on "Some Parodists of Themselves and Others"?

For it goes without saying that some have parodied themselves. Wordsworth and Tennyson both did this in blissful, egoistic unconsciousness; Swinburne did it with his eyes open. Thackeray slyly parodied his own prose; George Bernard Shaw has thought it worth his while to parody his own plays—or whatever you call those books of his. But Parody is essentially a critical exercise, and criticism of self is not often very happily carried off. It is to Calverley in the "Fly-leaves" that we turn for the best parodies in the English language; and Calverley did not parody himself. Calverley's are the best, I say; and yet some of Lewis Carroll's are so good that most readers delight in their nonsense without ever guessing that they are admiring mere parodies. "Parody," says Miss Carolyn Wells, "is a tribute to popularity, and consequently to merit of one sort or another, and in the hands of the initiate may be considered a touchstone that proves true worth." Perhaps that is why one entertains a much kinder feeling for parodists, even when they lay their sacrilegious hands upon a favorite poet, than for those persons who have put Malory into words of two syllables, and revised Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" for grown-ups, giving it a newer title. Here is another class of parodists *sans le savoir;* and a more hateful. Deliver us from the modern book-makers who, when they are not thus engaged in taking the bloom off good literature, are cutting it up into two-for-five sizes, and labelling the product the Wit and Wisdom of some immortal or other—Wit and Wisdom, God save the mark! This tendency of little minds has more than once been glanced at by writers producing not for the world alone, nor solely for their bank-account. There is a petulantly humorous suggestion in one of the letters of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose letters are all—so far as we yet know them—touched with the charm of personality. It was Aldrich's idea that the poets' fame be drastically refreshed from time to time

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by their translation into modern dialect. It was his conceit to turn the "Eve of St. Agnes" into Kiplingese. "Wouldn't it be delicious!"

"St. Hagnes Heve! 'ow bloomin' chill it was!
The Howl, for all his hulster, was a-cold.
The 'are limped tremblin' through the blarsted grass,"
Etc., etc.

"I think it might make Keats popular again," the poet adds; "poor Keats, who didn't know any better than to write pure English."

Professor Walter Raleigh has written that Parody is, for the most part, a weak and clinging tribute to the force of its original. Such a statement may be true of most of the prose parodies—especially to sustained efforts—but I cannot assent to it as a generalization. Parody is, at its best, an example of both interpretative criticism and of appreciation. It is creative as criticism, then, and as verse. Mr. Chesterton finds the proof that Bret Harte had the instinct of reverence in the fact that he was a consummate parodist. Whatever you may think of this remarkable dictum, it remains true enough that mere derision, mere contempt, never produced or can produce a parody worth a rereading. This subtler sort of humor stands miles higher than the humor we ordinarily denominate American. "Parody," says Mr. Chesterton—and this time, at least, one may agree with him; "Parody is the worshipper's half-holiday."

THE Dreamer leaned back in his easy chair and pointed across the valley at the slope of Stony Mountain, where late sunlight was turning to blazing gold the young birches that fringe the highest back pasture.

"There," he said, "there is Golconda, Arcady, The Land of Hearts' Desire! What might not one fairly expect to meet beyond that hedge of saplings? All the Court of Fairy Land, Ghost of Emperor and Crusader, souls of beautiful dead ladies, and those dearer spirits that are not dead because they lived not on earth but only in the mind of the master writer. There is my Earthly Paradise! I have never been there. I shall not go. It would break the charm. My dreams would not survive a knowledge of the empty reality. And," his musical voice quavered to a note of pensive sadness, "and, life is like that. Happiness, Beauty, they are phantoms of the dream world. Dreams are, in fact, the truest reality. It is only the actual that is unreal."

Solid Earth

He is always emitting such florescent periods, is the Dreamer, but the rainbow-tinted fancies evaporate before he makes them permanent with pen and ink. Perhaps he plans it so, perhaps he shrinks from having the children of his fancy torn from their native ether to be vulgarized for the public. His mind is a curious development—as if he formed it chiefly on Shelley and Matthew Arnold—part elegiac melancholy, part hectic aspiration for the upper air. He yearns but he does not wish to grasp, lest even his loving hands should destroy the bloom of charm. He prizes what is untouched, rare, remote, elusive. Love, for him, is a thing of hints and intuitions, of shy, guarded glances, of reverent distance: contact is profanation.

I like to listen to the Dreamer and ruminate over his strange views. They are in great measure the outcome of his way of life, of too much pondering with too little action, of long sedentary empty hours without appointed task. I cannot deny that many of his doctrines are drawn from the most ethereal of poets. I dare not argue with him, for he could overwhelm me with quotations, yet for the life of me I cannot manage to see the world as he does. To me full knowledge seems necessary for perfect love, nor do I understand how intimacy can tarnish affection unless the object is unworthy or the affection insincere. I, too, love those woods at which he gazes, longing yet aloof, but I love them because I know them. I have summered them and wintered them. I have lain in their shade when the valley was parched in midsummer, I have huddled close to a fire of their dead branches, my back to a driving sleet storm. I have walked every foot of them from the fine chased portal of white birch, through aisles of beech and oak, to the solemn spruce wood—the crowning choir at the summit. I know them alien and forbidding when a silent cloud darkens the sun and the heart of Nature stops beating in a primeval hush, but I know them too well to fancy this their only mood. I know them best as I find them most often—good companions—and I peel birch-bark for kindling and cut spruce branches for my camp bed with the confident matter-of-fact feeling with which I would borrow half a dollar from a close friend.

I imagine the Dreamer wincing with pain at such a confession, yet I cannot believe I altogether deserve the "beef-stuffed materialist"

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of his scornful epithet. He cannot keep Titian all to himself; he must share Beethoven with me; my ear, like his, is tuned to hear the throbbing 'cello notes in Milton's symphony; I, too, have caught my breath before the lofty majesty of Antwerp's tower; I, too, have exulted in the frozen sea-foam of Rouen. For beauty itself, I reverence as fervently as he; it is his attitude toward beauty which I do not share. I dissent from the doctrine that one must not have too much of what is lovely: I would still worship the Winged Victory if I were an attendant in the Louvre, and I have eyes for beauty in its humblest, most everyday manifestations. The unpainted picket fence of the side-road cottage, the sagging gate, the chip-strewn path, the naively plotted flower bed, even that uncompromising packing-box, the house itself; all this has a homely sort of beauty that tugs at my heart as strongly as the swaying colonnade on Stony Mountain.

The Dreamer for his part dissents just as forcibly from my view. He will not approach what he loves, and disdains what is close to him. He calls the world about him garish and vulgar, and supposes that I must be too dull to perceive the finer transcending shades that alone seem to him to deserve the name of beauty. It may be this is so, nevertheless I would not change places with him. I would rather do without the "unsubstantial pageant of his vision" than lose my own sure conviction that this kind earth is home.

But the more I come to know him, the less I incline to accept this explanation. He advances it, as he has adopted the rest of his æsthetic philosophy, because it harmonizes with his temperament. The truth seems rather to be that the Dreamer himself has stood so much on his dignity with the world that in spite of all his cultivation he has never contrived to see beneath the surface aspect of beauty. If he would only once throw open his soul, give up the aloofness that has its root in pride, cease to prefer his brain-spun fancies to the vital life about him, he would lose none of his delicate appreciation, he would gain the empire of the real world in which the common is beautiful and beauty is warm and human. He would learn that our lean sardonic farmers have a charm and a picturesque value even though they wear overalls instead of sashes and wooden shoes, that under their shell of Indian stoicism they have the passions of any fiery Andalusian. He would see in a sudden flash that an Italian peasant is more than a color harmony; that he also is a man for all the world like the men at home. He would learn that even a factory town is not a desert. He would never again feel himself an outsider anywhere. In the remotest countries he would stand upon the same old earth. Until at last he would understand that beauty does not dwell far off among the rocks but is in everything waiting for the seeing eye, just as for the open heart not only every man but every thing is a blood relation.

There is an intimate feeling to the morning air. Trees along the road shake hands with the wayfarer, meditating cows wish him good-morning, rejoicing brooks set him thrilling with the pulse of the world, the very boulders silently brooding in the sunlight claim with him a cousinship distant but traceable. Nature's manners are not, after all, unlike those of men. For her lovers she has a kiss; for her friends a warm handshake; and for unrepentant Dreamers a formal bow across the width of the valley.

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·THE FIELD OF ART·

SOME CONTEMPORARY YOUNG WOMEN SCULPTORS

CERTAIN manifestations and tendencies of any contemporary art at any given period force themselves on the perception not only of the general reviewer but even of the individual artist. The latter, however, is apt to be absorbed in his own particular ideals (or absence of them), and to be keenly interested in those of his fellows only when they interfere too aggressively with his own particular welfare. Thus, in the present state of the art of sculpture in these United States (a truly flourishing art), there may be said to be at least two of these notable facts—the great number of foreign names among the men, and the surprising number of young women who have attained eminence. Even when too much importance is not attached to the old-fashioned conceptions of social relations this latter fact is interesting; the sculptor's concern with pure form (speaking broadly) rather than with the suaver, subtler, more luxurious presentation, the peculiar beauty and suggestiveness of color and tone and "envelope" attainable in painting and even in embroidery, his comparatively unpleasant, if not ungrateful, material to work in, even the not altogether unimportant effects of his manual labor ("I have looked at my husband's hands at a dinner party with deep concern," said the wife of one of the foremost sculptors, "and I knew he had spent unlimited scrubbing upon them"), all these might be considered as affecting the choice of this arduous profession. For, after all, as one of our most distinguished educators recently said, in summing up a learned debate on the Problem: "A man is still a man, and a woman, a woman."

Bust of John La Farge.
By Mrs. E. Woodman Burroughs.

In proof of which there may apparently be found some distinguishing traits in the work of these talented ladies, for the comfort of those who hold in abhorrence that confounding of sexes now threatened in some quarters. To begin, it is asserted (at least by the men) that very few of them manifest a real aptitude for big and monumental out-of-doors work; it is even said that none of them has ever been able to produce a masculine figure that looked like a real male man. Mr. Lorado Taft, in his history of American sculpture which may be accepted as the present standard work, makes a partial exception to this sweeping assertion in the case of Mrs. Theodora Ruggles Kitson's statue of "The Volunteer," erected as a soldiers' monument at Newburyport, Mass., in 1902—"If not a powerful man, the Volunteer is at least a most satisfactory representation of adolescent youth." In the matter of masculine portrait busts it is admitted that several pairs of feminine hands have excelled—perhaps all the more in that they have been inspired by a most subtle and truth-finding feminine sympathy and instinct. Of the general artistic qualities there is one—not so common as it should be—in which several of them excel: that of rendering with real delicacy and charm the nude female figure. In still another important detail—which also was, perhaps, to be looked for—they have justified their sex: their "keen appreciation of the sensuously beautiful" very seldom leads them to ignore considerations of artistic good taste. If at times they fall into the most heinous of artistic sins, the

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commonplace, so do, at times, very nearly all the artists that ever were born.

With that very decided change in the conception and appreciation of sculpture which has been manifest within the last thirty years, they have been apparently in full sympathy. No one is farther away from those fine old movements, the "classic" and the "romantic." It is surprising how little they have to do even with the sweetly sentimental. On the other hand, they have widely extended the range of their art—any theme, or no theme, will afford them opportunity for a little figure or group in which will be revealed to the sympathetic something almost impalpable, but moving. This reliance upon the quick sympathy and intelligence of the audience is one of the modern developments in art; and is encouraging. No longer is it necessary to have recourse to the old academic and literary subjects to awake a responsive chord, nor to any demonstration by mere bulk, or obtrusiveness of technical detail and finish. A scrap of bronze or plaster, not too big for a paperweight, will reveal these excellences, in the work of several of the living American sculptors, men and women. Of the latter, Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh's charming little figures are the first cited, little statuettes not always modelled from ladies in soft gowns and the babies of luxury. The making of these, Mr. Taft tells us, she originally called "doing Troubetskoys," but they are quite distinct in range of theme and in quality of artistic suggestions from the bronzes of the clever Russian prince.

The Frog Fountain.
By Miss Janet Scudder.

A wider field is covered by the work of some of the others—Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, Mrs. Edith Woodman Burroughs, Miss Janet Scudder, Mrs. Gail Sherman Corbett, Mrs. Theodora Ruggles Kitson, Mrs. Caroline Peddle Ball, Mrs. Carrol Brooks MacNeil, Miss Evelyn B. Longman, Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears. Miss Eberle, for instance, has found it possible to give a touch of mystery and grace to numerous small works variously inspired—"The Dancer," sold at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1909, the wind of her movement driving her flying draperies against her body; "L'Isolée," a crouching nude figure; she has rendered a classic theme in her dancing "Bacchante"; the aboriginal, in three or four, especially in an "Indian Fighting Eagle," in a fine, decorative, dramatic manner; the "Kipling," in a little seated Mowgli, with bowl and python; and the pathos, the humor, the varied manifestations of the freedom of the life of the streets in figures of bent old women gathering rags and gleanings of coal, of little girls with active legs and scant skirts running, dancing, jumping a skipping-rope, hurtling through space on (one) roller-skate. The rendering of motion especially appeals to her, the appreciation of mass and form, with but little concern for the merely picturesque. "If I were a painter," she says, "I would be an Impressionist."

Boy on Fish.
By Mrs. C. B. MacNeil.

At the great exhibition of the National Sculpture Society in the armory in Baltimore in April, 1908, Mrs. Burroughs exhibited a little bronze of a nude young girl lying on a cliff overlooking the "Summer Sea,"—and the summer sea, which of course was not represented at all, was suggested by something in the grace and pose of the figure. At the Academy exhibition in this city last year (1909), she presented a marble bust, "Scylla," which was disquieting and mysterious; and at another exhibition a little "Leda" seated on the ground,

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Portrait of my mother.
By Miss Helen F. Mears.

which was charming. In all these productions the fine quality of what we may call the lyric subjectivism is noticeable because of its fineness, its delicacy; modern plastic art at its very best has seldom any big, robustious passion to express, and seeks other methods to give vent to its emotions than by vulgar grimaces of delight, or Primitive or Gothic grimaces of sorrow or woe with solid tears on the cheek. Perhaps it is a development of that quicker interest in psychic communications which is thought to be slowly overcoming a sceptical and materialistic age!

In the larger, decorative, work for interiors, court-yards, etc., several of these ladies have shown great technical skill and a very pretty invention. Miss Janet Scudder, two of whose medallion portraits are in the Luxembourg, has one of the best of her cherubic bronze fountain figures in the Metropolitan Museum, a dancing Water Baby. The most important of Miss Scudder's monumental work is probably the figure of Japanese Art, recently mounted among the first thirty statues on the cornice of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences—she being the only woman among the contributing sculptors. Mrs. Caroline Peddle Ball sometimes carries out large architectural and monumental work, as the nursery chimney-piece, with old satyrs for caryatides, which she has just completed; the four corbels for a Brooklyn church; the figure of a maid with a basket of fruit, for a garden gate, exhibited two years ago, etc.; but she also does little groups and reliefs, occasionally in ivory, of mothers, or mothers and children, sometimes decorative and imaginative, and sometimes individual portraits; and she prefers, distinctly, not to be known as "a specialist." In the rendering of very young infants, babies and such, there are so many who have achieved reputation that the list is too long for our space.

In portraiture there occasionally appears a work of surprising excellence, as Mrs. Burroughs's bust of John La Farge, his fingers on his cheek, seen at the New York and Pennsylvania Academies' exhibitions in 1909. Miss Eberle has recently completed a portrait bust, to be carried out in marble, in which she seems to have given not only the actress in the leading rôle, but something like the soul of the tragedy itself; Miss Mears, a bronze bust of Dr. Morton of Boston, who introduced the use of ether,

Portrait relief.
By Mrs. Caroline Peddle Ball.

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from a study from life made by Clark Mills, which is remarkable; Miss Winifred Holt, a striking bust of Carl Schurz. Mrs. Heyworth Mills is one of those who render the details in the marble with a nearly literal truthfulness. The catalogues of the current exhibitions bear many more names—Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt of California, Miss Enid Yandell, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Louis St. Gaudens, Miss Elsie Wood, Miss Alice Morgan Wright, Miss Anna Coleman Ladd, Mrs. Vinnie Ream-Hoxie, Miss Nellie Walker of Chicago, Mrs. Clio Hinton Brackmen. Said one of the leading sculptors lately: "If we men do not look out, we may be pushed from our stools by the women!" All the more, perhaps, in that many of the latter have executed important monumental work. The commission for the bronze doors of the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, set in place in the summer of 1909, was awarded to Miss Longman, at a public competition held three years before; Mrs. Sallie James Farnham is just completing an elaborate sculptured frieze for the new building of the Bureau of American Republics in Washington; the memorial statue of Frances E. Willard, by Miss Mears, for the Capitol at Washington, will be the first statue of a woman, by a woman, to be placed in that building; of the two seated figures at the base of the Hamilton S. White Memorial in Syracuse, N. Y., by Mrs. Corbett, that of the Fireman will seem to many to go far to lay Mr. Taft's doubts as to the "real man" from a woman's hands.

The Dancer.
By Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle.

An extensive movement has been set on foot in the South to erect in every State a monument to Southern Womanhood, and the model of Miss Belle Kinney, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., but now of Chicago, has been adopted by several of the commonwealths. Pittsburg proudly records the decorative and portrait work of Miss Sue E. Watson, aged eighteen. In the study of animals there have not been many competitors; Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt was one of the earliest and most distinguished; Miss Grace Mott Johnson has shown some small but accurate and spirited pieces at recent exhibitions, as has Miss Leila Audubon Wheelock, like Miss Watson still in her 'teens. In a field in which the workers are, as yet, but few, but in which the harvest is ready—that of giving an artistic value to the domestic utensils and minor household furnishings—several of these ladies, as Mrs. MacNeil and Miss Lucy F. Perkins, have earned our gratitude.

WILLIAM WALTON.

The Fireman.
By Mrs Gail Sherman Corbett.

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A HERD OF ELEPHANT IN AN OPEN FOREST OF HIGH TIMBER.

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